

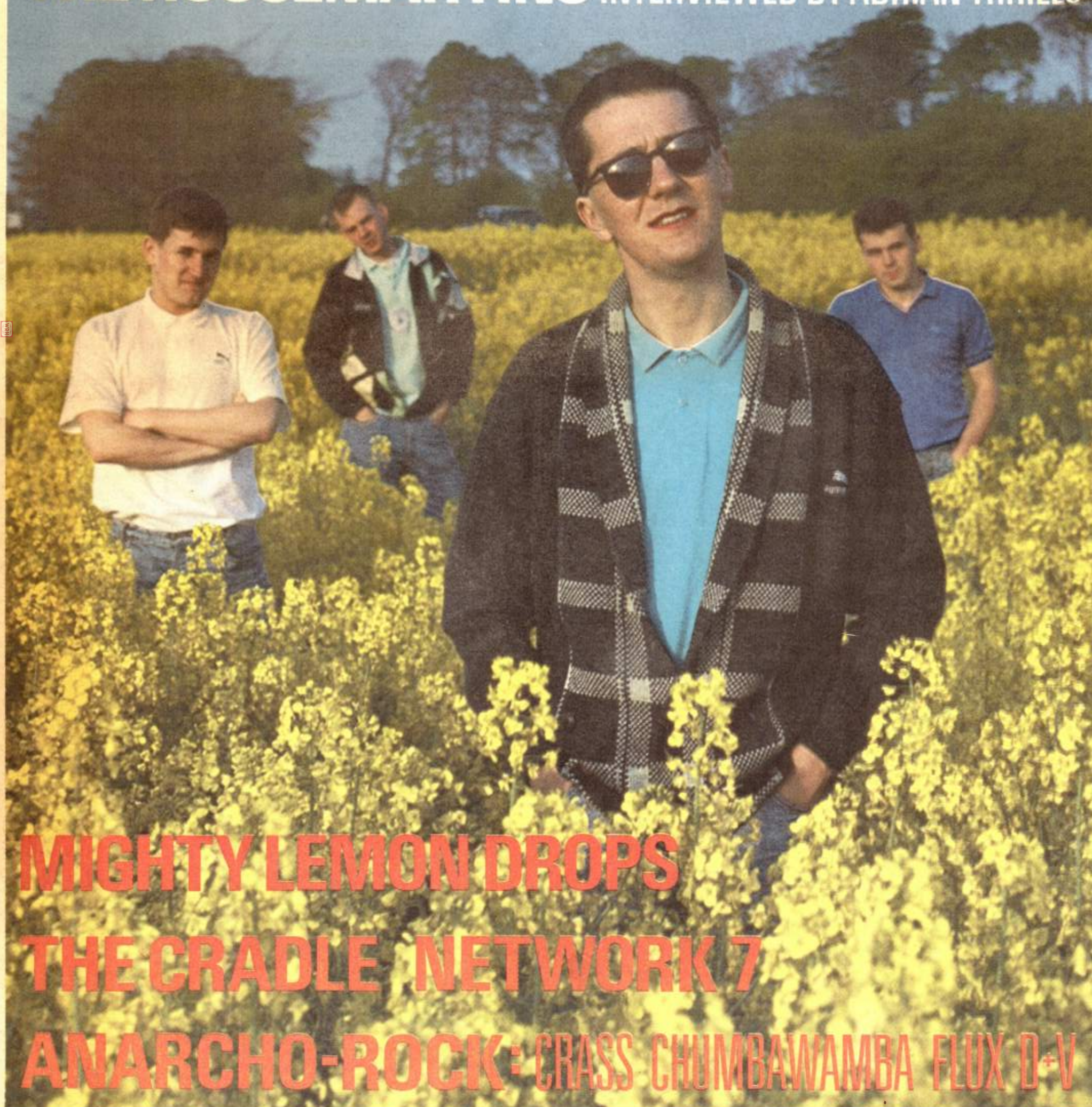
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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DEF JAM ON VIDEO

SPRING OFFENSIVE

THE HOUSEMARTINS INTERVIEWED BY ADRIAN THRILLS



MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

THE CRADLE NETWORK 7

ANARCHO-ROCK: CRASS CHUMBAWAMBA FLUX D+V

The Housemartins pictured by Derek Ridgers

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Durham: Virgin Records, Unit 9, Millburn Gate Centre. Easington: Pita Bookshop, 194 High Street. Epsom: Judy Records, Unit 20, Indoor Mill. Falmouth: Records and Tapes, 31 High Street. Glastonbury: Gothic Image, 7 High Street. Ipswich: Andy's Records, 10-12 St. Nicholas Street. Knap Lyn: Andy's Records, 10 Norfolk Street. Leeds: Cavendish Travel, County Arcade. Lincoln: The Box Office, The Strand. Liverpool: Probe Records, 8-12 Rainford Gardens. Manchester: N.P.S.U., Mandela Bldg, 99 Oxford Rd. Manchester: Pacilly Records, Parker Street. Middlesbrough: P.R. Sound, 5 High Street. Newcastle: Volume Records, 30 Radley Place. Norwich: Andy's Records, 14-16 Lower Goat Lane. Nottingham: Selektas, Bridleway Gate. Nottingham: Way Ahead Records, Hurst Yard. Peterborough: Andy's Records, 37 Bridge Street. Portsmouth: Virgin Records, Charlotte Street. Plymouth: In Other Words, 72 Mutley Plain. Plymouth: Virgin Records, 103-105 Armada Way. Reading: Acorn Bookshop, 17 Chatham Street. Sheffield: Peace Shop, 5-7 Exchange Place. Southampton: Virgin Records, 16 Bargate Street. Swansea: Terricks, 221 Oxford Street.

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Advance Tickets are available at a reduced price by post from C.N.D. (Festival), 22-24 Underwood Street, London N1 7JG. All cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Glastonbury Festival Ltd. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your order and allow 21 days for delivery.

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“There’s a small town called Bilston, round where we live, and there’s this jazz pub, The Trumpet, and Noddy’s always down there.”

Paul of THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS on hero Noddy Holder: *PAGE 12*

“I got to the stage where I thought, If I hear *one more* bastard song about Cruise Missiles . . .” said Crass’s Steve ignorant. ANARCHO-PUNK – a flop?: *PAGE 14*

“The Def Jam suitcase has unearthed the perfect MTV product, a bit of yesterday, a bit of today, and a bit of a laugh . . . MTV tickles the underbelly of young America and Def Jam have the video tapes.” DEF JAM: sold power on MTV: *PAGE 16*

“The problem with this industry is that it was designed for weirdos. It’s full of them! Look at half of the people in the charts. They’re all nutters, especially when there is a camera on them.”

Paul Heaton of THE HOUSEMARTINS on his fellow workers: *PAGE 25*

“I eventually got the sack when they asked me to clean the toilets when the cleaner was off sick. No way. Not for the money I was getting. I didn’t learn anything, I just got used for a year.” Manifesto on the YTS: *PAGE 26*



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NEWS



Mr Johnson: screen dream

RED WEDGE BUSTS OUT: THE THE AGAINST THATCHER

MATT JOHNSON, who earlier this month announced that he (as The The) was retiring from music for three years, makes a rare live appearance in the next few weeks as the surprise attraction of the Red Wedge pre-election pop posse. (He also pops up in *Angstbag* this week! See page 46.)

Lloyd Cole, Jimmy Somerville and Richard Coles, Billy Bragg, Black Britain and The Men They Couldn't Hang have also been lined up for the series of gigs up and down the country in the fortnight preceding polling day on June 11. Selected artists will play in the following towns: Bristol, Southampton, London, Wolverhampton, Coventry, Nottingham, Leicester, Norwich and the Forest of Dean

— all locales with marginal seats.

Other artists so far confirmed for the anti-Thatcher shows are The Blow Monkeys, Jerry Dammers, Jamie Wednesday, Chalice UK, Tom Robinson, Attaco Decente, Attila The Stockbroker, Captain Sensible, Ranking Ann, The Hip-Hop Alliance, Rhoda Dakar and The Friday Club.

Full details of dates, venues and tickets will appear in Tour News next week but in the meantime it's a good idea to check local press. Three shows definitely confirmed are Bristol Transport House: The Men They Couldn't Hang, Jamie Wednesday, Wendy May and Porky The Poet (next Thursday, May 28, tickets from Rival Records in

Bristol); Forest Of Dean Lydney Town Hall: Billy Bragg, Attaco Decente, Attila The Stockbroker and Porky The Poet (May 29, tickets from the Forest Of Dean bookshop); and Southampton Central Hall: Billy Bragg, Wendy May, Porky The Poet and special guests (May 30, tickets from the local Labour Party).

Acts appearing on the Wedge's comedy tour include Ben Elton, Lenny Henry, The Joan Collins Fan Club, The Panic Brothers, Mark Miurdz, Billy Bragg, Skint Video, The Vicious Boys and Jenny Le Coat. The comedy tour, which runs from June 4 to 10, takes in Stockport, Barrow, Edinburgh, Stirling, Newcastle and Derby. Full details to follow.

DR ROBERT'S 45 NEEDED

THE BLOW MONKEYS' new single has been effectively put on a blacklist by Radio One in the run-up to the General Election. The song, '(Celebrate) The Day After You', which features Curtis Mayfield duetting with Dr Robert, was released on Monday, but will not find its way onto the playlist because it dares to criticise *The Leaderene*.

A spokesman for the number one station across the

nation said: "We decided not to put the record on the playlist because of its highly sensitive political nature. It's getting the odd play here and there, but not very much."

"We are not a political organisation and we have to strike a balance in the run-up to an election."

The spokesman said the situation may be reviewed if the record zooms into the Top Ten or even to No. 1, but said it was unlikely to happen before

June 11. Once the election was over the record would be playlisted if it was still climbing the charts, he added.

Dr Robert heard the news last Friday while shooting a video for the single, and his typically terse response was: "The BBC would play the record if someone had made a pro-Conservative single. The fact that no-one has speaks volumes."

It is the first time Radio One has taken restrictive action

over a record before a General Election (Elvis Costello's 'Pills And Soap' got its fair share of needle-time in '83), although the BBC has previously cut out political jokes from comedy shows on both radio and television.

A spokesman for The Blow Monkeys could not shed any light on the theory that Mrs Thatcher called the election as a smokescreen to draw people's attention away from the group's new album.



Johnny Clegg

M.U. DOGS JOHNNY CLEGG AGAIN

JOHNNY CLEGG has been threatened with expulsion from the Musicians' Union in Britain if he returns home to South Africa. The Rochdale-born musician is resident in Johannesburg but currently on a European tour which includes a second date at the Town And Country Club, Kentish Town, London, tonight (Wednesday).

The MU tried to stop Clegg's first show at the venue late last month by

objecting to the Department of Employment granting him a work permit, but claimed it was not a political move and had nothing to do with taking an anti-apartheid stance. It said Clegg was taking work away from British musicians who could have done just as good a job.

Now Sid Allen, secretary of the MU's Brighton branch, has written directly to Clegg, and details of his letter have been leaked to the *NME*. It

says: "I must ask you to give me an undertaking that you will observe the embargo on working in South Africa, and I must bring to your attention that if you are not prepared to give this undertaking you will be charged under Musicians' Union rules and therefore risk expulsion."

Allen was reluctant to talk when the newsdesk rang him last Friday, and would only say: "It's too delicate a matter to discuss with the press. It's

something between Mr Clegg and the union, and does not concern anyone else."

EMI, Clegg's record company in the UK, were still trying to contact the musician for a reaction at the time of going to press, but a spokesman for the label said: "What are the MU trying to do to him? They don't want him to play in the country he was born in and they don't want him to play in the country he lives in."

CAPITAL FESTIVAL FINALISED

CHUCK BERRY, Van Morrison and The Beach Boys are the rock highlights of this year's Capital Music Festival. Siouxsie And The Banshees, Los Lobos, six nights of Luther Vandross and the first visit of Russian rock bands are among the other events announced so far.

Festival organisers claim that their Pink Lady Sunsplash—a massive free concert on Clapham Common featuring reggae, soul, gospel and African music—is now the biggest black music event in Britain. Freddie McGregor and The Studio One Band and Maxi

Priest have so far been confirmed for the gig and others will be announced next week.

Wynton Marsalis, Stan Getz, The Crusaders and Stanley Jordan are among the names already confirmed for the Jazz Week. Marsalis plays the Royal Festival Hall with his quintet and Courtney Pine is also on the bill. Marsalis's brother Branford is also bringing his quartet to the festival; they are guests of Stan Getz. Details of artists appearing as part of a blues package will be revealed soon. For the full Festival line up so far see Tour News.

PAUL BUTTERFIELD FOUND DEAD

PAUL BUTTERFIELD, who spearheaded the white Chicago blues attack on the US pop charts in the '60s, has been found dead in his North Hollywood apartment.

Singer-harmonica player Butterfield, aged 44, formed the Paul Butterfield Blues Band in 1963, initially teaming with two former members of Howlin' Wolf's band, later adding such guitarists as Elvin Bishop and Mike Bloomfield. During 1965, they backed Bob Dylan in his first electric performance at the Newport Folk Festival, and that same year, produced a debut album for Elektra. The Blues Band folded in 1972, after which Butterfield moved to Woodstock and formed Better Days, with Amos Garrett and Geoff Muldaur. After four albums for Bearsville, Butterfield was forced to take to the sidelines for a while, following intestinal disorders that resulted in two major operations. He returned to performing during 1981 and recently played an LA gig in the company of B.B. King, Eric Clapton, Stevie Ray Vaughan and others. At presstime, the cause of death had not been disclosed, though one detective revealed that "drug paraphernalia" had been found at Butterfield's house.

U2 SUPPORTS ANNOUNCED



THE PRETENDERS (above), Lou Reed and The Pogues are among the special guests for the string of U2 concerts, which start next month. Hurrah! fill the support slot at the first shows, Wembley Arena (June 2) and Birmingham NEC (3), as previously announced, and the rest of the acts are as follows: Wembley Stadium (June 12 and 13): Lou Reed, The Pogues, Lone Justice. Leeds Elland Road (July 1): The Pretenders, The Mission, World Party. Cardiff Arms Park (July 25): The Pretenders, The Alarm, World Party.

NEWS

THE CHILL WIND OF CENSORSHIP

Three days before the Beastie Boys UK tour begins, Tory MP Peter Bruinvels explains why he wants the gruesome threesome banned. Meanwhile (right) in America, the Moral Majority gets a tighter grip on the airwaves.

LAST THURSDAY, four days into the General Election campaign, *The Mirror's* front page accused the Beastie Boys of screaming "Go away, you f!#! cripples!" at leukaemia victims they met backstage at the Montreux Festival. On Friday *The Mirror* ran an editorial demanding that CBS should have nothing more to do with the New York rappers.

Meanwhile *The Sun* claimed that *The Mirror* story was a complete fabrication. Several music journalists who were present in Montreux described the story as "laughable" and one claimed that the entire incident was invented by a journalist from a rival tabloid out to discredit *The Mirror*.

A spokesman for the Beastie Boys management said: "It's total bullshit! For some reason certain yellow journalists and politicians have decided to stop the Beastie Boys. This kind of story says less about the band than it does about the knuckleheads at *The Mirror*. It's a complete fabrication — I'm not saying that they're saints but they're not perverts for God's sake. They're not deliberately malicious..." Legal action is being considered by the band.

Several DJs, including London's Tony Blackburn and Radio One's Bruno 'Uglee' Brookes have refused to play any Beastie Boys records whilst one disc spinner, John Sachs of Capital, went so far as to smash a copy of their single 'on air'.

Meanwhile *The Mirror*, *Sun* and *Star* have continued to run shockhorror stories about the Beastie hooliganism complete

with the inevitable quotes from Tory backbencher Peter Bruinvels, MP.

Talking to the *NME* Mr Bruinvels said: "This justifies everything I've been saying. I was talking to Jonathan King last week and he thinks they are just sending themselves up, but the thing is that a lot of kids are taken in. The problem is, and I realise this, that my campaign has probably helped them sell thousands of records..."

Home Office Minister David Mellor answered a parliamentary question concerning the Beasties by claiming that sufficient legislation for banning them already existed under the Obscene Publications Act.

Mr Bruinvels is not convinced and feels that the Beastie Boys "outrageous" stage show could be illegal under the Vagrancy Act of 1824 which was introduced to stop Waterloo veterans displaying their stumps whilst begging.

"They attack common decency," he said. "They are obscene and violent, they undermine family values and they encourage anti-social activities like glue-sniffing."

The 37-year-old MP claimed that he was not a "fanatic" and that he "quite" liked Hawkwind despite their many drug references, their advocacy of casual sex and the naked go-go dancers they featured in their stage show. "They were good for their time," he said.

He also claims to be a fan of Elton John despite the *Tory Sun's* recent crucifixion of Mr John because of his alleged undermining of family values. "You've got to keep an open mind," he said.

"I once travelled a hundred miles to see Roy Wood and Wizzard in Bournemouth," said Mr Bruinvels, a former member of Radio One's Pop Club.

He sees no contradiction between his desire to ban and censor the Beastie Boys and the frequent occurrence of the

AMERICAN BROADCAST listeners are unlikely to be allowed to think for themselves in the future. A new policy by the Federal Communications Commission is cracking down on broadcasts of "language or material that depicts or describes... sexual or excretory activities of organs". And rock lyrics are the first in line for fresh government scrutiny.

The FCC's new definition of 'indecent' now goes well beyond the shortlist of previously banned words and includes the sweeping statement which reads: "The context in which the language is broadcast will serve as an important factor in determining its indecency".

In addition, no potentially offensive words or songs can be aired when "there is a reasonable risk that children are in the audience", which means the end of the 10pm watershed — previously thought the hour of "reasonable risk" when children might be listening.

The new get-tough policy kicked off when KCSB-FM, a University of California radio station, was warned that it committed "actionable indecency" when it played the Pork Dukes' 1977 song 'Makin' Bacon'. A complaint from a listener, who painstakingly taped and transcribed the song lyrics, was forwarded to the Parents' Musical Resource Centre. (The PMRC is the group that has been trying for three years to 'clean up' the American record industry's output.)

The Centre then sent the complaint to the FCC and put pressure on the Commission to expand their definition of indecency.

Jennifer Norwood, executive director of PMRC, said: "The ruling needed to be readdressed in a manner which looked at the discrepancies over the seven dirty words. What they have come up with is a system where we can acknowledge that explicit sexual activities are not appropriate for radio at times when you know that children may be listening".

The FCC says it has received over 20,000 complaints of indecency and obscenity on the air in the past two years, but argues its tightening-up is "definitely not censorship". A spokesman told *NME*: "We're following the same procedure that we've always had. The Commission can only act on complaints".

Village Voice columnist Nat Hentoff argues that the FCC has "sharply curtailed" the First Amendment (Freedom Of Speech) right of not only broadcasters "but of all us adults as well as kids. We have a right to receive what is being broadcast — if we choose to hear it — without the government screening the words for us".

Angus Finney

word "freedom" in the Conservative manifesto.

"Well, you're correct, I am on the free Right but you've got to say enough is enough."

He denies that his headline grabbing campaign is little more than a series of cheap publicity stunts designed to prevent his marginal Leicester East seat from falling into the hands of the SDP or Labour Party.

"I don't really need the

publicity... I actually have a very strong youth vote. Look, why do we need the American filth, we have got plenty of good British bands."

Meanwhile the Beastie Boys WILL NOT be bringing their 21 foot hydraulic penis to Britain. Rumours that it is to be replaced by the six foot hydraulic member for Leicester East are under investigation.

Steven Wells

NAZIS ATTACK VOODOO CLUB

THE VOODOO — percussionist with Philip Boa's Voodoo Club — was rushed to hospital in Dortmund last week with a severed ear, following an attack by a neo-Nazi gang.

He was rushed to hospital and underwent a four-hour emergency operation to have his ear stitched back on. The group have now been forced to cancel a string of appearances at festivals on the continent this summer while The Voodoo recovers.

The attack happened at a lakeside resort near Dortmund where the musician was relaxing between rehearsals. He was pinned to the ground by about half a dozen neo-Nazis who lacerated his face with a cut-down beer can and severed his ear.



SONICS ZOOM IN

SONIC YOUTH are coming back to Britain for their first live dates since last summer's shows with The Jesus And Mary Chain. A new album, 'Sister' (Blast First), will be issued to coincide with the handful of dates, which are at London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (June 4), Nottingham Mardi Gras (5), Glasgow Rooftops (7) and Manchester New Ardri Ballroom, Hulme (8). Firehouse support at all shows, with the addition of AC Temple in London and Manchester.

Tickets for the Manchester date are available from Piccadilly Records, Geese Clothing and Eastern Bloc record shop. Tickets for all other shows are on sale at the venues and usual agents.

YOUTH QUAKE

THREE IN four young people believe the Youth Training Scheme amounts to cheap labour and 64 per cent support the Labour Party's proposed Educational Maintenance Allowance. Labour, with 38 per cent support, is also ahead of the Tories and the Alliance in young people's voting intentions.

These are the main findings of a major survey of the opinions of 15 to 24-year-olds carried out for Britain's largest trade union, the Transport & General Workers' Union. T&GWU deputy general secretary Bill Norris said that Britain's six million young voters could help determine the outcome of the general election. "Yet they are an undervalued section of our society in a wilderness of neglect."

Acid reign.

Across Europe, and now in Britain, trees are dying from the effects of acid rain. Already over half of the trees in West Germany are dead or dying. This environmental catastrophe can and must be avoided here.

Friends of the Earth's tree survey in 1985 first alerted the government to the problem in this country. But only a few coal-fired power stations are being fitted with equipment to reduce emissions of sulphur dioxide — a major cause of acid rain, along with industrial and vehicle emissions. Determined government action is needed now on all fronts to avert disaster.

Friends of the Earth continues to fight to save our trees. On 23rd May thousands of our supporters will take part in our Forest Alert — seeing for themselves the effect of acid rain on our woodlands. We will continue to present scientific evidence to Parliamentary Committees, and lobby on your behalf for our environment.

We can end this Acid Reign. The technical means to achieve this are all there. But the political will isn't. We can change that, but we need your financial support.

I support Friends of the Earth's fight to save our trees.

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£59 Skipper Trip: Departs London July 3rd, Returns July 5th U2PS

Rotterdam, Saturday 11th July

£85 Hotel Trip: Departs London July 9th, Returns July 12th U2R

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DAVID BOWIE

Paris, 3rd July

£85 Hotel Trip: Departs July 1st, Returns July 4th DBP

£55 Skipper Trip: Departs June 1st, Returns June 3rd DBBS

PRINCE

Dortmund, West Germany June 1st

£85 Hotel trip: Departs May 30th, Returns June 2nd PWG

Paris, June 13th

£85 Hotel Trip: Departs June 11th, Returns June 14th PPH

£59 Skipper Trip: Departs June 12th, Returns June 14th PPS

STOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES

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Loreley Festival, West Germany, July 11th

£85 Hotel Trip: Depart July 9th, Return July 12th SSB

MARILLION

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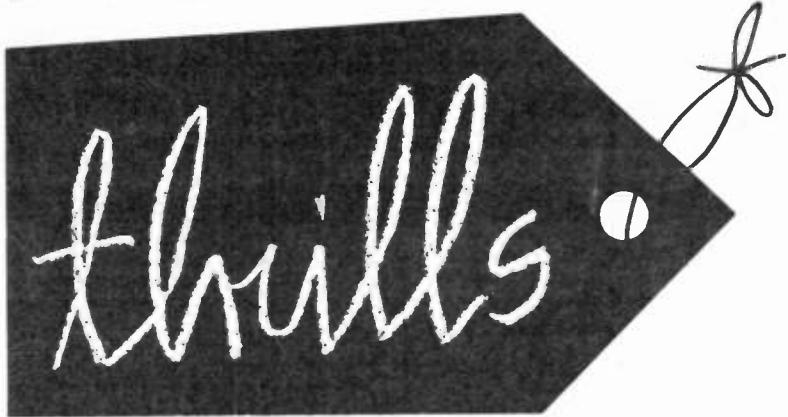
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This week's cabinet: Adrian Thrills (Leader of the Opposition), Stuart Cosgrove (Scottish Office), Lucy O'Brien (Peroxide Office), Steven Wells (Hon Member, Isle of Dogs), David Quantick (Minister Without Portfolio).

Be-bop loch!

HE WAS born in Newport News, Virginia, he played with Billie Holiday, Art Tatum and Charlie Parker, and most of all he wore a kilt. Tiny Grimes fronted the best jazz combo ever, the proto-Scottish quintet Tiny Grimes and his Rocking Highlanders.

The Rocking Highlanders toured the New York clubs of the late '40s and established a fearsome reputation for presenting boogie woogie tributes to Caledonia.

Tiny's career took off in earnest in 1947 with a cover version of the Scottish ballad 'Annie Laurie' then a few years later he released the Gaelic concept album 'Loch Lomond'. Ironically, his fame and prominence was upstaged by one of his own pupils Jalacy Hawkins a young blues shouter who appeared in The Rocking Highlanders, and went on to become the blood-curdling vocalist Screamin' Jay Hawkins.

Although the Rocking Highlanders have now disbanded, Tiny Grimes still plays the New



'Loch Lomond' by Tiny Grimes and His Rocking Highlanders is available on the Whiskey, Women and... record label, PO Box 1245, Haverhill, MA 01831, USA.

York jazz bars and readily admits that wearing a Tam O'Shanter was the best move of his career. "The kilts really drew attention to us. They were the best threads on the scene." The original Big Jazza started here.

SC

Mr. Kerr: an apology

THE EDITOR and publishers of NME would like to take this opportunity to apologise to Mr James Kerr, lead singer of the Scottish skiffle group Simple Minds. In a piece entitled 'Gael Force: A Chancer's Guide To Pop' the paper mistakenly described Mr Kerr as an expatriate. We fully accept that he has a house near Edinburgh and, despite the article's claims, he has no domestic investment in Los

Angeles. In a recent issue of *The Sunday Times* Mr Kerr described the remark as "a jibe" and the most hurtful criticism he has received in his many years as a pop legend. We have accepted the recommendations of Mr Kerr's solicitors Bent, Brief and Sons of Glasgow and will be honouring an out of court settlement with a copy of the definitive Gael Force jazz album 'Tiny Grimes And His Rocking Highlanders'. (See below).

X-head

WHAT'S THE most embarrassing job you've ever had? For native New Yorker Cindy Ecstasy, it was pirouetting in a bald-headed wigette in the Soft Cell video for 'Torch'. Not that Cindy, now based in the UK, has anything against Marc Almond and company. She was, after all, his backing singer for a period in the early '80s. It was just that chrome-domed wig!

With her headful of dark locks now fully restored, however, Cindy and her keyboard-playing partner Rick Holliday are re-launching their own band Six Sed Red with a series of London dates. SSR originally surfaced in 1983 with a single 'Shake It Right' on Sire before retiring to concentrate on songwriting and a score for the adapted French cult film *Ghetto Force*, due for a Channel 4 screening later in the year.

Describing their sound as aggressive, melodic and versatile,



SSR will be augmented by a full band on their dates. Says Cindy: "In the past, we've used backing tapes, but it's much more fun and actually easier at this stage to work with a real band. This time around it's going to be a real show."

The next showtime for SSR will be Delirium at The Astoria on Saturday May 23.

AT



PICTURE: STEVE RAPPORT

NEW ANGLO-Europa-American pop-soul The D'Arby Brothers, Terence and Trent, demonstrate the zen-like relaxing qualities of a couple of the new Artists Against Apartheid T-shirts.

Royalties from the new range of six gherkins will be split between AAA—the British-based organisation founded by Jerry Dammers—and the International Anti-Apartheid Movement. The work of such hip young design bods as Brian Bolger, Paul Wearing, Nigel Proctor and Damien Watling, the shirts are available for £9.95 plus an SAE from Art 'O' Matic, 120 Curtain Road, London EC2.

AT

Glug

FRESH FROM the Big Top, circus proprietor Gerry Cottle has engineered a new concept in performance appreciation—the Underwater Music Spectacular. On May 28 at 7.30pm in the Big Splash fun pool, Mapleton Rd, Wandsworth, London SW18, assorted musicians including the Deep Sea Jivers, Peter Thomas and The O No Antonio Quartet will be taking part in an experiment to confuse your eardrums and confound your senses.

With the use of purpose built instruments, music will be played underwater(!) and conventionally above water but relayed through a depth charge sound system. Both music forms will travel five times faster than the speed of sound in air and enter the body as well as the ear. Phew!

Audience participation is guaranteed with plenty of bobbing up and down and swinging about in the shallow end. Serious connoisseurs can use snorkel and scuba diving gear for maximum appreciation.

Details from: Mark Borkoski on 01-278 9220, or 01-278 0333 ext. 307/212.

L O'B



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MIGHTY MIGHTY
A CERTAIN RATIO
GHOST DANCE
BMX BANDITS
THE RAZOR CUTS
THE FLATMATES
1000 VIOLINS
GUANA BATZ
SOUP DRAGONS

COMING SOON: Volume Two of the already-successful independent in-car cassette series 'Indie Top 20'.

The first volume has sold 7,000 copies and hit near the top of all Britain's indie charts. Strange Fruit Records, those tasteful people who bring you the 'Peel Sessions' EP series, are chuffed with the response, and were also pleased to learn that the cassette had passed the *Thrills* test: we bought it at an M1 service station—which is the market they had aimed at.

Clive Selwood of Strange Fruit is compiling the second volume, and also has another project in store for the summer: 'Janice Long Sessions' EPs. Right now he is urging anyone who phones him to invest in the "best Peel Sessions EP yet", by Culture. *Thrills* is going shopping now.

DS



Mel & Robbie

PICTURE: IAN WAINWRIGHT

Pig pens

TOM THUG'S cat bounces on the dog's stomach till it vomits half-digested doggy-choddy over all and sundry.

No, it's not *My Little Pony*, it's *OINK!*, the comic that farts, poohs and spews its way through the festering swamp that is the mind of the average child. *OINK!* was one year old last week.

For years kids' comics have been patronising cak, increasingly out of touch and ever more clichéd.

The post-Viz *OINK!* has got the stiffs, squares and wrinklies pulling their blue rinses out by the roots. A cunning 'Janet and John' parody in which Mother kills the squealing brats had the editor, Uncle Pig, up in front of the Press Council on charges of "destroying family values". Mary Whitehouse is said to be contemplating legal action as she is viciously slagged in every issue.

Shifting over 100,000 issues a fortnight, *OINK!* features such

I'M HERBERT BOWES
AND I'VE GOT A DOG
UP MY NOSE!



devastatingly stomach turning characters as: Burp (the smelly alien), Nigel and Skrat (the two-headed rat) and Rodger Rental (he's completely mental). The *Cult* read it, *Anthrax* read it, John Langford and Marc Riley draw for it and Marc Almond, Frank Sidebottom and Boy George have all been in it.

SW

AIDS? Hysterical?

"A GOOD friend of mine died of AIDS on Friday," explains Robbie Coltrane. "They always say that it doesn't really come home to you until that happens and I think they're perhaps right."

Robbie Coltrane is one of about a million comedians who will be appearing at the Victoria Palace Theatre on Sunday June 7 for *Hysteria*, a concert for AIDS research.

He and Mel Smith, Stephen Fry and Ruby Wax, Helen Lederer and Norman 'Floor Manager' Lovett appeared at a press conference about the event. Dr Charles Farthing from the St Stephen's Hospital AIDS clinic pointed out that money is necessary for the community care of AIDS victims, yet government promises to provide funds have been largely unfulfilled. It costs £1 million to treat 200 patients for a year on the new AZT drug, and as the amount of victims rises, so will the cost. The funds raised by International Aids Week have reached £250,000, but Stephen Fry points out, "One of the problems is that AIDS is treated as some publicity-seeking virus that gets a lot of initial

coverage and then the public assume that it'll go away afterwards. It doesn't. It gets worse."

The *Hysteria* concert will include Rowan Atkinson, Ben Elton, the *Who Dares Wins* team, Bill Oddie, Smith & Jones, and many others. Robbie Coltrane: "There's a hideous rumour that I'm going to be singing... I'm also doing a bit of business with Stephen Fry, so I shall have to sit down and write something hilarious and modern for it." Helen Lederer says of Norman Lovett, "he's not really a floor manager", while Norman says, "I used to support 999, you know. I still read the *NME*. I've got the black off me fingers from last week's..."

Spitting Image puppets will be busy elsewhere, but it is hoped that famous people will impersonate their rubber doubles. This is true.

Tickets for the show are available at £7.50, £15, £25 and £30. Cheques with SAE, payable to First Call, to HYSTERIA!, First Call, PO Box 92, London WC2H 9SU. Credit cards: First Call, 01-240 7200.

DQ

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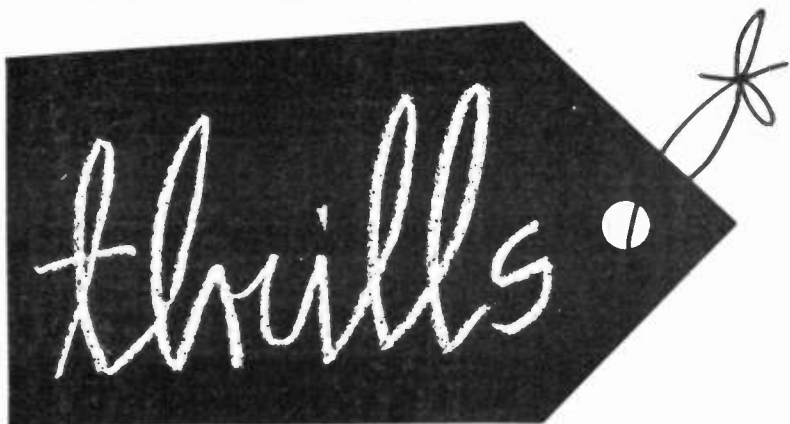
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28 · BRIXTON ACADEMY
29 · GLASGOW BARROWLANDS
30 · LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT



CBS
Def
Jam
recordings



Rappin' teach

RAP HAS produced many hybrids, but surely one of the oddest to emerge in recent months is Daylle, the Rappin' Teach. A New York high school teacher, she found the perfect way to communicate with unco-operative kids. Rap.

"I'd heard Roxanne Shante and felt she was sacrificing lyrics for rhyme. I love writing rhymes, and said I could do a better rap than that. The kids laughed in my face".

Taking up the challenge of "Yo white lady, let's hear you rap!", she concocted 'Teachers Breaking Back', a new concept in answer raps, which ended up on her very own demo compilation produced by Davy DMX and Bobby Kyss: "You put me down", it goes, "I'm tryin' to help you learn/Huh. Now it's my turn... You

treat me rude/You sit and brood/It's not my teaching/It's your attitude".

Initially ridiculed by streetwise b-boys, she's now NY's most popular teacher and accepted as a bona-fide rapper. "I'm not just a novelty. My rap is hardcore enough for me to go professional, and now I'm looking for a deal."

Since accompanying Kurtis Blow on his last UK tour, Daylle has perfected her technique, enlisting the Blow's help as a human beat box on her fresh feminist rhyme 'Girls Can Do'. But does the school like her hip hop stance?

"No; but I'm for the kids, I don't worry about the rules. If rules are bad, I break them".

Yo! girl.

L O'B

Gale's force



MICHELLE AND Debbie are two young women who will be familiar to patrons of Brighton's Zap Club. When they are not careering recklessly into one another on the stage, they are the purveyors of a remarkable rap-rock-pop fusion.

They call themselves Honey and their act features rapped quotations from Fred Astaire, Beastie Boys, The Archies and The Henry Hall Orchestra. Their debut single 'More Than Honey'—recorded with their friend Christopher—will shortly be available through Red Rhino.

On a day trip from Brighton, the threesome—who present a local radio programme called *Turn It Up*—tell me of their love of pop, rap and disposable records.

"We like pop on the radio and American rap," explains Debbie. "You can't avoid it, even in shops and walking down the street."

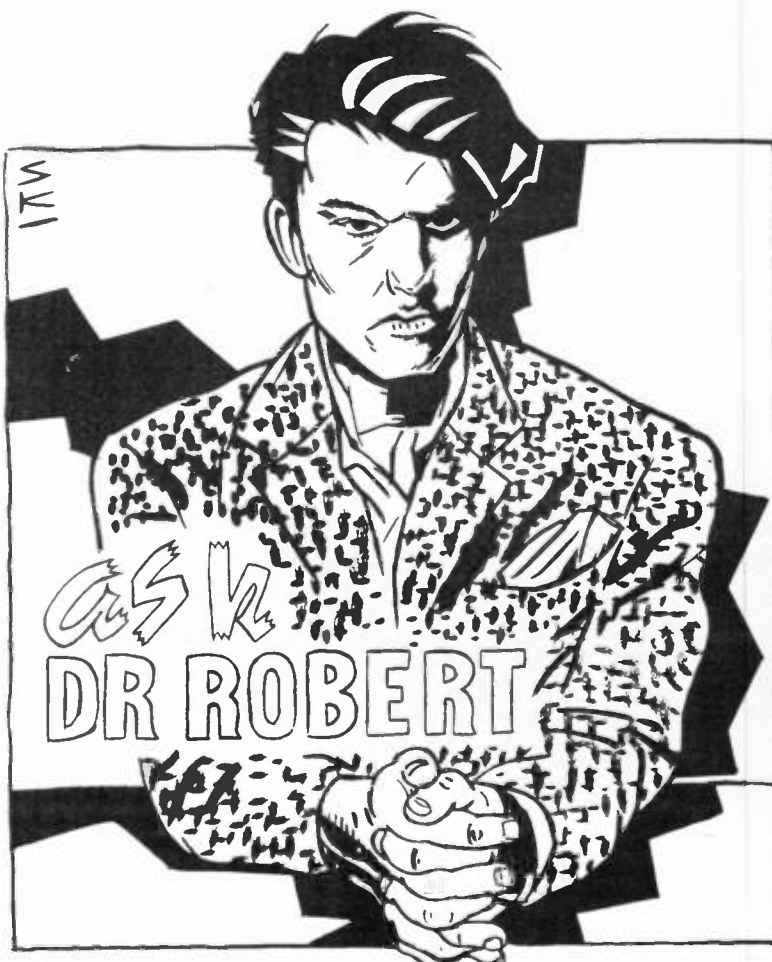
"I work in a shoe shop," says Michelle. "There's this old lady who comes in and she talks to the shoes. Then she starts knocking them off the racks! We wouldn't insult real rappers by calling what we do 'rap', so we call it 'pap'. Pop rap, you see."

Christopher has a theory about 'More Than Honey'. "It's a record that appeals to girls more than boys." Debbie and Michelle look at him askance, but confess a liking for Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce and Salt'n'Pepa.

"We like to go out and jack our bodies," murmurs Debbie. "We might play The Fridge soon," adds Michelle. "It's got a big stage, so I'm going to wear roller skates and skate about."

The record is totally brilliant. So what are Honey going to do now? "We're going to go shopping."

DQ



ART-LIKE: THE SHAKIN' MAN

DEAR DR ROBERT - I LIVE IN A GUEST HOUSE AND I'VE FOUND A SMALL HOLE IN THE WALL. ONE NIGHT I HEARD MUSIC AND PEEPED THROUGH THE HOLE TO SEE A STUNNING BIRD DANCING AROUND IN THE NUDE. NOW MY LIFE REVOLVES AROUND THE PEEPHOLE AND IT'S WORRYING ME.

DR ROBERT REPLIES - WHY ARE YOU TELLING ME? I'M JUST THE PRAT FROM THE BLOW MONKEYS!

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"I have a terrible problem with flatulence. Sometimes I just can't stop farting. The other boys get really cross if they have to spend long stretches of time in the studio with me. All I can do is to try and hold it in."

A wind of change speech from Nathan of Brother Beyond

"I'm seething over what's happened to the Stones and if I wasn't tied up with my album I'd still be out looking for Jagger. If I see him again, he's gonna get such a kick in the arse that he won't sit down for a week."

Keith Richards in best Gary Lineker mood after learning of Jagger's decision to go solo

"I don't see why I should deface myself just for a part. Tom Cruise chipped one of his front teeth for his part in *The Outsiders* and Sean Penn gained about 30 pounds in weight for one of his films, but I don't think all that stuff is really necessary."

Rat Pack heart-throb Rob Lowe bemoaning the problem of having good looks

"Our music is moody one side and nauseatingly nice on the other."

Swing Out Sister's Corinne getting things half-right

"I think it must be a terrible life working for *The Sun*—just making up stuff about people. They seem so obsessed about the failings of others that they can't be happy people."

Madonna explaining why she and Gary Bushell will never become an item

"I hope the Prime Minister will go until the turn of the century, looking like Queen Victoria. What would she do if she wasn't Prime Minister? One doesn't see her retiring to gardening or making marmalade for the WI, so I think she's better off carrying on until I've retired."

Norman Tebbit on why Maggie shouldn't join the YTS Scheme

"I hate getting onto a bus and seeing stickers saying 'Lionel Richie World Tour' still on the window."

Duran's John Taylor

HOTHOUSE FLOWERS

Love Don't Work This Way



7" & 12" Single

12/MUM 7



The hand that rocks the cradle

Following the acrimonious break-up of Easterhouse last year, guitarist Ivor Perry has put together a less rigidly militant combo called THE CRADLE. LEN BROWN hears their tale of revisionist woe. Picture: KEVIN CUMMINS.

I should have been there. The passport, toothbrush and visa were all packed for action. Easterhouse in America, my first trip to the States... And then, suddenly, the plugs were pulled.

"You would have had a good laugh like," I'm assured by Mancunian Ivor Perry, the ex-Easterhouse guitarman and now founder of The Cradle. "On the tour I wasn't speaking to Andy — only 25 words in two weeks, he was giving people so much grief. The atmosphere in the band was dead, lots of arguing and bickering. Fighting, dead childish things, so I thought, 'Let's kick it in the head'."

Damn shame, say I. Not only were the Rough Traders' 'Whistling In The Dark' 45 and 'Contenders' LP amongst the most inspiring releases of '86, but also — in Ivor and his red-throated younger brother Andy — we were offered a hard-line contrast to Der Schmidts. On CBS America, Easterhouse were even being tipped as — whoooahh boy — stadium rockers.

"They wanted us back in February," chips in waggish, ever-present Cradle/ex-Easterhouse boss John. "Economically Easterhouse should've stayed together. Money can bring you better situations..."

"No, money can't bring you better situations," argues Ivor, "personal satisfaction can. Music isn't a job. When Easterhouse became a job and got hard, I wanted out. It got to the stage that the only songs we enjoyed playing were covers: Joy Division's 'Transmission' and 'Shadowplay'... they were the fun elements."

When the crunch came, Easterhouse were following in Morrissey's hallowed flip-flops by making a video — whoops! promotional film — directed by Derek Jarman. Morale and productivity were at zero, and Ivor blames brother Andy.

"Ivor was writing songs all year," qualifies John, "but there were hardly any lyrics being written. That's why the band ended up splitting."

"And at the end, we were arguing about the little money we had left," recalls Ivor, gulping his Guinness. "Andy did some bad things. That statement in *NME*, we just wanted it to say, 'We've started The Cradle and these are the people who are in it', and to say nothing about the Easterhouse situation. I didn't want to get into back-biting with me brother and little snidey digs, we're above that. But Andy went in and wrote that press statement bullshit. All that about 'leaving the band through lack of commitment to further personal ambitions'. Complete crap!"

The path from the Hollywood grave of Easterhouse to The Cradle's 'It's Too High' 45 has been smooth and straight. In barely three months Ivor Perry has put together a productive outfit featuring ex-'House drummer Gary Rostock, vocalist Andy Housley, and boy wonder/Smiths reject Craig Gannon. The result, while still branded with the upliftingly vigorous Perry guitarwork, is lyrically worlds apart from Easterhouse.

"Clearly The Cradle isn't Easterhouse MK.



The Cradle (clockwise from left): Gary Rostock, Lee Bennett, Ivor Perry, Andy Housley, Craig Gannon

II," says Ivor. "One of the things wrong with Easterhouse was that Andy's lyrics lacked a communicative element. You can't just go, 'Socialism's a brilliant concept for forwarding mankind', you've got to *feel* it. You see things around that make you feel sick and think, 'How can I change them?' I'm not giving up politics, I'm trying to bring political ideas to how I feel. People don't want to hear somebody telling them, 'the revolution of the proletariat will happen in 1992...' Music should carry an emotional charge and make people feel things. That was missing in Easterhouse; the records were very cold, very bleak. There's no human warmth in Andy's lyrics."

Thus The Cradle's more emotive delivery of 'It's Too High' and its strong, fear-of-destruction flip, 'The Whole World'. Plus there's the admittedly Joy Div influenced 'instrumental' — "you weren't allowed to do instrumentals in Easterhouse; our kid thought they'd let me shine more than him, and that it wouldn't be making a political statement" — while Housley's Yorkshire dialect is put to strange effect on Philip Larkin's *Wires*.

Ivor: "Sometimes, when I'm playing the record and the poem comes on, I just leg it over to the stereo going, Get it off!"

But what's it mean to you? What's old Larkin on about — "Young steers become old cattle from that day/ Electric limits to their widest senses" — and what's it got to do with The Cradle?

"It's fundamentally, intrinsically, integral to what we believe in," bullshits John.

Ivor comes clean: "The guy who designed the cover called the instrumental 'Wires' so we had to leave the poem in. It's a cock-up, mind you it makes a good statement about idealism. It's almost a metaphor for Easterhouse. As you get older you're conditioned by the limits

on what you can do, the electric fence around us..."

"It could be about the political drive of Easterhouse, and Andy's idealism, being tempered by commercial constraints. Andy wanted us to take a mega leap into Top Forty radio, but you can't suddenly chuck the baby out with the bath water and completely change your style, start playing funky guitar and drum machines..."

What's with Craig Gannon? It strikes me that someone who's been through The Bluebells, Aztec Camera, The Colourfield and The Smiths by the age of 21 must either be exceptionally unlucky or have some severe personal hygiene problem. Ivor got Gannon to join The Cradle having seen him "staggering round, pissed at the Hacienda".

"Craig's very much into being into a band who get on together, who go out together. Like us, we all go out on the beer. But in The Smiths they'd already built the club and he felt like an outsider. He's a great guitarist, he felt he was in a great band, but to be stuck on rhythm guitar obviously disappointed him. He didn't feel any personal animosity, but he hopes he doesn't get ripped off..."

"Cut!" cries John. "Let's leave it at that... except to say that The Smiths are the only commercially viable, valid pop band in the world, ever."

Clearly there are, er, loose ends to be tied up between The Smiths and Craig Gannon. But surely he must be pissed off at being blamed for the 'rockist' phase?

"The Smiths are going through great personal turmoil," proclaims John, knowledgeably. "In that Danny Kelly interview, Marr seemed to be implying that Craig was responsible for the nun-eating rock monster."

Ivor: "Live, you couldn't even hear the

bugger."

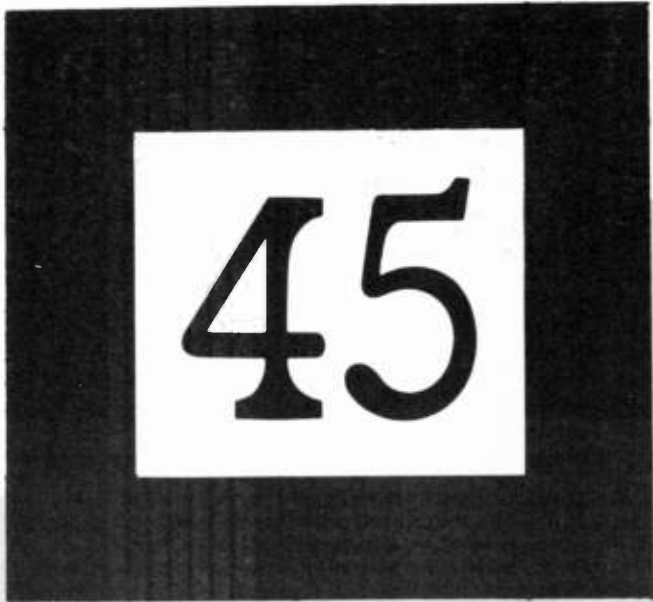
There's another side to all this. There's Andy Perry's true confessions about the collapse of Easterhouse, about the internal wranglings that put them out of contention. As the lyrical and focal point of fine songs such as '1969' and 'Whistling In The Dark', he'll be resurrecting "The House That Roared" in the summer, and perhaps then the Perry family feud — "If I go home to see me parents, I go when I know *he's* not there" (Ivor) — will be resolved. Competition between brothers, the Cain and Abel syndrome, has clearly been part of the problem, but political differences — attempting to walk the fine line between commercial compromise and socialist commitment — did for Easterhouse.

"It was too many theories, not enough practice. All the causes we believed in, there were so many debates about what we could and couldn't do ideologically, that we ended up hardly doing any at all. Talk didn't butter no parsnips."

On the evidence of 'It's Too High', The Cradle are more realistic, more humanly positive in their lyrical composition. But it's not exactly 'La Isla Bonita', is it? Will Ivor be knocking out some cheerful tunes to woo Top 40 jocks?

"I can't write happy songs," admits Ivor. "I'm not a happy person. Life's a trial, I've got the band but if I was working I'd top meself. Morrissey's right, there's no point in living a shitty life. I used to work as a trainee accountant, god it was terrible."

"I think you should temper that," argues manager John. "You're saying, to whoever's reading this, that if they're not doing what you're doing they should top themselves. Lots of accountants wouldn't want to be in a poxy band on Rough Trade."



REVIEWED BY DANNY KELLY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK 1

YEP. A fistful of singles of *this* week, demonstrating that of all the adjectives habitually flung at pop, 'timeless' is among the most useless. Sure, *some* records endure forever, but most great pop is of its moment. The spark of each of these five is magnified by the timing of their release. . .

SCAB AID: Let It Be (Scab)

My heart hopes it's Elton John, my head says it's some anarcho-chaos-hate-'n-war types, but I've really no idea who made this hate-fuelled record, and even if I did, fear of Rupert Murdoch's legal storm troops wouldn't allow me to let on. Suffice to say it's the sound of nails being hit squarely on the head. . . (by Chumbawamba - anarcho Ed)

"...and this is Steve Wright. We hope that those who lost relatives in this terrible disaster may be able to have a better life as a result of this great record. . ." The voice that inspired the phrase - "hang the DJ" is followed by an amended version of Paulie's anthem to apathy - "For media and for industry/Consumers of the world agree/Nothing sells like disaster/Let it be. . ." Message received? The B-side is even less compromising, consisting entirely of a lecture - studded with all your fave words like 'scab', 'scum', 'fascist' and 'shit' - on the activities of your super, sewer-stuck *Sun*, which reached new zeniths of cynicism with the Ferry Aid publicity stunt.

You'll probably struggle to score a copy of this, which doesn't matter - the point's been made. Remember the wretches who drowned at Zeebrugge, sure, but recall also *The Sun's* response to another set of lives that ended in darkness, confusion and lungfuls of icy water. Remember the Belgrano, and remember 'Gotcha!!' . .

SINGLE OF THE WEEK 2

THE JUSTIFIED ANCIENTS OF MU MU:

All You Need Is Love (Sound of Mu)

Another mystery, another mangling of mop-top hippy-hop, and finally available to more than a handful of music hacks. You'll know by now that this is a Stanley knifing of The Beatles, the MCS, the BBC and anything else careless enough to enter the fire-zone; you'll know too that it's about AIDS and hypocrisy and conflict and. . .oh, sod it, 'All You Need. . .' is by *everyone* and about *everything*. . .

This version, beneath the pinstripe shadow of litigation, retreats slightly from the kamikaze line occupied by the original white label, but the radical remix featured on the 7-inch A-side (a squadron of kitchen sinks reduced to a solitary distant voice!) adds to the joke and sharpens several points.

Its maverick requisition of the

hip-hop idiom, its fanatical confrontation of copyright laws overrun by music's new technologies, its central subject matters and its termination with the year's most incisively searching question - "1987 - What the f**k is going on?" - combine to make 'All You Need Is Love' a triumph of nowness over mere newness.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK 3

THE BLOW MONKEYS WITH CURTIS MAYFIELD: (Celebrate) The Day After You (RCA)

Take one post-Paula clothes-horse with a serious funk fetish; add one 24-carat soul legend; top off with a protest song. . .The recipe has you reaching for the sick bag, but Dr Robert's latest concoction emerges from the oven triumphant! Without recourse to a single video screen, explanatory booklet or patronising speech, 'Celebrate' spotlights two continuing lunacies - a Britain

stripped of compassion, resources, hope, and a Curtis Mayfield with no recording deal and a deleted back catalogue.

And the secret of this trick? Plagiarism! That, and fannish attention to detail. Robert has studiously reproduced the work - right down to the gusts of strings - of Mayfield's old arranger Richard Tufo, making *that* voice perfectly at home and free to do its unique thing. That's smart enough, and there's more. . .the lyric (while blatantly concerned with the moment that sees Thatcher's tweed ass booted into her Barratt retirement kennel) is slushily ambiguous enough to get it played on daycrime radio in the run-up to the election! Rejoice! (See Page 4 - Ed)

SINGLE OF THE WEEK 4

THE AGE OF CHANCE: Who's Afraid Of The Big Bad Noise! (Virgin)

It started out, like always, purely physical, a sex thang, then blossomed. Yes, I loved 'Kiss' and knew that The Age Of Chance would never better it. And, of course, they haven't.

Nonetheless, 'Who's Afraid. . .' (another frontal sensory assault by ragged-arse regiments of sound, whipped into formation by those tyrannical guitars) easily lives up to its title's threat - Big. . . Bad. . . Noise - and rams the 'fluke' sneer back down our throats. The Age Of Chance have also provoked the advent of the first hip-hop purists - body-pooing contradictions in terms. They blithely bandy the 'plunder, steal, cannibalise' party line but balk when that policy's most rigorous adherents nick not just noises, but ideas, images, iconography, lingo, *the lot*. But that, as they say, is tough shit. Just like this record.

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS

NO PAIN FOR CAKES



The new long player and cassette by The Lounge Lizards
(Antilles AN/ANC 8714)
In all good record shops from Monday May 18.

ANTILLES
NEW DIRECTIONS



SINGLE OF THE WEEK 5

THE HOUSE OF LOVE: Shine On (Creation)

This is the latest reel in an unending slapstick comedy that features Sean O'Hagan – in every other arena a man of intelligence and taste – rushing distractedly 'round a gigantic communal coffin. With mechanical regularity he stops, screams 'Rock is dead!' and gleefully hammers another six-inch nail into the huge lid. But always his ecstasy is curtailed as the lid's opposite corner flies up and allows another presumed corpse to escape and taunt him. 'Shine On' is especially wicked, lacking even the decency to be *apologetically* Rock, or a pale parody.

On its own terms, 'Shine On' is a shiny, momentous beast whose strength lies in a production that augments a pretty basic, unambitious carcass with rocket boosters and wings – guitars and drums mixed loud, imposing and cavernous. Every spare millimetre of the mix is drenched – take this how you like – with echo, and the final outcome is the transformation of tired base elements into something that achieves soaring, noble flight.

Smoke signals from their Camberwell patch don't flatter The House Of Love, but Sean and me can only go on this vinyl, which is Creation's best since 'Almost Prayed' and puts back the funeral plans yet again.

JM SILK: She's So Far Away (RCA)

It's something to do with the time I was second in a dancing contest won by a geriatric buffalo, and it's something to do with the music being an inescapable, joyless, anaesthetic for the compulsory courtship ritual – I've always had a problem with 'Disco'. But maybe now's the time to dust off the old

back-flips because House – at least the stuff that's so far reached these shores – is *different*. Take, for instance, this mutha, follow up to Steve 'Silk's solo biggie; Cinemascope, rhythmically hyperactive, throbbing with invention and muscled with a drum sound filched from Krakatoa, this is a wonderfully generous, purposefully huge, music. Sadly, I doubt I'll ever become the kind of person who'd jack his body (at least, not knowingly), but that won't stop 'She's So Far Away' from regularly sound-blasting my front room.

TOM JONES: It's Not Unusual (Decca)

Unusual? It's bloody *surreal*. I mean, was the appearance of this ludicrous Las Vegas loin-lurcher on *The Last Resort* (doing 'Kiss'!!) the best piece of TV pop since Hendrix on *The Lulu Show*, or what? Prior to that madness (and despite the fact that logic demanded that Wales' contribution to pop *must* extend beyond Shirley Bassey, Aled Jones and The Alarm!), I'd quite forgotten both Jones and this sizzling honk of hormone-crazed melodrama. Maybe we'll have to rewrite the history books and say that at a given point in the '60s the world's best soul singers (male and female – take a bow, Dusty) were British. An exaggeration in the case of Jones? Nah – 50 million pairs of knickers – still warm air-borne – can't be wrong!

T.REX: Get It On (Tony Visconti '87

Remix)/ Jeepster (Marc On Wax) It hardly needs saying, but these are benchmark chunks of snake-hippy pop. These days, though the pleasure potential of Bolan boogie is clouded by the threat of his legions of irrepressibly necro fans lurking 'round every corner, waiting to pounce, to bore you rigid with their slavish devotion to Marc. Even as inveterate a

publicity-junkie as Bolan would've found these people (at whom, of course, this single is aimed) a bit hard to take. He's well out of it.

BLACK BRITAIN: Funky Nassau (10) TWO NATIONS: That's The Way It Feels (10)

You hear so many good things about Black Britain, but so few by them; 'Funky Nassau' does nothing to alter that imbalance. If, as has been reported, this wasn't their idea, they display a deal more taste than courage. They could, and should, have politely declined the whole scheme because this song sucks a particularly large one; always has done, too. Hell, there are times when its habitually banal lyric strikes out for all that happy-negras-in-de-sun bollocks, and no amount of scratchy frills can change that.

Two Nations' thing (equal parts grinning inoffensiveness, chart-lust and trendy hairspray ad) is, by comparison, harmless.

HUE AND CRY: Labour Of Love (Circa) THE LEGEND!: The Ballad (Constrictor)

Speaking as one whose musical career peaked with summary expulsion from a primary school recorder group, I can't understand why pop hacks who make records attract so much derision. Good luck to 'em, I reckon, they can hardly do worse than most 'real' musos. . .

'Labour Of Love' (written and sung by Radar's Pat Kane) parallels The Blow Monkeys newbie by sporting a lyric that *could* be about rough romantic water but is actually – "had enough of you and your superb moves" – addressed to our Esteemed Benefactress. Funky and string-swatched, it wouldn't take much airplay for this to increase the Scottish monopoly of blue-eyed chart pop.

The latest fab waxing from The Legend! has rattled me. In the past,

when accosted by irate readers about the rubbish he writes, my failsafe reply was always 'think that's bad? – you should hear his records!' But, in honesty, that gambit is now kaput, because 'The Ballad' is a quite lovely, if determinedly wet, slice of life that, while paying homage to the '60s, only goes back 18 months (to The Servants' 'She's Always Hiding') for most of its tune and some of its words! Fans will also note with regret that the L!'s recently-perfected version of the Beasties' 'No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn' hasn't made the flipside. Still, easily his top offering to date and, as a limited edition of 1000, a testimony to the man's unquenchable optimism!

THE GEORGIA SATELLITES: Battleship Chains (Elektra)

THE TRUTH: Weapons Of Love (IRS) Come back Sean, all is forgiven! The Satellites' horrid no-Stone-unturned stance is bad enough ("you got me tied to a battleship chain", they growl, solving the mystery of their trademark turgidity) but the return of the world's dodgiest group takes the padded-crotch loon pants! Alright, so The Cult are successfully pulling off their brawn-again Zep trip, but The Truth think they'll get away with exhuming Free! Those of you who've never heard of Free should count yourself very fortunate. Pray that your luck holds and maybe you'll never hear 'Weapons Of Love' either. . .

JACKDAW WITH CROWBAR: Monarchy Mayhem And Fishpaste EP (Ron Johnson)

Great name for a band, eh? And for an EP. The opening track's called 'The Night Albania Fell On Alabama' and the run-off groove (how's this for intensive reviewing then?) says 'Rejoice! Harold MacMillan Is Dead!'. All, you'll agree, pretty promising so far. The

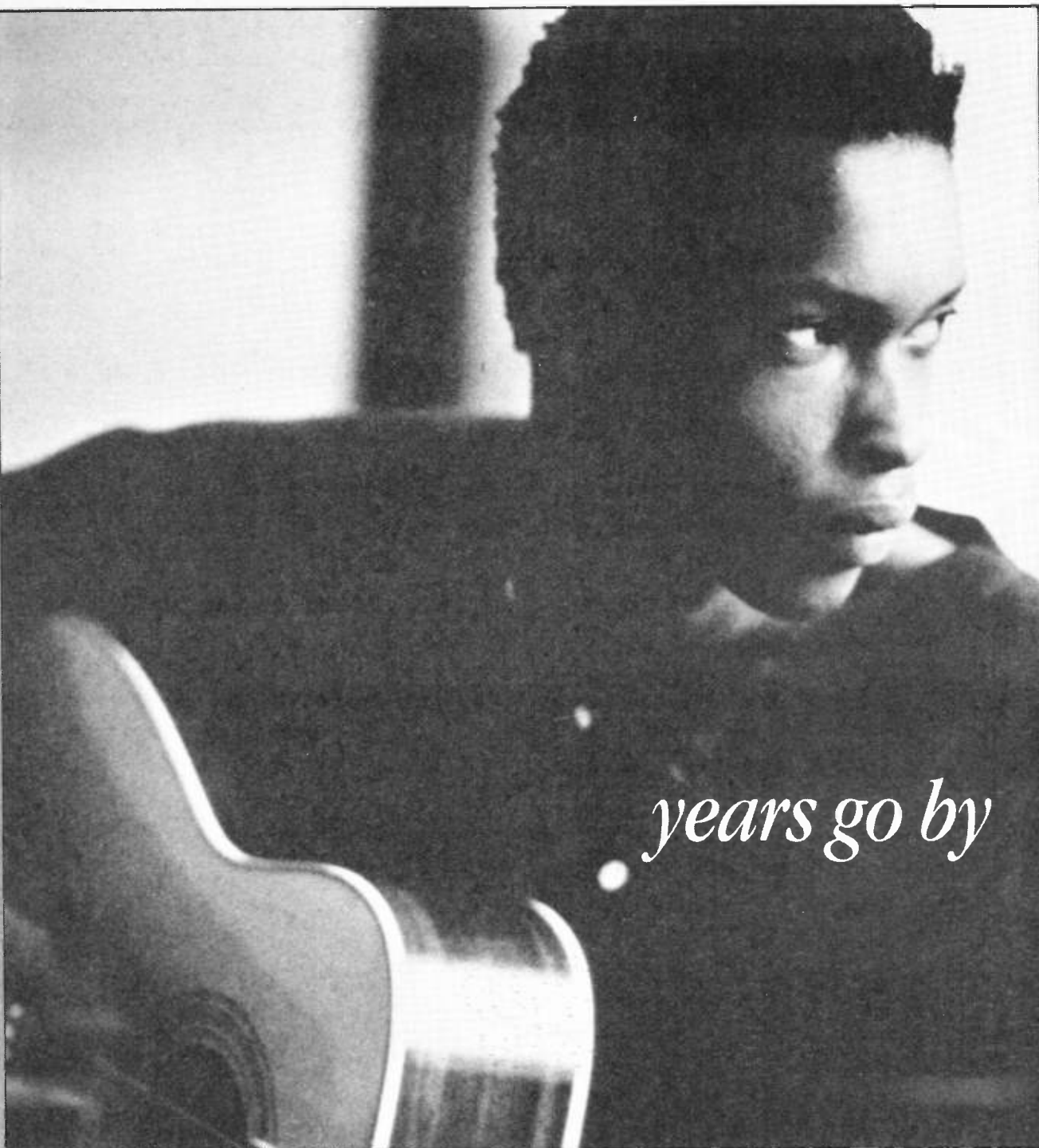
music, however (bits of grunge, Daleks on speed, John Barry, Augustus Pablo and assorted deconstructors), is rather less conclusive. It's supposed, the sleeve reckons, to go with bits of film, a fact I find pretty damn worrying. If they were from Central Europe I'd accuse this music of being *Le Art Shit*. If they were from Manchester I'd suspect mere Fall-out. They are, however, from Leamington Spa! I can draw no conclusions

THE SURF DRUMS: Walk Away (Kaleidoscope Sound)

The most pertinent point about The Surfies' (as no one calls them) debut is that it's produced by 'Slaughter' Joe 'I Invented Everything' Foster, who is, among other things, the best midwife of a certain kind of guitar noise in Britain today. And so, it wouldn't matter whether The Drummies envisaged themselves as a delicate web of acoustic guitars, a 200-piece woodwind ensemble or Andean anus-fluters; when Joe gets behind that console, all groups find themselves swept away by torrents of guitars, some inevitably feeding back the rest busily impersonating a revved-up, and rusty, car crusher. Personally, I'm a total sucker for it, but this is by no means the prime example, falling plenty short of Foster's own howling beasts on Creation.

DWIGHT YOAKAM: Little Sister (Reprise)

This is one of history's half dozen or so songs that just *can't* be messed up so ole Dwight's on fairly safe ground. Too safe actually. Musically his country strum never begins to match the sexiness of Ry Cooder's strangely gospel reading, while vocally we're not even on the same lustful planet (this is, after all, a song about a spurned lover turning his libido onto his tormentor's younger sis – kinkee) as Presley's comeback version. A missed opportunity, though the jeans are very snazzy.



years go by

STAN CAMPBELL

AS
SEEN ON
THE CHART SHOW

the TRUTH is out

ON MAY 11th



weapons of love

THE NEW SINGLE

AVAILABLE ON

SEVEN & TWELVE

TAKEN FROM

THEIR ALBUM

WEAPONS OF LOVE

OUT NOW



Last year THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS crossed the Great Rubicon between indie cred and chart expectations. This year America beckons but there's still no sign of a UK hit. LEN BROWN asks what is to be done? Picture: CHRIS CLUNN

I don't believe it: The Mighty Lemon Drops – four leathery blokes from Wolverhampton – selling out the 2000-capacity New York Ritz, starring in an MTV special, shyly giving network telly conveyor-belt interviews, speaking French on Canadian radio, doing a fashion feature on pointy boots!

"We turned up at record stores and there'd be queues of people with the records, waiting for us to sign them," recalls jolly guitarman David Newton. "The store would play our single over and over again. The owner would want his picture taken with us. And Sire Records did these rubber lemon drops in packets as promotional gimmicks. . ."

"People would drive 500 miles to see us. One guy drove 800 miles from Texas to Detroit," says hedgehog-meets-stick-insect frontman Paul Marsh.

"So embarrassing," blushes David, "you don't know what to say to them when they tell you . . . you feel like giving them the petrol money. And when we were in LA, this woman rang up the hotel and said, 'I'm from Reebok; there's a girl here who's a big fan of The Mighty Lemon Drops. Would they like to come by?' So we did and she had all the singles and the album and import copies. And she gave us . . . trainers, kickers, socks, vests, completely kitted us out in sportswear."

All black, no doubt, but clearly the 25-city jaunt – from New York to Los Angeles via Canada, Detroit and Chicago – has revived the Mighty Lemons' confidence. Back in the Midlands, having staggered round Nottingham Castle, we retreat to the oldest pub in England, the well rocky Trip To Jerusalem.

Here the four Drops reflect on a year which saw their white noise break in the States, but come under fire at home. Having ruled the independent roost, they'd followed The Jesus And Mary Chain into major labeldom, and rapidly released a patchy debut LP. Although their recent British tour proved the fans are still true to the old Sherbert Monsters, the last three singles have failed to go Top Fifty and music press 'pundits' (like me) have been casting aspersions about their future.

"This time last year we couldn't put a foot wrong in the press," argues Tefal-headed bassist Tony, if Mighty Lemon Drops ever really argue. "Everything we did was 'brilliant'. But we never took that seriously, we used to think they were writing about another band. And we don't take bad press seriously either . . . it's just niggly."

In America (where, *Spin* aside,

there's no serious alternative national music paper) radio play has put The Mighty Lemon Drops in business.

"The college radio stations have been playing the album to death," David assures me. "We were amazed at hearing our stuff on the radio over there cos we don't hear it over here. And at the gigs, averaging 800 a night, everybody knew who we were and they were singing along to the songs. And we did a lot of television there whereas in England we've yet to be on national telly."

"Well, we had our photo on *The Chart Show*," adds Paul.

When The Mighty Lemon Drops so much as break wind they're written off as second-hand Bunnymen. Things have come to a pretty pass. This time last year, with 'Like An Angel' hovering high in the Independent charts (for 44 weeks in all), we were indeed saying they were brilliant, stars of 'C86'.

But in 1987, as they captured the hearts of college America and sold out London's Town And Country Club, they're being slagged off, and if it's not Echo or Cope or The Doors that they stand accused of milking then it's the Fab Four or The Searchers?

"It makes a change from the Bunnymen," grumbles David. "When 'Out Of Hand' was reviewed, people, including The Legend!, said it sounded like five different Bunnymen songs. Yet none of the Bunnymen songs they mentioned sound like each other. People have been brainwashed, it's absolute rubbish!"

Honestly, I've never made the Echo comparison myself, preferring to think that vocally Lemon Drop Paul drifts enticingly between Morrison and Merseybeat. But that's the problem with out and out poppy-rockers like The Mighty Lemon Drops. While the frontline forms of music waffle on about regeneration and reinvention and reappraisal, about fusion and collision and prehistory meets the beatbox, most of yer trad lads with guitars are openly, er, echoing the past and attempting to imbue it with unpretentious new ideas. It doesn't mean that The Mighty Lemon Drops are dungflies, just that they wear their influences and affections proudly. There'll always be a market for their brand of rock; within their live field – that grey terrain between Gaye Bykers and U2-dom – the Drops are pretty damn mega.

But sadly, since they kissed goodbye to the independent scene and went major with Chrysalis/Blue Guitar, there's been precious little evidence of The Mighty Lemon Drops in our charts. 'Like An Angel's successors – 'My Biggest Thrill', 'The Other Side Of You' and 'Out Of Hand' – have languished low in the Top 100, receiving few radio plays save for John Peel and Janice Long. It's been out of the

Drop in the ocean

indie ghetto into a major ghetto – a Tom Tiddler's Ground, sadly haunted by Shop Assistants and Weather Prophets, from which only JAMC have so far escaped.

"Every record we've brought out has sold more than the previous one, so we're still going forward," points out Tony ('Out Of Hand', over 20,000 to date).

David: "But there's no way anyone else can get to hear it unless it's played on the radio. Fifteen-year-olds don't buy records they haven't heard."

That's the advantage of the Independent charts. You can sell a couple of thousand records, go Top Ten, and the punters start checking you. If you sell the same quantity on a major, you're invisible and A&R heads start rolling.

"With 'Like An Angel' we achieved as much as anyone can achieve with an independent single," claims Tony. "We had to move on."

"No offence to Dan Treacy from Dreamworld Records but the reason we haven't made an awful lot of money out of 'Like An Angel' is because he only pressed records in batches of a thousand," adds David.

Without an American release, 'Like An Angel' – one of the finest moments of indie pop this decade – sold only 12,000 copies altogether. It appeared again, last September, as a highlight of their debut LP 'Happy Head', which had a mixed reception. On release 'Happy Head' struck me as a one-paced, poorly-balanced set of songs, a here-today gone-tomorrow affair; the high expectations following 'C86' had become a millstone and The Mighty Lemon Drops, first of that posse to go major, were found wanting.

Paul: "We did 'Like An Angel' in someone's front room, then suddenly we found ourselves in a 24 track studio. At the time we were really happy with the album, but looking back you can see the faults in production... it did lose a lot of energy, we've much more power and variety live."

David: "If we'd put that album out on an independent label I think it wouldn't have been criticised as much as it was. Alan McGee reckons we brought out the album too early and that it's a bit immature."

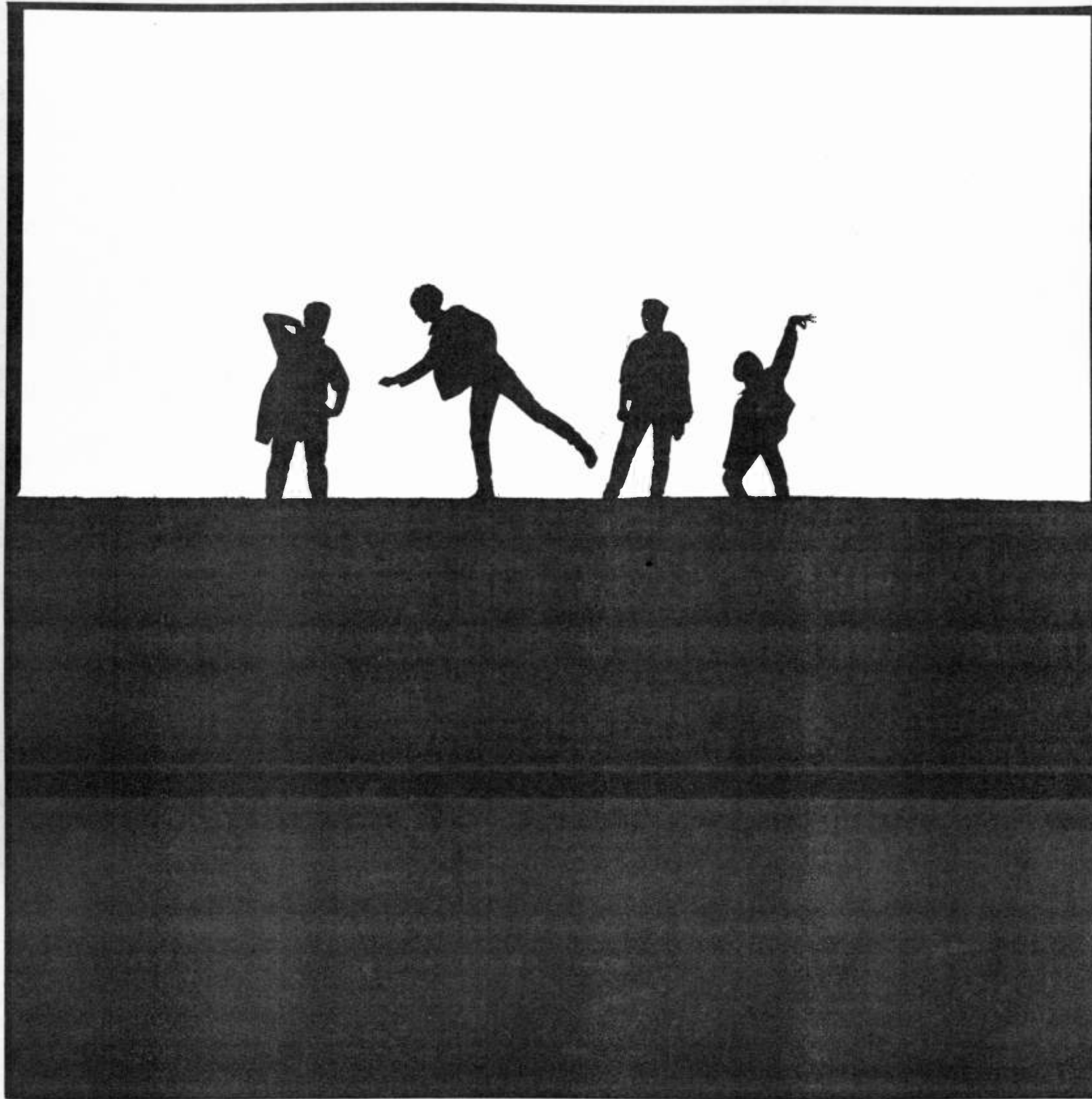
Tony: "We just wanted to get those songs out in some form or other, to move on."

David: "With 'Happy Head' it's just like a collection of 12 songs. It's not a 'Revolver' or a 'Sgt. Pepper', it's more of a 'A Hard Day's Night'."

I say chaps, steady on!

Aside from 'Like An Angel' and 'The Other Side Of You' – two singles that deserved nationwide adoration – the most appealing thing about The Mighty Lemon Drops is their still-burning affection for Wolverhampton. The Wanderers, aka Old Golds, are on the verge of the Third Division – "Wolves are an indie team now," (Tony) – and Paul assures me there are once again enough fans to smash up Southend. The Lemons also spend time in the cheap seats at Wolverhampton Racecourse – "it's never on telly either."

But the truth is that The Mighty Lemon Drops' worldview has been coloured less by Mac, Wylie, Copey, and Lennon/McCartney, than by Wolverhampton's great sideburned gargoyle Noddy Holder. While the Drops' straw-haired animal drum-



Dave, Paul, Tony and Ringo, in no particular order

mer Keith has the gum-chewing charisma of Don Powell, only a complete bastard would compare Paul to the duffle-coated Nod, or the fiddle-less Tone to Jim Lea, or David to the hideous Dave Hill. And yet...

"The whole thing about them is just brilliant," ejaculates Paul, "that time of our lives..."

"It's the way you are if you come from Wolverhampton," explains David, "and Slade's attitude is a bit similar to ours."

"It's something we all grew up with," agrees Tony.

"There's a small town called Bilston, round where we live, and there's this jazz pub, The Trumpet, and Noddy's always down there," says Paul in awe. "In their career, if they ever had something to celebrate they'd celebrate it down The Trumpet. After the success of 'Run Run Away', they brought coachloads from London to that pub. And when we were nine or ten years old Slade were one of the biggest bands in England, and the fact they came from Wolverhampton!... you always knew someone who knew one

of Slade."

"Or knew the postman who delivered to their houses," says Tony.

Meanwhile back in Slade-free America, The Mighty Lemon Drops found themselves likened to The Smiths. Clearly it's not the look or the lyrics, but could it be the Rickenbackers, the Stephen 'Queen Is Dead' Street production on 'Happy Head', or the Derek Jarman video? The latter – which usually involves decaying images and Del's mates fluttering relevantly across the screen (see Smiths and Easterhouse) – is becoming a bit of a cliché, but at least the Lemon Drops had the final say.

"We were originally in only ten per cent of it," admits Tony, "but we got it re-edited and now we're in something like 50 per cent of it – quite an achievement for a Derek Jarman promo."

The Drops as keystone cops, tumbling in the dust, thrusting truncheons at the camera in speed sequences shot at Spaghetti Junction? The four leather-pouched lovelies

performing on a yacht, sweating profusely in the Caribbean sunshine? 'Fraid not. It's actually a "mixture of a performance video and a typical Derek Jarman". That is, The Mighty Lemon Drops in the foreground while decaying council estates and Del's mates do the business behind. And, of course, there's Paul...

"I'm naked with a cat," he says sheepishly.

"He's naked from the chest down," blushes David.

"From the waist up!" affirms Paul.

Where do they go from here, these Lemon Drops? With a make-or-break second album on Blue Guitar planned, and desperately needing an 'April Skies' or a 'Li'l Devil' to fulfil their potential, the next six months will be crucial. They've got to develop their sound, make it more individual and varied, and avoid those "day/way", "it/shit" aspects of their deliberately ambiguous lyrics – "they're just non-specific, left open to interpretation,"

responds Tony, "there's no set formula".

Meanwhile, with a main stage Glastonbury appearance lined up, The Mighty Lemon Drops have been playing with Trouble Funk – "I've got all their autographs" (Tony) – and Dr Feelgood – "Brillieux was brilliant!" (David) – in Brussels. It's a far cry from those Wolverhampton days when Keith was on the dole, David and Paul were apprentices, and Tony delivered drugs. You what?

Tony: "Yeah, I used to deliver drugs... from a warehouse to hospitals and chemists, along with crates of Durex."

And, if they well and truly throw off the 'Bring On The Dancing Horses', 'Over The Wall', 'Rescue', etc, rip-off accusations, The Mighty Lemon Drops could still surprise us. For a start they could get rid of that dour gear; from happy heads to whelk-liberating toes, the Drops' colour scheme is fiendishly black on black.

David: "But if we didn't wear all black, people'd say we dressed like Echo And The Bunnymen!"

With Crass, Poison Girls and Flux in either retirement or a state of change, and Conflict in trouble, the anarcho-punk movement is in tatters. STEVEN WELLS finds leading lights of the scene willing to talk to the *NME* for the first time in years, and discovers the amazing irony that the breaking point was *moralism*.



Is there a way in? Crass...



...Flux...



...and diet-conscious Chumbas.

"One minute I felt like Arthur Scargill and the next I was acting like Mick Jagger, you know what I mean?" says Andy of anarcho-rap combo D&V, articulating the dilemma that faces all those who dabble in political pop.

From Nazi white-noise bands to the Redskins to the Wedge, every shade of politico has attempted to weld a worldview to a tune. 1977 saw the weird flowering of the 'Punk Front' in Leeds – a *real* contradiction that was soon swamped by the Frankenstein's monster of Rock Against Racism. But by 1979 – with "blue scum" replacing the master race as the object of hate in the RAR 'zine *Temporary Hoarding*, with the Front smashed off the streets, with an increasingly cynical music press finding salvation in 'New Pop' or down Gary Bushell's trousers, with the SWP discovering that it didn't share the same 'periphery' as The Tom Robinson Band – the 'hard left' and punk said bye-byes and went their separate ways.

Left behind was an audience radicalised by the fight against the Front, by disillusionment with Labour, by the left-wing rhetoric of the Clash bands and by a *literal* interpretation of the Pistols' "anarchy". The demise of RAR left a vacuum which would be filled by bands preaching spiky-haired peace and love. The Anarchists would inherit the earth.

CRASS

...were a mixture of newly cropped '60s libertarians, art college graduates and bitterly disillusioned gut-reaction Clash fans. They were fuelled and inspired by an exciting mish mash of Kerouac, *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, Kropotkin, Situationism and, perhaps above all else, the example of Italian Autonomism. They professed a belief in the *literal* truth of the idealistic anti-authoritarian manifestos that had dribbled from the curled lips of the now discredited first wave of London art school punks. At the peak of their popularity they were shifting 100,000 copies of every single they released. Considering their total refusal to have anything to do with the mass medias, their rising popularity was staggering. They pulled off some remarkable publicity coups, particularly over the Falklands War and the Royal Wedding. Their role in revitalising the moribund pre-Greenham CND was significant. Apoplectic Tory backbenchers went so far as to demand police action to shut them up. Their constituency was a broad swathe of usually unemployed, alienated and disenfranchised youth who would brook no compromise with the system – be the system ICI or be it Better Badges.

And yet, by the mid '80s, anarcho-rock was a spluttering, scruffy mess. One reason for its decline was a staggering lack of originality, a smothering blanket of non-conformist conformity. Crass were like the false prophet in *The Life of Brian* – "Piss off!" they'd roar. "And how shall we piss off?" roared back the sheep...

"You'd end up with 40 bands doing songs about Cruise Missiles, all dressed in black..." says Crass's Steve Ignorant. "I got to the stage where I thought – if I

VEG WEDGE



'WE Must DEVASTATE
the avenues WHERE
the wealthy Live!'

hear *one more* bastard song about Cruise bastard missiles. ..."

Massive emphasis was placed on not trusting 'leaders'. This soured into a savagely self destructive and petty iconoclasm, various "big names" would be fingered in fanzines for eating meat, wearing leather, hitting a heckler or, horror of horrors, putting milk in their tea.

Justifiable derision of what was seen as the book-bound mainstream of the wrinkled armchair-anarchist intelligensia degenerated into an oafish anti-intellectualism. Some anarchist zines saw no contradiction in using barely doctored British Movement "anti-communist" stickers (with the Aryan superman given a tasty mohawk!). The discovery by thousands of political virgins of the horrors of factory farming and vivisection led to a bitter and ever tightening holier-than-thou lifestyle. In a word, the log that smashed the anarcho-camel's back was Moralism.

Almost as important a reason for anarcho-punk's decline was the belief that many of its devotees had, that by singing and shouting on a stage, they could change the world.

"We had this idea that by saying that the Government is wrong, that eating meat is wrong, that the police are wrong, that Northern Ireland is wrong – that we could actually *change* enough people to mean something..." says Geoff of Flux Of Pink Indians.

Now it's a name-shortened and popified 'Flux' who sing "I'm not angry anymore..." Along with bands like D&V they were genuinely shocked to discover that *despite* all their well-intentioned hollering the Falklands War took place, that the police could kick the shit out of the miners, that the Tories could bring in Cruise, that 'Stop The City' could be smashed and that Thatcher could be re-elected. They were *that* naive.

Flux also identified a rising tide of state violence. Police brutality at Orgreave and at Greenham convinced them that confrontation was a no-no.

"Effectively what we were doing was mobilising people into actions where they'd eventually have to take up weapons. That's essentially what Conflict, Chumbawamba and Class War are still doing: I thought – I ain't prepared to shoot nobody, I ain't prepared to crack skulls..."

Around the same time the Poison Girls reached similar conclusions about what they considered to be the "male violence" of the scene. The pacifist punks, dismayed that they hadn't changed the world in a day and conceding, as pacifists do, a

monopoly of violence to the state, defected to more tranquil pastures.

CONFLICT, CLASS WAR AND CHUMBAWAMBA

...should not be lumped together so easily. The Chumbas were once the epitome of the moralistic don't-eat-meat don't-smoke don't-smile punk puritanism. Their baptism of fire came during the miners' strike. Working with Labour Party and SWP members convinced them that being veggier-than-thou is not enough, that priorities are important, that class isn't "irrelevant" and that their own spectacular brand of imaginative agit prop would never, on its own, even *start* to usher in the utopian millenium.

The political grouping Class War is the most concrete expression of this rejection of moralism. Originally its "Bash the Rich" marches and furiously violent propaganda sheets attracted many of the anarcho-punks who, identifying the same rise in state violence as Flux, found an answer in confrontation and counter-violence rather than pacifism. Increasingly though, Class War's paper has turned its bile as much on "the glue heads and drop outs" as on the stiffies of the wrinkled anarchist mainstream. Tottering green mohicans don't "shit the rich", they merely make them titter. Class War continues to kick itself into shape, hamstrung by its violent and contradictory anti-intellectualism, finding an increasingly important role in Anti-Fascist Action and the campaign against the gentrification of London's East End.

Conflict are the most successful heirs of the anarcho-prole bands like Zounds, The Mob and The Apostles who, whilst espousing such traditionally 'middle class' causes as animal liberation and vegetarianism, were always more in tune with their lumpen audience than were Crass.

Led by south London school janitor's son, Colin, Conflict have continued to plod on, preaching class hatred against the police to a small but active and dedicated band of followers. The police have returned the compliment and both the band and its audience have been regularly brutalised.

BRIXTON

The idea was that Steve Ignorant would join Conflict on stage at the Brixton Academy and to hell with the "contradictions", the accusations of "sell out" and

CONTINUED PAGE 33

LONELY AT THE TOP

THE BEST OF RANDY NEWMAN



LOVE STORY
LIVING WITHOUT YOU
I THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN TODAY
MAMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME
SAIL AWAY
SIMON SMITH AND THE AMAZING DANCING BEAR
POLITICAL SCIENCE
GOD'S SONG (THAT'S WHY I LOVE MANKIND)
REDNECKS

BIRMINGHAM
LOUISIANA 1927
MARIE
BALTIMORE
JOLLY COPPERS ON PARADE
RIDER IN THE RAIN
SHORT PEOPLE
I LOVE L.A.
LONELY AT THE TOP

PLUS EXTRA TRACKS ON COMPACT DISC AND CASSETTE
'MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME' 'IN GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR'
'CHRISTMAS IN CAPETOWN' & 'MY LIFE IS GOOD'

Digitally Remastered by Lee Herschberg

ONLY UK LIVE APPEARANCE:
SUNDAY 24 MAY LONDON PALLADIUM



Rap, rock and gags. As the Def Jam tour arrives in Britain, public interest in THE BEASTIE BOYS and RUN DMC has never been higher. But does the music really matter? STUART COSGROVE reports on Def Jam's precision vision and explains why The Monkees, Animal House and Alfred E Neumann helped sell hip-hop to middle America. What, me worry?

When it comes to getting stupid fresh, Def Jam Records have delivered the most improbable punch-line. They've sold hip-hop to America and packaged recalcitrant black music for a *mainstream* audience. But you'd be on the wrong side of crazy if you think the inevitable triumph of hip-hop paved the way. Let's forget diplomatic relationships for the moment and come clean. To go number one with an American bullet, you have to think dumb-dumb. You have to excite but never incite, you have to be different whilst staying the same and most of all you have to collude. And MTV is always the code-word.

Music Television clearly knows its audience and panders to its every wish, delivering fast-edit fantasies and stadium rock wish-fulfillment, where dinosaurs and dire blasts from the past are sandwiched amongst the erogenous advertising. MTV is a confederacy of mundane stardom: the land where Billy Idol is king.

The company's policy, which has barely altered from its opening salvo, is to deliver the froth of pop and rock without upsetting its predominantly white audience. MTV has taken its brief a stage further, and decided that middle America is low on the cranium count. It continually reassures its audience with recognizable images franked with the stamp of *rawk* and decorated with either the promise of sex—*come in a condominium*—or perpetual belly laughs trawled from the depths of high-school slapstick and cornball comedy. MTV tickles the underbelly of young America and Def Jam have the video tapes.

Trying to sell unreconstructed hip-hop to young America is like asking a yuppie to kip on a park-bench, the whole deal is too 'real', too uncomfortable and too rough. To sell hip-hop to America you have to *transform* its image and package it in another wrapper. For Def Jam this means shaking hands with the ingrained taste of MTV, partially agreeing with its unspoken prejudices, trying to side-step its reluctance to countenance black dance music, and exploiting MTV's pathetic fascination with what amounts to the *fascism* of guitars. Always remember, behind every guitar there's a funny guy. Laugh? I almost burnt my Bert Weedon handbook.

If hip-hop really mattered in modern America, then Def Jam would have promoted their records through scratch-video, the disruptive visual bombardments, which when carefully itched together can convey the same blinding discordance as rap. But this is the land where Billy Idol is

WHAT ME WORRY?



One Monkee don't stop the show

king. Think MTV. Think dumb-dumb. Hold back the visual disruption and think of your audience. Think of yesterday. Try Aerosmith. Who? Aerosmith.

According to Run DMC's management, at least half the sales of their 'Raising Hell' album can be credited to MTV and the video of 'Walk This Way', in which Aerosmith's Steven Tyler and Joe Perry appeared as guest performers. At one level they were used as a comic ingredient, but at a more insidious level they were there to pull off a remarkable contradiction; to draw attention and deflect attention. They were there to supplement Run DMC, they dangled like a hard rock carrot to lure the donkeys of kick-ass culture into listening to hip-hop. It worked. What's more it worked in every market where rock resides. My duplicitous friend, the ranting carnivore Steven Wells, devoured the carrot with greedy relish and lined up with the rest of brat consumerism to pray

at the feet of the Beastie Boys.

According to Run DMC's A&R man at Profile Records, the visuals had turned victorious. "That video did everything we wanted. It visually showed the rock and rap combination of the song and broke down barriers between black and white music. I know it worked for MTV." All hail the multi-racial dollar, I know it worked for MTV.

The success of the 'Walk This Way' video and the morbid profitability from exhuming the corpse of Aerosmith, has created a video model which serves Def Jam well. Rick Rubin adamantly told the *NME* two weeks ago that Def Jam had no ideology. Their music was simply the accidental tastes of two very different managers, an old rock head called Rubin and a street-wise rap entrepreneur called Russell Simmons. Just rewind your mind think of 'Walk This Way' and you can almost hear the ironic laughter of the Def Jam ideolo-

gy. A homebody holds a carrot to the camera: "I have seen the future of rock and roll and it still wears flares."

The prototype for Def Jam's video success is obviously Michael Jackson's 'Thriller', in which black dance music, Eddie Halen's rock guitar, and street humour, dressed in the generic style of late '70s cinema were punctuated by the mock horror of Vincent Price's blood curdling laughter. In the comic hideousness of Michael Jackson's vampire disco lay the roots of the Def Jam ideology, court the pockets of middle America with a tempting chemistry of rap, rock and gags.

Def Jam have turned video into an \$85,000 habit. Run DMC's latest promo for their new single 'It's Tricky' develops the formula. The video centres on a couple of sidewalk crooks who run a dodgy three-card-trick stall on the streets of Los Angeles. They cheat a young black girl into losing all her money. Then she stakes her



it's not unusual

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IT'S NOT UNUSUAL/LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES
(live)

DELILAH

gold chain, the glittering prize of hip-hop symbolism, only to be cheated again. In an act of desperation she rings Run DMC who swoop down on the hustlers in a specially customised Jet Ranger helicopter. As the kings of rock descend to earth in \$450,000 of whirlbird technology, you know they scratch like Superman. Crime will be defeated, and the gold chain of urban America will be free again.

But the two hustlers are no ordinary villains. They are vaudeville magicians Penn and Teller, regulars on Broadway, who previously appeared in a Ramones video 'Something To Believe', and appeared as guest VJs on MTV. Their appearance in the video and the success of 'It's Tricky' virtually guaranteed Run DMC heavy MTV rotation and another hit.

To ensure the video for 'It's Tricky' was a big enough carrot. Penn and Teller dress up as Run DMC and perform on stage as bogus white rappers. In the video for 'No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn', the Beastie Boys repeat the parody of comic rockism, dressing up as kick-ass rockers to deceive a dumb promoter. By turning the MTV guitar addiction into obvious parody, Def Jam pull off the ultimate mixed metaphor: they can have their carrot and eat it.

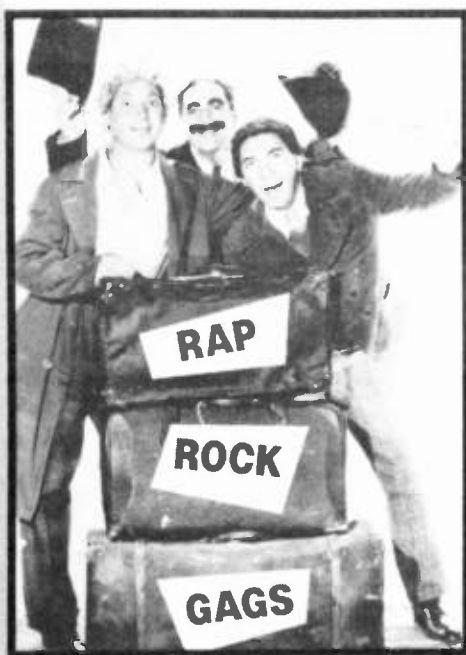
When it comes to making videos, the Beastie Boys are so *dumb-phuque* obvious it hurts. Their style is shamelessly stolen from spoof metal films or ripped from the pages of *National Lampoon*. How many more times can they repeat *Spinal Tap* without getting sued? Take any three minutes of *Trick Or Treat*, a crass metal comedy in which maniac rock star Sammi Curr is raised from the dead, and you have a Beasties video in the making. Then add gags from The Three Stooges, The Marx Brothers, *Animal House* and — spare the insomnia Neil — *The Young Ones*.

In a trash comic aesthetic in which humour is reduced to funny walks, making a mess and farting out loud, the Beastie Boys are gruesomely incompetent. At the height of the live video for 'No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn' Ad-Rock stares at the camera and gives a deformed peace sign with the same twisted face as Rik Mayall. The video says it all: they're filthy rich and cat crap.

What makes the Beastie Boys repulsive is not their notoriety, it's their *complicitness*. The flying cans of Budweiser, the trail of bedroom wreckage and plug ugly press manipulation like slagging a group of cancer patients for *The Sun's* benefit is a meaningless construct which noisily conceals their safeness. The video of 'Fight For The Right To Party' says it all, in Beastie speak, it's on America's dick. They gate-crash a wimp's party and wreck his house whilst mom and pop's back is turned. Why fight for rights when you can get really radical and beat up a swot? Get tough: kick a defenceless neighbour. Sounds like foreign policy set to music.

The Def Jam suitcase has unearthed the perfect MTV product, a bit of yesterday, a bit of today and a bit of a laugh. In a series of inter-racial trick shots in which old '70s rock tempers the threat of rap, Def Jam have drawn from the limitless smelting pot of New York and found a way of selling themselves to Wyoming.

In our urgency to praise the Def Jam phenomenon, every over-wrought word from the lexicon of pop criticism has been wheeled out of *NME's* cupboard. Count them as they pass you by. IMPLOSION. FUTURISM. CULTURE SHOCK. SUBVER-



Rick, Russ and Groucho

SION. DESIRE. And most of all that critical by-product of the hip-hop era COLLISION. But in describing the noise we overlooked the visuals. Rewind your mind and think of Aerosmith and ask why Rick Rubin even bothered to dig up their lumbering remains. You begin to think economics, sales pitching and market security. Who dares to mention SAFENESS? Because who dares wins.

When Rick Rubin was kick starting Def Jam from his University dormitory in New York, he sometimes found time to attend classes in film and video. The lessons were not taken vain. In a scene from the Beastie Boys' video of 'She's On It' he makes a guest appearance as a teacher and co-directs a beach scene that looks suspiciously like a steal from The Monkees. It's like Bob Rafelson on a tight budget. But the days of tight budgets are over. Rick Rubin has already taken his first positive step to America's favourite corporate shaman: the film director. Run DMC had to find \$5 million to insure the helicopter they used in 'It's Tricky', a premium brought about by the death of Vic Morrow in a fatal helicopter scene from John Landis's controversial film *The Twilight Zone*.

Since the disastrous calamity of Def Jam's first film *Krush Groove*, Rubin and Simmons have spent as much time negotiating visual projects as they have with music. Run DMC's film *Tougher Than Leather* is in post-production and The Beastie Boys' *Scared Stupid* is well on the way. Def Jam is living by the rules diversifying away from music into other media markets — and only when you know the rules are you able to bend them.

Def Jam's greatest ruse has been in the editing suite. They manufactured an MTV hybrid that blends rap, rock and gags by drawing on street beats, died-in-the-wool rock licks and the entire history of Hollywood's cornball comedy. They have edited underground music into immediately recognisable images, so rap becomes safe. They have rearranged the musical categories in pursuit of an irresistible economics and even pulled off the insurmountable task of marketing Tashan's christian soul in the same matt black wrapper as Slayer's reichstag rock.

Def Jam signals the end of purity and the deformed birth of Nazi Soul. Aretha Mengele come on down.

- The Three Musketeers star in *Tougher Than Leather*

Spoof metal star Sammi Curr returns from the dead

The Three Stooges star in *Scared Stupid*

Summer's here surf's up, and it's time to ...

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SLAM DRUNK

This week in **RADAR** **FILM**, the rejuvenated cult actor **DENNIS HOPPER** stars as a faded basketball star on the desperate road to alcoholism. When the film opened in America, under the locker-room title *Hoosiers*, it was greeted as another exceptional triumph in Hopper's unique acting career.

BEST SHOT
DIRECTOR: David Anspaugh
STARRING: Gene Hackman, Dennis Hopper (*Rank*)

AHHH! THE smell of the All-American locker room. Odour of pure macho mingled with adolescent angst.

Best Shot tells the tale of a basketball team of no-hopers from a farm town called (wait for it!) Hickory who get their chance at the pig league when their new coach turns them into a winning machine.

When I worked out that this film was about basketball I suppressed a shudder and prepared to kiss goodbye to 115 minutes of my life. But as quarter final followed semi-final *ad infinitum*, I began to warm to Gene Hackman's convincing portrayal of

coach Norman Dale and his determination to turn straw into gold. At the end I was almost cheering inside as the winning ball fell daintily, but triumphantly, through the hoop.

What really kept me in my seat though was the occasional flash of brilliance from Dennis Hopper, as always, the true eccentric and a positive, ugly joy to watch. Hopper is fascinating because he's so creepy. Even when there's no psycho killer stance à la *Blue Velvet*.

Hopper plays out the anguish of a burnt out basketball star who has turned to drink. He still has a razor sharp knowledge of the game he has abandoned for the bottle so the coach puts him under his wing as advisor and second in command, much to the rage of the townsfolk who already consider their new coach's training techniques as something akin to witchcraft.

Naturally, Hopper's son is in the team so there's a dad redeemed theme running through, and the slam drunk dipso ends up drying out in a hospital bed listening to the victory he's been praying for on a transistor radio, his eyes leaking glycerine.

Chariots of Fire or *Lassie Comes Home* revisited? Sure it's corny but sometimes life's like that.

Edwin Pouncey



Hackman helps Hopper home

RADAR

IMBIBED BY DR COSGROVE

DESERT BLOOM
DIRECTOR: Eugene Corr
STARRING: Jon Voight, Ellen Barkin, Jobeth Williams (*Palace*)

WHAT'S MOST likely to attract British viewers to *Desert Bloom* is its fabulous '50s *mise-en-scene*. Nylons, Caddies, casseroles, girdles, beehives and batwings – it's all there. What's likely to make moviegoers pause, however, is the film's use of the mushroom cloud as a symbol of renewal and rebirth.

This perverse optimism pertains to a nuclear (I) family called the Chismores. The Chismores are resident in pre-atomic Las Vegas, and the film charts their long battle with classic family trials. Chief among them is Bad Dad Jack Chismore (Jon Voight), a veteran haunted by fears and political delusions. Jack is unduly troubled by the puberty of his stepdaughter Rose (through whose new eyeglasses this history is re-viewed for us). And he's appallingly in-

dulged by Lily, his insecure wife.

None of these preoccupations keeps him from making a play for louché Auntie Starr (the wonderful Ellen Barkin), who's waiting out a Nevada divorce in the Chismore home. Starr is an obvious update of the old, wisecrackin' dame with a heart of pain, and Barkin, as ever, papers over cracks in the script with real flesh-and-blood.

For all its plentiful and obvious theorising – particularly intrusive during a shapeless second half – *Desert Bloom* never rises above kitsch melodrama. One gathers that these people are dupes: to retailers, admen, postwar nationalism. But wild theatrics and period charms alone are insufficient means by which to reveal how all those things converged. Starr and Lily placing their trust in the opposite sex is one thing, but if you're gonna invoke a symbol as big as the Bomb, you need more to say about misplaced faith and misinformed ideals.

Cynthia Rose

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BROWN ON BROWN



PICTURE: KATE SIMON

JAMES BROWN: GODFATHER OF SOUL

James Brown with Bruce Tucker (*Sidgwick and Jackson*, £12.95)

YOU'D THINK it would be some story. And it is. James Brown was one of the first performers to do the rags-to-riches trip that's become the bread and butter of pop mythology. From barefoot days in Augusta to fame, money, respect and influence. From shoeshine jallbird to a seat at the White House table. James Brown has done it, seen it, bought and sold it. With the unobtrusive assistance of Bruce Tucker, he tells it how it might have been. How his little heart broke when his mother and father went their separate ways. How he defeated prison with gospel harmonies and self-respect, putting razor-sharp creases in his uniform and cutting down his high-top prison shoes to make them look like funky slip-ons.

How he emerged almost unscathed after telling the black nation that Richard Nixon was a good man, and was floored by disco — "It hurt me in a lot of ways."

The book splits in two. The first half is childhood, personal memories and family detail. It's written as Mr Brown might talk it; it absorbs and is

read quickly. The early passages are important. We see the threads entwining together, the people and places, the racist knocks and bruises that made James Brown the strong, proud man he became. He recounts meeting someone who'd given him a hard time as a kid; a fool who'd shouted him down because his skin didn't match. Years later the man turns up at a JB concert. James Brown is famous. The racist apologises. James tells him: "You don't have to do all that. I'm not mad at you. Because you're ignorant. You should be mad at yourself."

The second half of the book is harder to swallow. It's a tangle of record releases, personnel problems and Apollo dates dusted in the kind of easy wisdom that comes after the event. Sometimes the pages are simply used to list facts. Facts are usually not very interesting, even when James Brown is telling the tale.

And in the end, he really gives nothing away. This is not a biography torn from the soul. In the final chapter he talks about the JAMES BROWN that belongs to the public and the real James Brown. This is a book about JAMES BROWN. It's a book where scores are settled, old friends are given public

handshakes and criticism flattened with undeniable style. Sandman Sims, the Apollo Theatre's stage manager of the time gets it in the neck for telling the world he lent JB shoes and shirt to perform on Amateur Night — "I never competed on amateur night" — and the activists who felt that Brown was used to secure the black vote by both Hubert Humphrey and Nixon hear why he decided to underline non-radical politics while singing 'Say It Loud, I'm Black And I'm Proud'.

In retrospect it might have been the other way around. Brown includes a picture of himself shaking hands with Humphrey. He refers to him as, "my first politician".

In 1987, James Brown still stands with over 20 years worth of wired, innovative and frequently brilliant soul power under his belt. He might not be able to mash potatoes like he used to but records like 'Gravity' prove the good foot is still shaking. And if this is all he has to say, then I'll take it anyway. Any book about JAMES BROWN is worth looking at. But there could have been more talk, opinion, conjecture and emotion; more soul if you like. Instead we get facts and facts we can get from others.

John McCready

WORD UP

SCRIPTED BY SEAN O'HAGAN

BRIARPATCH

Ross Thomas (*Penguin*, £2.95)

ROSS THOMAS' particular territory is that area of American politics which is virtually indistinguishable from organised crime. His is a man's world, filled with cynical professionals whose lives are occasionally ruptured by tenderness or bombs. It's a world where there are no certainties; no good guys — just bad guys, half-bad guys and pragmatists; no clear answers — just convenient fictions; where everyone always watches their back, tries to maintain a briarpatch around themselves. Briarpatches are best built on blackmail, by possessing the dirt on all potential enemies and using that dirt for power and protection.

Briarpatch starts with the death by explosion of Felicity Dill, a female police detective, and what follows is the story of her brother Ben's attempt to find her killer. It is set on a stage of small-city political intrigue and the main plot is inter-twined with a sub-plot involving the efforts of

two renegade CIA operatives (whose fortunes have been made in typical Ross Thomas fashion, by buying back captured US arms from the Vietnamese and reselling them to US-approved right wing guerilla movements) to stay rich and out of jail.

Ben Dill is a partial outsider in this world, disillusioned but not entirely cynical. His sister's murder forces him out of passivity. His success in getting close to his sister's killer is precisely due to the unfathomability in such a world of a motive as primitive as loving one's sister. Finally he has a choice between revenge and power.

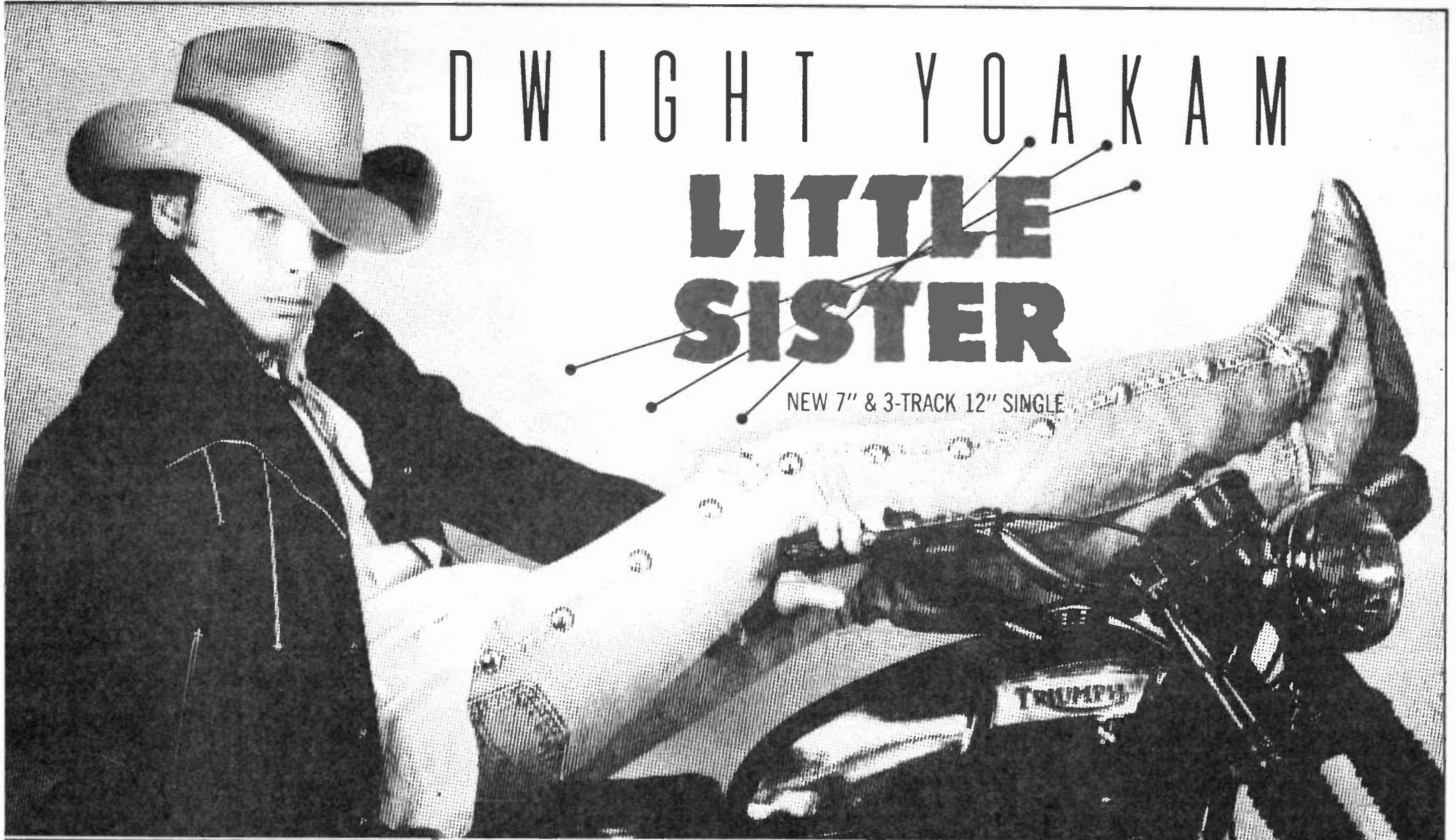
Ross Thomas is a reliable read; he has good stories, dialogue and characters, also he has an unusually coherent, liberal, political outlook. *Briarpatch* is the fifth of his books that Penguin has put out over here, why the hell they don't promote him instead of the appallingly fake Robert B Parker is something of a mystery but there you go.

John Williams

D W I G H T Y O A K A M

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RADAR

GREEN BAIZE DRAMA

Late April in Sheffield means only one thing: snooker fever. While teenage boys swapped guitars for snooker cues as the totem of masculinity, Dennis Taylor's goggles and Alex Higgins' scowl gazed down from a hundred shop windows. The Crucible Theatre played hive to a buzzing throng of TV personnel, officials, liggers and fans.

Meanwhile in the main auditorium, the small dramas of the Embassy World Snooker Championships were played out. Steve Davis smiled and held up the prize, another two weeks over, another fortune in the bank.

In the calm, uncluttered times before the snooker circus hit town I talked to Clare Venables, the theatre's animated, dynamic director.

"It's just another event in our calendar, just rather larger than some," she says a trifle wearily, "I think everybody has this illusion that somehow the Crucible would welcome in darts or squash. The fact is we get requests to use the theatre every day but we would only ever think of taking on any other kind of event apart from our own theatre programme if it was completely excellent of its own kind. Whether you like snooker or not, you've got to recognise that the championship is about the best — and that's what I'm interested in."

Clare's objective is the kind of theatre that sheens with quality without emitting an odour of elitism. The Crucible is packed all year round. Goths rub shoulders with lovers of the bard in the foyer, and the seat prices are deliberately low. This is popular theatre for all not just in theory but skilful practice.

"I'm not the kind of socialist who believes that excellence is attached to privilege," Clare continues, jabbing a Bensons (no, not Embassies) to weight the point, "I want

everybody to have access to the greatest in the world. I think there's something slightly obscene about the idea that somebody might not be able to afford to come to the theatre."

However, in these lean and hungry times Sheffield walks the financial tightrope and The Crucible isn't the only City organisation to feel the pinching consequences. The arts wallow at the bottom of the public spending list. Thankfully the burden is eased by a committed local Council Arts Department and a sharp-witted theatrical financial manager, but the wider issues of arts funding is a subject that Clare would describe as 'key'.

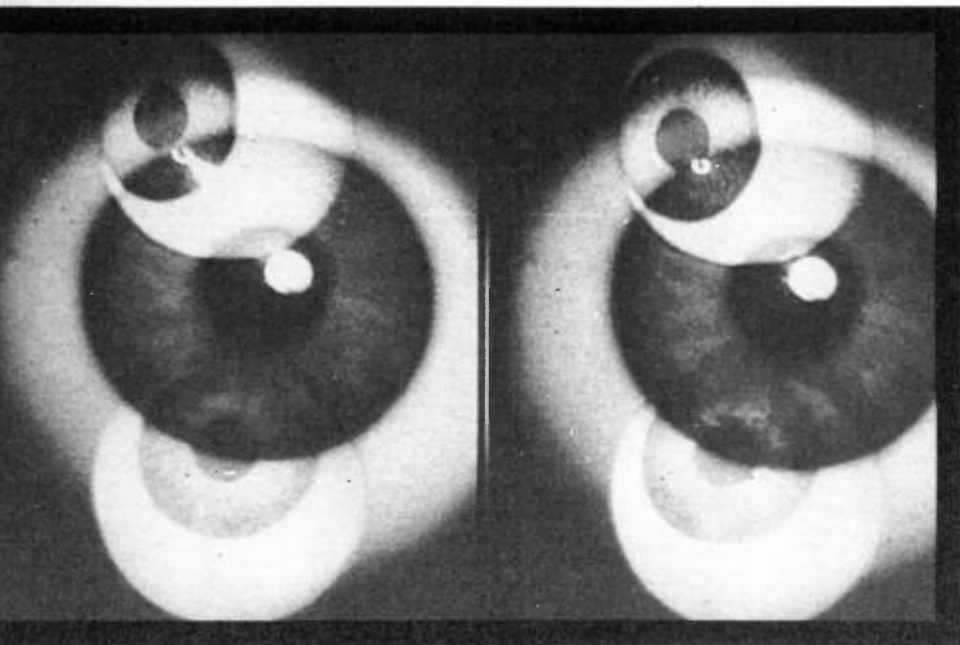
"It seems key to me as a socialist. A vision of a future society comes out of the imagination and the imagination is not fed by a computer, it's fed by the arts."

Just as football fans share a communal bond, so do theatre goers, and, as I watched Steve Davis gleefully clutch the championship trophy in the ultimate marriage of sport and theatre, Clare's theories on the return to shared experience became clear.

"We're all becoming isolated, the rebellion factor is beginning to take place. People are saying 'I don't want to be isolated anymore, I want that kind of danger, where a group of people actually work something through together.' We all have an archetype of the community in our head but it's actually very difficult to find routes to that kind of community in our split up ways of living. What I mean by theatre in the community is in the sense that any 1,000 people that come into our main auditorium or 200 that come into the studio, for that evening become a community because they have gone through a shared event. And that for me becomes a sort of paradigm of what society could be like..."

Claire Morgan Jones

ART BEARS ON THE LOOSE



Detached retinas against the Tories

In an effort to bring some of the landmarks of cinema to a wider audience, the BFI have announced plans to run a programme entitled *Art in Cinema*, at six venues throughout the country.

The season is now underway and will run through to December, with a different topic introduced monthly.

Cubist Cinema traces the influence of the 20th century's first major art movement, from films made by artists Marcel Duchamp and Hans Richter, through to Bruce Baillie's work in the '60s and the films of Annabel Nicolson, Lis Rhodes and Malcolm Le Grice from the '70s.

Sexuality Reclaimed concentrates on the rich history of eroticism in the cinema, from

Kenneth Anger's prodigious first work *Fireworks*, through Cerith Wyn Evans' dream-like meditation of Genet's *Miracle Of The Rose*.

Surrealism And Film puts together a programme ranging from classics like Bunuel and Dali's *Un Chien Andalou* to seldom seen masterpieces like Rene Clair and Francis Picabia's *Entr'acte*.

The season will be showing at the Cornerhouse, Manchester; Filmhouse, Edinburgh; The Corn Exchange, Ipswich; Chapter, Cardiff; Phoenix Arts, Leicester; Rendezvous, Portsmouth. Art bears can get further details from the relevant venues.

Don Watson

WHY DOES millionaire snooker star **STEVE DAVIS** dig **BERTOLT BRECHT**? Why does **JIMMY WHITE** support the South Yorkshire Campaign For People's Theatre? Who are **THE ART BEARS**? Would you sleep with the tramp of Beverly Hills? Read about drama, avant-garde film and **WARREN BEATTY'S** libido in **RADAR**, the hoarse voice of the people.



Venables: "I'd rather watch Hamlet than Hurricane Higgins."

THIS BOOK SLEEPS AROUND



"There's more to life than a quick feel, Warren"

David Thomson is no ordinary biographer, but then again Warren Beatty is no ordinary film-star. An actor whose fame lies as much in the bedroom as it does in the box-office, in the roles he has rejected as those he has adopted, Beatty's career can be viewed as a brawl between his ego and his libido. A squabble between his private parts and their public profile.

What better way to capture such ambivalence than to write a book which contains as many strands and as much creative tension as the subject which it addresses. The conflation of fact and fiction in *Warren Beatty: A Life And A Story* achieves precisely this and its author, David Thomson, is in his element as we weave our way through the signs of stardom:

"The key to any star is not just to make you like them but to make you think and wonder about them. They're always asking a question which is sort of, 'You know what I'm thinking. Don't you?'. I had always wanted this to be a book about stardom as a general thing, not just about Beatty. It could have been about someone else. I chose Beatty because of some long term personal attachment to the question in his eyes."

So stardom exists off-screen, something which is to be found in the eye of the beholder?

"Absolutely. That's one of the things that most interested me about stardom, which is

we see moments of this person pretending to be someone else and out of that we begin to create a life for them. I've always been interested in taking a movie into the area beyond where the movie ends. We take them into our own daydreams and make new films with them in our heads."

At this point I am reminded of Thomson's previous work, *Suspects*, a novel in which all the characters are taken from film noir. Yet in many respects this latest biography is closer to his fiction than it is to his *Biographical Dictionary Of The Cinema*. Its entwining of imagination and documentation place the work alongside the like of Mailer's *Marilyn* or Coover's *Public Burning*. It is an impressionist painting and not a Polaroid snapshot.

"It is a kind of novel," says Thomson. "This does not mean that it is not very carefully researched and that the source notes aren't real, but the whole thing for me is a play upon the imagination. It's a projection of what happens to someone like Beatty, it's certainly a projection of what could happen to Hollywood and Los Angeles. I would say to people in terms of this book please consider the way I've written it as not just a game or something frivolous, but really an attempt to find a form that addresses the subject."

And so he has. A cross between Pynchon's paranoia and Goldman's *Adventures In The Screen Trade*, David Thomson has uncovered an area in which bright photographs co-exist with dark wonderings.

Graham Caveney

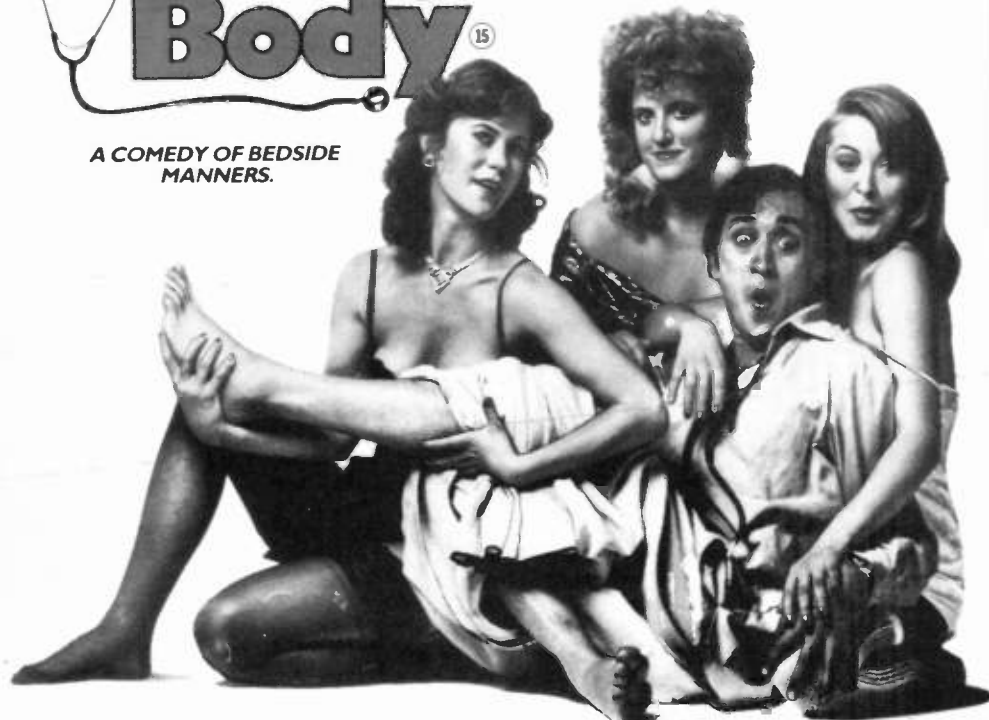
(*Warren Beatty: A Life And A Story* is published by Secker & Warburg, priced £12.95)

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Bruce Williamson — PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

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Director of Photography RONNIE TAYLOR, B.S.C. Original Music Composed by KEN HOWARD Executive Producer CHRISTOPHER NEAME
Based on the novel by RODERICK MANN Screenplay by CELINE LA FRENIERE Produced by COLIN M. BREWER
Directed by RONALD NEAME

Read the FUTURA Paperback

Released by Rank Film Distributors Ltd.

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FROM FRIDAY **CANNON**
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MERRY OLD SOUL

WAYLON JENNINGS IN
CONCERT Friday May 22,
3.30pm (C4)

ALONGSIDE WILLIE Nelson, Waylon emerged in the first wave of new country. Here he rides roughshod through a bevy of outlaw odes including 'Living Legend', 'Dying Breed' and 'Honky Tonk Heroes'.



Natty Nat

ST LOUIS BLUES Thursday
May 21, 5.00pm (C4)

PATCHY BIOG of jazz pioneer and influential figure in the birth of the Blues W C Handy. He left home after constant rows with his preacherman father who didn't dig the anti-christian music W C played. This prototype Beastie Boy suffered from psychosomatic blindness but saw the light when he hit the road with his old geetar. Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald and Cab Calloway star as Nat King Cole's saviours.

NOSTALGIA Thursday May 21, 2.15pm (C4)

TV PREMIERE of Tarkovsky's excellent study of exile and loss of belonging. *Nostalgia* is the first film he made outside the Soviet

Union and it shows. Complex, elliptical and shot through with self analysis, *Nostalgia* uses the terrain and atmosphere of Tuscany as a backdrop for the meditations of his two lost characters. It is a film of images, brief insights and non-narrative development, and could be described as the reluctant confessions of a Russian intellectual abroad. But *Nostalgia* perfectly captures the intangible, Tarkovskian ambience, without being too volga.

UEFA CUP FINAL, Wednesday May 20, 7.30pm (ITV)
VISUALS COME direct from Tannadice as the tangerine jerseys of Dundee Utd lift the cup. Paul Sturrock stars as the windswept hero, Dave Narey is his trusty companion and Jim McLean is excellent in a cameo appearance as humourless mastermind. Show of the week.

GALLIPOLI Saturday May 23, 10.50pm (ITV)

MEL GIBSON stars in a provocative film about two friends who run away, trek across Australia and enlist in some serious war-games. The time is 1915, the venue, World War I and the theme is entrenchment.

UNDERGROUND NEW YORK Monday May 25, 11.55pm (C4)

ART DOCUMENTARY on the leading underground film directors of the '60s. Frames will disappear before your eyes, strange characters will espouse fascinating nonsense, cineasters will ride along on the crest of a *Wavelength*, and Andy Warhol will show up.

Sean O'Hagan

SOMEBODY TURN ON RADAR TELLY

RADAR TELLY

"ROWDY"

"The film's full of good things — pastiches, jokes, mockery of the consumer society — and for anyone seeking an undemanding night out, a fair approximation of the stage show's rowdy nonsense, it'll do nicely."

— Shaun Usher, DAILY MAIL

"BRILLIANT"

"Little Shop of Horrors has been brilliantly transplanted on to the screen."

YOU MAGAZINE



LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

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ELLEN GREENE

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Appearance By
STEVE MARTIN

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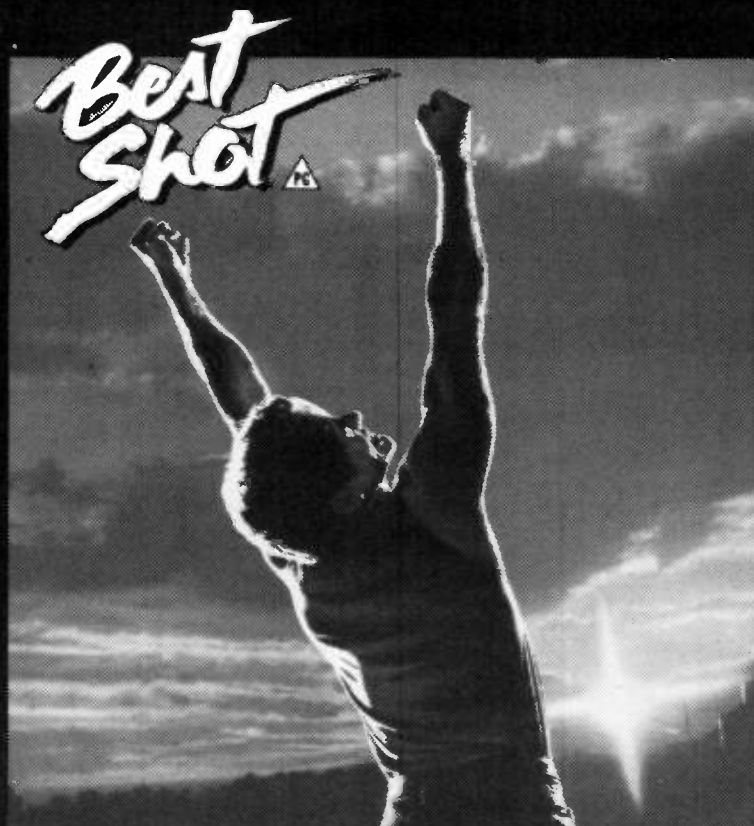
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RADAR



COMING UP... SEXY SOCKS... POVERTY... FAST CARS... GOSSIP.

But now RADAR 7 goes skiing.

Unless your local area has an artificial ski-slope, you'll need some snow. Remember ski-pants come in seven shades. Placido Domingo is a keen skier, proof if it was needed that skiing is the opera of sports. In Magnolia's caravan we meet Ben of Curiosity who plans to visit St. Moritz next month.

COMING UP... Paul Young's Lamborghini... ANOREXIA... COMPUTER GAMES... GOSSIP.

But now RADAR 7 burns rubber.

The car is a status symbol. Most cars have four wheels but some have three. Elton John owns 12 Rolls Royces. There is a group called The Cars. James Dean died in a silver Porsche. The Beatles once recorded 'Baby You Can Drive My Car' and in an exclusive RADAR 7 interview Rupert Everett tells us why he worries about status. 'I'm anti-car, actually. If you buy a

Ferrari it might break down. I just couldn't bear it...'

PART STOP: Patsy Kensit on suspenders coming next.

But now on RADAR 7 we turn to POVERTY.

POVERTY POT-POURRI:

There are 4 million unemployed in Britain most of them are poor. It doesn't stop them jogging to London. We sent Sebastian up north with a cash-point card to experience life with some poor people. Next week Sebastian gives us the low-down on poverty style. RADAR 7 visits the '30s burger bar *Strikes* and a new club called *Starvation Alley*. Don't miss it. If you live in poverty send us a video. Remember its your network.

COMING SOON... POCKET CALCULATORS... SCUBA DIVING... LONELINESS... GOSSIP.

But now on RADAR 7 we pull our socks up.

Jasmine and Trent report on the big boom in sock styles and say what we'll be wearing next season. IN: Argyle socks... maroon socks... thermal socks... OUT: white socks... Bob E. Sox.

FOOTWEAR FACT: It takes a silkworm over three years to spin enough silk to dam one of Peter York's socks.

TRIVIAL PURSUITS



Coats by Gucci

COMING SOON... HOW WE ROBBED A BANK WITH A GUN CLUB 12"...

Magnolia met John Moss at The Limelight and thinks he's in love with Top Gun starlet Kelly McGillis.

Magnolia: That jacket looks expensive.

John: Yes it is.

COMING SOON... MANDY SMITH ON OLDER MEN... GOLD CHAINS... SCHIZOPHRENIA IN BELFAST...

Turn on, tune in and drop out: It's RADAR 7.



Mandy Smith

NETWORK 7 is beyond parody. The spoof on the left could conceivably appear on your Sunday lunchtime TV screen in the coming weeks. *Network 7* is the absolute triumph of media emptiness. Busy, brash and bombastic, it takes the philosophy of froth to a place beyond illiteracy.

The weekly magazine programme wants to be a meta-channel so it begins with the premise that its perceived audience is collectively stupid, and permanently on the hunt for gloss and glamour. Style! Sexiness! Status! All the buzzwords of the age of the short-attention span recur in *Network 7*. Here, more is less and trivia is all.

Throwaway TV is the end result of an early '80s media-developed consumer philosophy based on glossy accessibility. On the first programme, *Smash Hits* editor, Ian Birch, described the philosophy: "to be sexy without being sexist, ... racy without being racist." He could have added to be anal without being analytic, to be fast without being fascinating.

Ironically *Network 7* is no more in touch with contemporary Britain than any other youth magazine programme. It is filmed in a designer squat, a low life yet high tech setting which unwittingly celebrates the inane juxtaposition of consumer avarice and quasi-social investigation.

The homeless rub shoulders with a pair of upper-class club entrepreneurs, but critical point-of-view never intrudes into the cosy cohabitation of the have and have-nots. A naughty boy with a credit card indulges in some low risk criminality as everything around is swamped by info overload. Useless facts, ... trivial pursuits... more wealthy berks. And here's a punk who begs for a living. Take it or leave it.

This is Britain's two nations validated, celebrated and turned into mindless, television. It's so sexy. Consume. Consume. Consume. PART STOP.

Sean O'Hagan

In one split second,
their lives went
from party party
to potty potty!

3 Men

and a

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Goodbye to the House of Fun

From across the Humber THE HOUSEMARTINS came to become one of the more bolshy stars in pop's bright firmament. ADRIAN THRILLS travels to Hull to hear their reflections on the politics of success and plans for a new offensive. Picture: DEREK RIDGERS

The Housemartins' brand new nest in Hull could never be called spectacular. Flanked by the gable ends of rows of red-bricked tenements, a disused railway line and a high street fashion shop by the name of Trendy, their headquarters have only recently been converted from a traditional corner store.

Now a nerve centre and rehearsal room, the building's function is hidden from the outside world by a whitewashed frontage. The only clue to any musical activity comes from the soul-sonic syncopation emanating from bass player Norman Cook's personal Rhythm Factory on the ground floor.

His def doodlings audible from the pavement outside, our trainee gangster of the groove is attending to his electronic gadgetry as the NME contingent trudge in exactly on cue. From the look on the faces of Norman (pictured, left) and the dapper guitarist Stan Cullimore (right), photographer Derek Ridgers and I might just have beamed down from the Planet Sex.

"Er, you're a bit early," says a startled Norman.

We were told to be here for six.

"Yes, six o'clock tomorrow," smirks Stan from beneath a pair of regulation NHS specs. "You're a day early!"

Now this is taking punctuality just a little too far. Welcome to the house of fun.

It has been an eventful 12 months for The Housemartins. From jokingly deriding themselves as no more than 'quite good', the Fish City foursome have inexorably risen throughout the year. They have had three hit singles including a Christmas number one in 'Caravan Of Love'; they have released a classically-simple and critically-acclaimed LP in 'London O, Hull 4', they have won the hearts of a nation's teens and incurred the wrath of Fleet Street; they have scored goals at Goodison Park in the celebrity Soap Cup and met the cast of *Brookside*; they have replaced their original drummer and grafted the Hornsea Horns onto their line-up; they have come closer than any other band to assuming the Madness mantle of bittersweet cartoon nuttiness and been voted the best new band in Britain by the readers of NME. Not bad going for a band who never claimed to be anything more than 'the fourth best band in Hull'.

For The Housemartins, success came abruptly and caught them unaware. From serving a rootsy two-year apprenticeship on the smalltown college 'n' club circuit, they were suddenly capitulated onto the stage of teen and the tabloids. The subsequent disorientation has undoubtedly left its mark.

Convening in singer Paul 'PD' Heaton's local alehouse after hastily abandoning their previous plans for the evening, the four masters of the Humber rhumba thoughtfully review the past year's events.

It seems like a good time to take stock. Their first single of a new campaign, 'Five Get

Overexcited', is already stealing into the charts, new drummer Dave Hemingway is being gently eased into the band and Paul is on the verge of celebrating his 25th birthday. It is a watershed of sorts.

At the core of the matter lies a certain schizophrenia. The Housemartins, never averse to the occasional football metaphor, really are a band of two halves, Brian. They have their wit and their wisdom, their wackiness and their worthiness, their 'fun' side and their 'serious' side. They are desperate to maintain that equilibrium. These polarities can be loosely represented by the two publications whose readers have taken the band most emphatically to their hearts, the soaraway *Smash Hits* and your loving NME. It is an unlikely mixture and one which has led to some confusion in the ranks.

"If there are two poles to our audience, then it is probably because there are a lot of different shades within the band," asserts Stan The Man. "There is a heavy side and a lighter side. It's hard to balance the two extremes, so we sometimes walk a pretty thin line. It's hard, for instance, to get serious points across in the pop charts."

According to Norman, the sheer breadth and diversity of their audience has caused certain problems for their record label, Go! Discs, and distributors Chrysalis.

"Ideologically, Go! Discs are a pretty label. With us however, they have to try and market a potentially difficult band. We're a strange group, probably much harder to market than Billy Bragg. He has an identifiable audience that the record company can basically play to. We have a much wider audience. We probably get some of the people who go and see Billy Bragg, but we also get everyone from housewives to ten-year-olds!"

If singer Heaton has a fear, it is that the band's harder edges will be sandpapered down by their teen popularity.

"I know what I want on a personal level. I want us to be a band that people can take seriously. I want people to look at our lyrics in an adult way. I never want people to accuse us of selling out, even though we have undoubtedly left ourselves open to that in the past."

He is referring to Mistake Number One, the saturation media coverage via which the band promoted 'Caravan Of Love' around Christmas. It gave them a number one single, but they wouldn't want to go through it again.

"We took practically every kids' television show that was offered to us, and it probably did us more harm than good in the long run. Sometimes, we compromise ourselves through our own naivety, appearing on a programme like *The Wide Awake Club* simply because we enjoy performing in front of young kids."

"But if you do too many programmes like that, the wacky image of the band gets pushed forward too much and that is ultimately pretty damaging. Now that we've had a bit of a breather, we've decided on a change of policy."

New boy Dave, who joined on the recommendation of departing drummer Hugh Whittaker who is now at music college, agrees with the singer. He suggests that The Housemartins will now lean more to the bitter than the

sweet.

"I've only really known the other members of the band for about two months, so I can still speak more or less as a member of the audience. I've always seen through the wacky side of the band and looked to the lyrics. I've always gone for the socialist message that the group are trying to get over. The people who take the wackiness at face value are missing the point."

Please don't let us be misunderstood is the plea from the Housemartins' camp as their spring offensive begins. Some hope. Depeche Mode singer Dave Gahan has already criticised their new single over the airwaves for its "fun, fun, fun" hookline, failing to pick up on its heavily ironic tone.

Just as 'Happy Hour' lampooned white-collar sexism, 'Five Get Overexcited' viciously parodies the pleasure principle. The inanely janunty Monkees-on-Postcard musical arrangement only increases the song's incisiveness.

"That lad from Depeche Mode got it completely wrong," says Paul. "The song is very firmly tongue in cheek. I actually feel sorry for retards like him who can't understand it. I don't know how clear you have to make things to people like that. To me, 'fun' is a dirty word and that song is a stab at all the cliched, happy-go-lucky twats who are just into fun."

"The song is also about the way that complete idiots are sometimes glamorised and held up as examples of how to live our lives. Take James Dean, a crappy American import who has been pushed down our throats for the past 20 years. He was a complete disaster, an absolute idiot in the way he lived his life, and yet he is always portrayed as some kind of hero and role model."

Norman selects another example.

"It's the same with Billie Holiday. I hate those trendy idiots who go on about her as the voice of jazz or whatever. The only reason most of them like her is that she did a lot of drugs and died. What an irresponsible waste! And yet, because of that, she is lauded."

The Housemartins, so often portrayed as squeaky-clean popsters from the happy house, are now into their stride. But it is not only deceased icons who come under fire. Decidedly ill-at-ease in the role of chartbound hound, Heaton reserves his most venomous bits for his contemporaries on the pop podium.

"The problem with this industry is that it was designed for weirdos. It's full of them! Look at half of the people in the chart. They're all nutters, especially when there is a camera on them. Why do they have to behave like such idiots? I'm sure a lot of them are pretty average, normally-dressed human beings before they go into the recording studio."

"I can't believe that people still go on *Top Of The Pops* and make idiots of themselves. When I was about 12, I used to think that I would go really mad if I ever got on *Top Of The Pops*, but any ordinary person would actually be embarrassed and even humbled if they ever appeared on a show like that. When we do it, I just want to get through the whole thing without making a fool of myself."

"When you are a pop star, you have to take a

certain amount of responsibility. Avoiding drugs is one part of that. Pop stars that set a bad example to the youth of the country should be taken out of circulation. Their records should be taken out of stock as examples of just how backward pop music can be."

The Heaton mind is now racing.

"There should be a code for pop stars laid down by the Musicians Union. Pop stars should be made to adhere to certain guidelines in the same way that superheroes have to abide by a code in comics. Pop stars should not be allowed to take drugs in the same way that Superman is not allowed to smoke. If they don't adhere to the code, they should be taken off display."

Is that a wonderfully novel idea of the rant of a lunatic? It might be a bit of both, although when one begins getting into the realm of written rule books, the question of who actually assumes the 'big brother' role of moral guardian goes begging. And what of the tradition of showmanship that has always been a part of pop? Not everyone who dons a fancy dress is automatically an idiot. Ultimately, the individual has to be responsible for the example that he or she sets.

The current Housemartin single, their sixth for Go! Discs in a sequence that dates back to 1985's magnificent 'Flag Day' debut, is no radical departure from what has gone before, a ploy to try and regain some ground the band reckon they lost with 'Caravan Of Love'. It is a single for the fans who bought 'Sheep' and 'Happy Hour'.

'Five Get Overexcited', however, does preface a new musical chapter for the not-so-cherubic quartet. There is a meaner streak to the songs previewed at the start of this month on a short tour of small venues in Kilmarnock, Warrington and Sheffield. If the mood on 'London O, Hull 4' was often wistfully plaintive, the newer material is angrier, the verbal sniping more embittered. These are not love songs, the lyrics remaining exclusively social and political.

"Nothing has changed on the political side," proffers Paul. "The new lyrics are harder politically. We still think the Tories can rot in hell. We still think the National Health Service has been run down by people far too rich to ever have to use it. And we still think the Royal Family should be abolished. If the Royal Family truly are to be representatives of the people, they should have to put their kids on YTS schemes. That would be fair. Otherwise they should be disbanded."

In terms of mixing music and politics, The Housemartins now lean more to the legacy of bands like The Redskins and Easterhouse than the 'softer' option of Labour's Red Wedge platform. With the election campaign now underway, though, will they not be throwing their support behind the Labour Party?

"We are in a position where we do have a certain amount of influence," says Paul. "I'd like us to be able to use that power in a positive way. But, on a personal level, I've been terribly disappointed in the Labour Party and Red Wedge. As a band, we've always stood on

TO PAGE 41

MANIFESTO!

PAY FEAR ON 'WORKFARE'

'WORKFARE' IS the accepted slang name for the American Welfare reform programme in which all "employable" welfare recipients work off their dole money in unpaid community jobs.

President Reagan first proposed the idea in his State Of The Union address in March, 1981, when he referred to the growing dole queues as the Welfare Monster, and said that as many as 800,000 of the ten million welfare recipients would be expected to serve in the programme.

As Governor of California in 1971, Reagan initiated a similar programme called Community Work Experience, which was meant to "reintroduce the principle of the work ethic to our way of life".

Some of the jobs suggested to stimulate this "work ethic" were swimming pool attendants, road clean-up crews, geriatric aides, night watchmen and various clerical positions. The assumption that these were the sort of jobs that would inspire the 'work ethic' coupled with the notion that welfare recipients were basically lazy and had to be forced to work raised objections from the US Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Reagan overruled them.

The California work experience programme which was meant to put 30,000 people into unpaid community work, actually placed only 9,627 people in 1971-73. More indicative of the naive logic behind the programme was the study that showed that Workfare counties actually had an increase in welfare applicants, and that very few workers moved into regular public jobs because they couldn't pass the civil service tests.

Despite the proven failure of the

California programme, Reagan pressed for Workfare on a national level, and so far 20 states have been operating Workfare schemes with deceptive names like 'Reach' 'Gain', and the painfully ironically titled 'Options' programme in Maryland.

The New York City version has many of its Workfare labourers working alongside civil servants who do the same jobs for twice the money, plus sick benefits and paid vacations. Inevitably, welfare workers tend to fill vacancies by fully paid civil servants, only they fill these positions as Workfare - not as regular paid workers.

There is a growing resentment between welfare workers and the civil servants, because the paid workers regard the Workfare force as union busters, and the welfare workers usually get the menial jobs like toilet cleaning.

In a series of interviews in *The New York Times*, New York welfare workers did not resent the work as much as the low payment. Welfare officials confirmed that 'No work, no pay', was not just a threat; last year the city's Human Resource Administration, which runs the welfare programme, suspended benefits in nearly 27,000 cases when candidates failed to turn up at Workfare assignments. That figure says more about the punitive nature of Workfare than its alleged incentive force.

Michael Harrington, chairman of the Democratic Socialists of America, put it simply in a *New York Times* editorial of March 1986: "We should create not 'Workfare' jobs for welfare pay, but real work."

The heart of the problem is unemployment. Not welfare.

Michele Kirsch

The Government's Youth Training Scheme (YTS) soldiers on, with disgruntled participants unhappy about the rate of pay and their treatment. Is it really "working well", as the MPs say? JOHN MCCREADY works it out.

TRUE STORY. A government minister visits a Liverpool comprehensive school. Talk to the kids. See how anti-working class policy is going down in the city. Inevitably, the discussion gets around to YTS. The man in the grey suit proudly announces that the Youth Training Scheme is "a remarkably successful programme giving youngsters the chance to get ahead".

"Sir." At the back of the class, a hand goes up. "It's slave labour, sir." The man in the grey suit is almost speechless. "Nonsense", he says. "Does anybody else feel the same way?" The room is filled with laughter.

For those 16-year-olds who turn their noses up at college and sixth form, the big wide world of employment and unemployment awaits. In a town like Kirkby, Liverpool, there are around 960 people leaving school each year. Ninety-six will win the pools and find those elusive 'real' jobs. Some will return to school and a few will 'disappear'. One careers officer commented: "We know that of those that 'disappear' the girls get into one kind of trouble and the boys get into another. Neither group seems to be up to any good...". The school-leavers who resist the temptations of the black market economy end up on YTS. Of the 960 who pass out in any one year, YTS will swallow up 600 of them.

The 'T' in YTS is important. It stands for training. The scheme is said to exist to provide 'high quality' training and work experience, in effect, a leg-up into the working world. While going out of their way to help inflame the situation in which YTS serves as a monetarist sponge, mopping up the mess made by an economic policy in which human beings are expendable objects, the Tory Party shouts loudly about the 'success' of YTS. Barefaced, they'll tell you that it does provide 'high quality' training, it isn't a way of

making Britain's youth unemployment figures seem palatable and it does give some kids 'real' jobs at the end of their schemes.

A spokesman for the Department Of Employment told me that YTS was "extremely effective and extremely good."

"There is no doubt that those who've been on it speak very highly of it. I talk to a lot of young people and they seem pleased with what they get out of it."

The young people I spoke to were less enthusiastic about YTS. Time and time again the phrase 'slave labour' crops up. To these people, the 'T' in YTS meant nothing. One lad knew a friend of a friend who'd been 'kept on' by a small local firm. Others talked of brushing up, cleaning toilets, making tea all day and even going skiing and playing table tennis during the one day each week they were supposed to attend a local college for 'training'.

The careers officers who help place school leavers on the schemes liaise with the Manpower Services Commission who run YTS. One careers officer I spoke to was himself less than happy with the situation.

"It's not my choice that the world is run like this. It's not my fault that the majority of the British electorate vote for a party which helps create the situation in which large numbers of youngsters have nothing but the dole or a scheme to look forward to. Still I'm sick of people putting the knife into it. What is the alternative? Thousands of kids roaming the streets with nothing to do all day?"

Paul is 20. During the time he was eligible for YTS after leaving school, he was given three schemes.

"They say they don't force you to take them; that you can stay on the dole if you want to, but they *haunt* you, keep calling you down all the time until you take one just to get a bit of peace."

None of Paul's three schemes resulted in a 'proper' job. He is still unemployed and, despite spending a lot of time at a builder's yard, a large supermarket and a joinery business, he has been trained for nothing. He does, however, make a smashing cup of tea. He can also brush up with his eyes closed.

"We didn't get any training at any of those jobs. They talk about the one day a week you're supposed to go to college, but when we went they'd just take you out in a van for day trips. Or you'd play football or table tennis. At the shop, I eventually got the sack when they asked me to clean the toilets when the cleaner was off sick. No way. Not for the money I was getting. They'd say, 'Here's the shit-stick, give him the brush...' I didn't learn anything. I just got used for a year. And when they'd finished with me, they just got on the phone and asked them to send another dickhead

around. People say that kids on YTS complain too much. That they don't do the work that proper employees do. That's true. We did the shitty job nobody else would do for £300, never mind £23.50."

Back at the Careers Office we're talking money too. On the new two-year YTS, a 16-year-old will get £23.50 for the first year and £35.00 for the second. The Tory spokesman believes that these allowances won't rise in "the near future". Surprise, surprise. The careers officer believes they never will.

"Then the ordinary workers will say, 'He's getting almost as much as me. I want more'. So it will never happen. Paul believes that most people who work with YTS placements wouldn't react in such a way. Most workers are sympathetic to young people on the schemes."

"We used to get a lot of stick from the management at one place. The fella there would say 'Lay off. He's not getting paid enough to jump when you call'. The women in the canteen would give us our dinner for half-price because they felt sorry for us."

Back at Tory Towers, Workfare, the idea which would have those refusing schemes who stay on the dole working for their supplementary pittance, is being brushed under the carpet. Despite assurances from current Employment Minister Lord Young that this American idea will not be introduced to the UK, Tory MPs, like Vivian Bendall, Deputy Chairman of the Backbench Committee on Employment, are hinting it's not out of the question.

"It's possible that, in the future, young people who refuse to take up YTS may well find themselves without benefit. We're saying, if they don't take YTS and they haven't got a good reason, why should they get benefit?"

Does he consider the scheme a success? "Oh, yes. Absolutely."

The Labour Party is, on the other hand, aware that YTS needs kicking into shape.

"We believe it is severely underfunded," said a national spokesman, "And we know there are firms skimping on health and safety. We are also aware that there are firms using it as a cheap source of labour. Frankly, it doesn't deliver anything like the 'high-quality' training it's supposed to. It's a thinly veiled means of keeping down the massive youth unemployment figures."

The Labour Party plans to expand and improve the scheme by closer monitoring though, at this stage, their plans are, by design, less than clear.

"Each time we come up with some figures, the Tories run away with their calculators; multiply everything by ten and frighten the electorate with their ridiculous protections. That's something we don't need just now."



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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON



Naff Naffyl

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
Dawnrazor (Situation Two)

"HONEY, I'M home," she sang out brightly, "and I've got the new Fields Of The Nephilim album."

"I'm just popping out for a box of cigarettes," he said.

He never came back.

Why is it that people run, plants die, dogs faint, cats howl, children vomit, milk sours, blisters fester, blood boils, stomachs churn and mould grows in strange places at the mere mention of Fields Of The Nephilim?

Search me. They've got some great hooks. The gothic shock-horror growling which is meant to pass for singing does ruin some very catchy guitar lines, but the overall effect is much less frightening than anything Julio Ingleshe has ever done.

The sleeve picture has the lead Neph, McCoy, sporting the latest in death shrouds, with the other Neph's standing ominously in a glowing background. It's less threatening than comical, though I can't say the same for the guttural singing which demolishes any potential grooving some superbly smooth chord progressions. Check out 'Reanimator', possibly based on the slice-and-dice budget horror flick of the same name. It's full of shuffle-footed dance riffs and, dare I say it, a downright catchy beat.

Title track 'Dawnrazor' is a fitting epitaph for McCoy's vocal chords, which were possibly slashed in some former incarnation. 'The Harmonica Man' sounds like the soundtrack to every vampire film you ever lost your lunch at, but 'Slow Kill' is a lively little number which breaks the ice at funerals.

Michele Kirsch

VARIOUS
Baptist Beat (Blue Note)

WHILE JAMES Brown declared 'Soul Power' to be the order of the day, the jazz avant garde arrived on the '60s scene riding in the slipstream of a powerful tide of a Black Nationalism. The fire, fury, militancy, experimentalism and mysticism of Ornette, Coltrane, Ayler, Shepp and co. simply eclipsed a whole generation of straight ahead/hard bop heroes.

Luckily, throughout the '60s Blue Note records continued to provide a focus for those groove

merchants whose roots were sunk into the R&B and Gospel traditions. Gilles Peterson's third Blue Note compilation hones in on the "soul jazz" of that era to provide those fans of the Baptist Beat with eight funky but loose dance grooves.

Why it's taken so long to come up with an album dominated by the big beat and bounce of the Hammond organ defeats me. Like the sound or hate it, jazz clubbers across the nation have long been going mental, slippin' and slidin' to the sound of Jimmy Smith, Shirley Scott, John Patton and Jimmy McGriff.

The opening shot of 'Reverend Moses' taken from Lou Donaldson's huge selling 'Alligator Boogaloo' LP romps along gathering momentum around Lonnie Smith's Hammond. Lou's boppish also swings soulfully while the nimble fingered George Benson testifies with some bluesy guitar. Hot stuff, and while organ combos are notorious for plummeting into the depths of supper club mediocrity and producing a sound dangerously akin to Reginald Dixon, there's no evidence of that here. John Patton's 'The Turnaround' — featuring Grant Green and Bobby Hutcherson — Freddie Roach's 'Party Time' and Stanley Turrentine's 'Sarah's Dance' with its big swinging sound, are all floor-fillers.

Jimmy Smith was for several years Blue Note's biggest star and the only organ player on their roster, and Peterson's inclusion of 'Fungghi Mama', a minor club hit from last year's 'Go For Watcha Know' LP, drops nicely into the mix. Only Hank Mobley's 'Baptist Beat' and Horace Silver's hip swinging 'Jody Grind' break from the Hammond sound, and as Silver could legitimately claim to be the prime mover of 'Soul Jazz', that's gotta be cool.

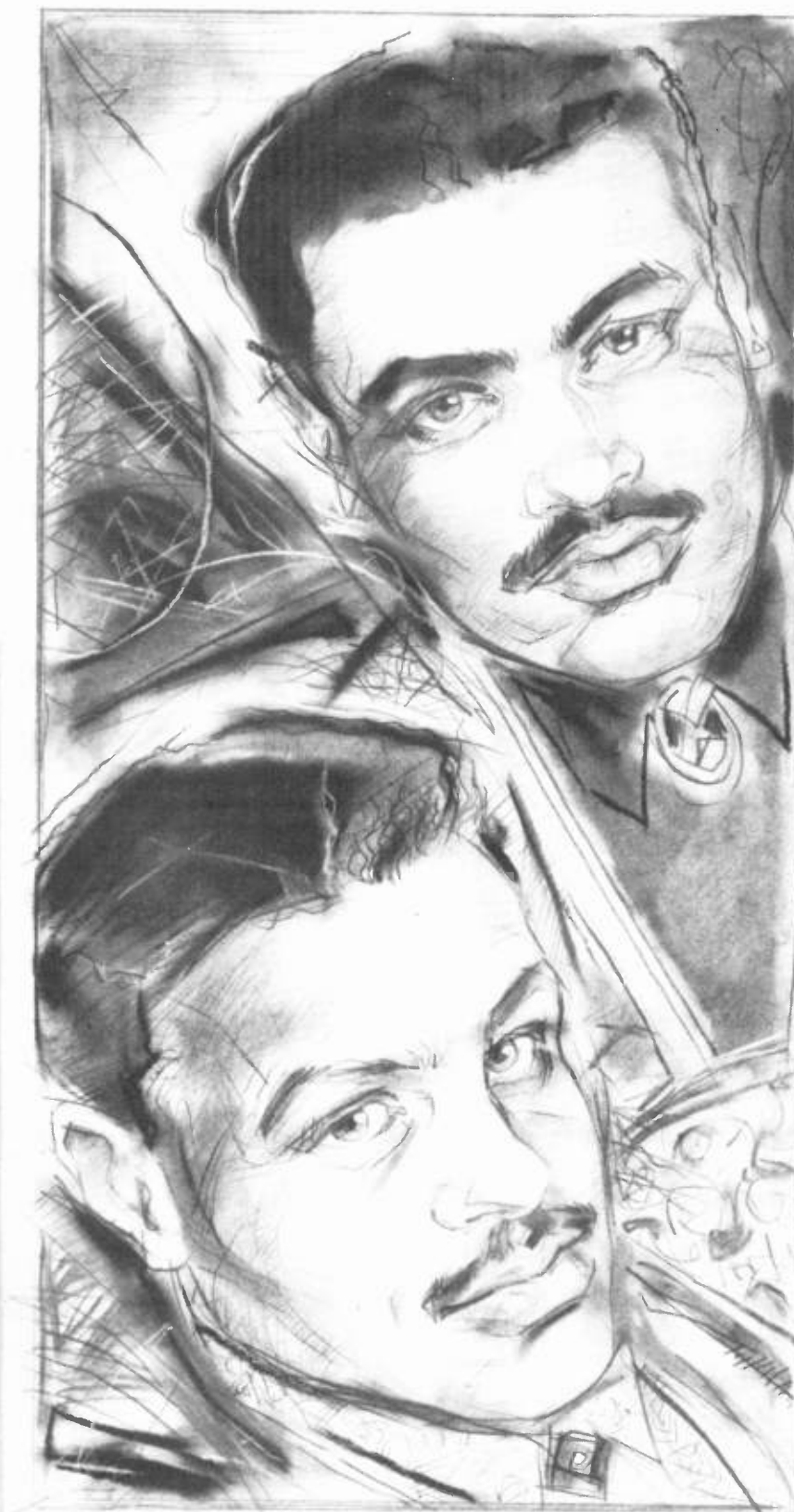
File the Baptist Beat alongside your Sue LPs and 'James Brown Plays The Organ'.

Paul Bradshaw

LIGHT A BIG FIRE
Surveillance (Siren)

MAYBE I'M missing something, but it's hard to see how these boys were deemed 'Best Irish Group 1986' by *Hot Press*. There's little that's original, exciting or any way special about this, their debut album. What's on offer here is mostly unexceptional yet melodic guitar-based rock with no distinguishing features.

Several things irritate. First, Thomas McLaughlin's nasally neo-American singing — encouraged, perhaps, by producer Craig Leon of Ramones and Suicide fame — quickly tries the patience. Add this to the constant references to places and things American — this band are from Dublin, remember — and



JM Silksters

you get a curious, unexplained fascination with the US of A. Which brings us to the second problem: the lyrics. They're so damn obscure that they're maybe meant to be 'meaningful', but to these ears they just sound like pretentious crap. Sorry, boys, you don't light my fire.

Denis Campbell

DIANA ROSS
Red Hot Rhythm 'N' Blues (EMI)

NOT a great inventor, Diana Ross has always been an adept presenter, a vehicle for other people's large ideas. The carefully modelled album sleeve shots illustrate her status as the Joan Collins of disco-pop, a glamorous professional who updates her package with the latest trends.

The vogue is to employ Big Name contributors as added attractions, whether producing, directing or songwriting; it may serve as a useful commercial gambit, but unless you're Sly and Robbie, the musical content tends to be diffuse and superficial.

On 'Red Hot...' Diana Ross has gone over-enthusiastic with star pickings to create a curious mixture of lightweight styles. Luther Vandross and Leonard Cohen, for instance, make strange bedfellows; the former producing a bright laid-back soul ballad 'It's Hard For Me To Say', whilst the latter arranges a song of customary melancholia

and mournful violins which fits strangely with Ross's glitzy media persona. Mick Hucknall also appears with the Simply Red funk guitar stamp on 'Shine', Jocelyn Brown melts into backing vocals, and Paulinho Da Costa masterminds percussion. Designed to cater for all tastes, this AOR collection also includes '60s Motown nostalgia in nifty little ballads like 'There Goes My Baby' and the frothy jive of 'Mr Lee', appealing to a ready pool of emotion, and a sound strategy in this age of Percy Sledge and Ben E King re-releases.

Ms Ross executes her disco diva style best on the LP front-runner and single 'Dirty Looks', a catchy, sweet, ephemeral beat that'd never jar expectation or demand out of line — showing how she has survived where the other Supremes didn't.

Lucy O'Brien

VARIOUS
Beyond The Wildwood:
A Tribute To Syd Barrett (Imaginary)

THE CRAZY diamond shines on. Syd Barrett is a rock enigma if ever there was one. Mysterious, magical and manic, when he decided to hide away from the world, behind the curtains of his mother's suburban house, he hid his genius as well. The world lost a unique, albeit brittle, talent. He left behind two solo LPs which EMI, to their credit, have

kept in print ever since. There is also apparently a legacy of unreleased Syd songs which are stored in their vaults. Occasionally they teasingly suggest that this material will soon see the light of day. It never does of course, but perhaps once the greatest recording organisation in the world get a whiff of this tribute they might sense that a Syd revival might be in the air and leap into action. Here's hoping.

This project is the brainchild of one Alan Duffy. Depressed by the lack of new material from his favourite Floyd member, he made up a list of names who might like to cover the songs Syd left behind. To his delight the response was overwhelming and the dream, like all good dreams should, became reality. The finished product sounds like a labour of love from all concerned, new flesh on the bare skeleton of the originals. It's an important and worthy addition to any Barrett collection as it reveals a new dimension to the songs themselves. Particularly outstanding are 'No Good Trying' by The Mock Turtles, 'Arnold Lane' by SS-20 and Opal's adaption of 'Jugland Blues' which is suitably, and properly, eccentric. That's the cream but what's left is just as fulfilling. It's only fair that the Television Personalities should get to play in this game as they paid tribute to Syd in their own inimitable way with their 'I Know Where Syd Barrett Lives' 45 of yore. Here they tackle his 'Apples And Oranges' pips and all, sounding like one of those obscure UK

SMOOOTH

JM SILK
Hold On To Your Dream (RCA)

MOVING HOUSE is always a tremulous business. Here, JM Silk moves house music well and truly out of the garage and into the synth-cluttered studio, losing more than a few grams of amphetamine jack-power on the bus ride. What it loses in grease and sweat, it gains in torrid orchestrations that makes what was once exceptional merely ordinary.

The shift in emphasis has little to do with academic arguments on how many beats per minute actually provide the fabric of house. Here's an example. The reason that you can jack till you foam to Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk's furious fusion of acoustics and technology on 'Love Can't Turn Around' is because everything that's jarring and rough is to the front of the mix, the music is about exposing textures, not subsuming them, as is Silk's imperfect image of Isaac Hayes' 'I Can't Turn Around'. Underneath the mesh of strings, brass and kettledrums, there's a major dance track in danger of drowning.

I'm not asking that house as a genre remain static and impervious to influences. After all, the strength of house is in its reflection of a myriad of dance sources, from Euro-disco to Philly soul to Latin rhythms, as on 'She's So Far Away'. It's merely that the transition from the minimalist funk of Silk's original versions of 'Jack Your Body' to the lush arrangements contained on this album weigh heavily indeed. The hi-hat, drum-snaps and athletic "HUHHS" are all dumped in favour of the warm wash of total production.

Worst offenders of the lot are 'Cry Of The Lonely', preceded by Pernot-advert sax, and 'Heart Of Passion', stuffed full of every cliché, both musical (rippling harps, gently-plucked guitars and wistful falsettos) and lyrical ('Heartbeats as one'... you know the type), known to mankind. 'On The Rebound', a ballad which seems to have sampled its central motif from Wood and Walter's 'Acorn Antiques' theme, follows close behind in awfulness.

However, Silk's house is not irrevocably riddled with dry rot. His joint excursions with Keith Nunnally on 'Hold On To Your Dream' unites MGM epicness with chopped computer rhythms and the most severe hand-claps. Nunnally's vocals throughout the album are deep and sustained, everything you'd expect from a Daryl Pandy. But house is a producer's art, and so it's to JM Silk we return. If he wants to retain that coveted jackmaster title, he'd do well to cut down on the musical velvet flock.

Louise Gray

psycho units who turn up on Bam-Caruso compilations. Alas The Soup Dragons transform 'Two Of A Kind' into something that might accompany some morally dead-dull sit com on BBC1, bah! But The Green Telescope (now The Thanes!) put things back on course again with a gloriously evil sounding 'Scream Thy Last Scream', a fitting end to a special madness. Duffy's next project is a similar tribute to folk hero Nick Drake, to be closely followed by tributes to Captain Beefheart and... The Bonzo Dog Band! If they turn out only half as good as this then I'll be satisfied. I wanna hear Nick Cave doing 'Canyons Of Your Mind', though.

Edwin Pouncey



A TVP

PICTURE: BLEEDYN BUTCHER

EVANS ABOVE



Gil keys in

GIL EVANS Priestess (Antilles)

AT HIS 75th birthday concert in London last week Gil Evans both perplexed and delighted – his mammoth orchestra, improvisational solos key, chord and time changes often left me drowning in complexity rather than joining with the faithful in what seemed like a heartfelt celebration. No matter, the re-released 'Priestess' is the works, recorded live when Gil was a comparatively youthful 65.

Evans' arranging ability has always been in finding individual voices and allowing them to speak as never before. 'Priestess' combines the various idioms and languages he previously explored into a uniquely charged soundscape; constant discovery and euphoria are keynotes.

Here synthesisers dance in an effortless funk-cool and guitars flutter and fly over rhapsodic swathes. Amidst subtle brass harmonising it is sax soloist, George Adams, David Sanbourn and Arthur Blythe that take pride of place. Such is the backdrop on the 20-minute title track that the colloquy between Blythe and Sanbourn is gloriously stretched, reaching peaks of invention and nuance most couldn't even dream of.

But then Evans is hardly an ordinary arranger, his love of contrasting colours and rhythms and the way he plays off formal restraints with inspired solo flights calls to mind Duke Ellington. And because he's been around longer than the Duke he can incorporate more into his vision. He tries everything and the results are seldom less than wondrous. However his crossover into the avant-rock dynamics of 'Lunar Eclipse' goes too far, one of Prince's more ill-advised ventures comes to mind (it's no surprise to learn Evans is a big fan). But such excess melts alongside the sensual moonlight serenade of Charlie Mingus' 'Orange Was The Colour Of Her Dress Then Silk Blue', truly heartwrenching and beautiful.

For those who want new perspectives, heightened perceptions, feeling of unfettered searching and release in their music, few new records can match what this 10-year-old disc has to offer.

Gavin Martin

PICTURE: LEON MORRIS

PETER HOPE & THE JONATHAN S. PODMORE METHOD Dry Hip Rotation (Native Records)

THIS, IN classic discjockey speak, is a grower. My first reaction was negative but this record began to nestle up to me and fuse on like a leech. The fullest use so far of the 'found sound' lies herein, bordering closely on an eccentric English Foetus with elements that would feel at home on a David Lynch film soundtrack. Spoken word used as rhythm, shouting, screaming, even folk chanting utilised. Drums and everyday sounds jerked out of context form the basic webbing, odd instruments dot in and out whilst Peter Hope's rich chocolate grinder of a voice binds the whole thing together. Odd, very odd. There's a whole host of moods and noises captured on this slightly frantic LP from pots and pans on 'Kitchenette' to the cold mechanical feel of 'Haulage' to the classic Sheffield junk funk of 'The Unknown Industrial Fatality' (tongue firmly in cheek here methinks). Many of the songs create the kind of tension that threatens to burst into spasmodic chaos at any moment which gives the whole work a rather engaging uncertainty. Wrestling noise from the most unlikely of places, Dry Hip Rotation is proof that even utensils shall rock.

Claire Morgan Jones

NIKKI SUDDEN & THE JACOBITES Dead Men Tell No Tales (Creation)

NIKKI SUDDEN has been having a hard time of it of late. It's all over between him and his girl. He kissed her neck a thousand times. He can still see the light shining in her hair.

When your baby leaves you, you're at times forlorn and repentant, at others angry and defiant. A great artist manages to express both. Nikki reaches for his acoustic guitar but only gets as far as forlorn. His voice has the attractive naivety of John Otway (especially on 'Cupful Of Change'), but without Otway's sense of humour. At other times one thinks of the arrogant disillusionment of Roger Waters. The final track 'Kiss At Dawn' has Nikki crying into a tape recorder while what sounds like one of The Jesus And Mary Chain tunes up behind him. Bizarre. Odd too is a line from 'Girl With The Wooden Leg': 'I'd rather drive a nail deep in your heart/Than to have to live my life in the back of a cart.'

As this short (26 minute) album unfolds, two thoughts alternate: God, poor old chap, and for chrissake Nikki snap out of it. It's easy and unsatisfactory simply to say introspective acoustic guitar songs went out with Neil Young; as a fashion they did, but so what? The real problem with 'Dead Men Tell No Tales' is that it's a sham. Nikki's sincerity isn't in doubt, but he's let a thousand other songs choose his feelings for him. If someone told you Nikki's baby'd left him, you could work out for yourself everything he tells you here, and beyond gathering that he's a bit pissed off about it, little fresh emerges. You're also sorely tempted to wonder if he's actually quite pleased with the situation. Pessimistic masochism tends to be self-fulfilling, and he seems just a little too at home in his misery, just a little too keen to play the sensitive songwriter spurned.

Paul Mann

BE BOP DELUXE Raiding The Divine Archive (Harvest)

BEEN WONDERING where Johnny Marr stole that slightly dated riff in 'Shoplifters' from? Look no further than Bill Nelson's 'Bring Back The Spark' from the seminal '76 classic 'Modern Music'. Gathered here are 13 slices of grammar school guitar rock which have been endlessly debated in sixth-form common rooms by serious young men with ridiculously large knots in their house ties and even larger button badges on their blazer lapels (step forward, Staunton Minor).

Ten years on and here they are again (like punk never happened) to serve as a slightly embarrassing soundtrack to a time when pocket money was spent on flared cords, Clearasil and Thin Lizzy concert tickets. Nelson, in retrospect, is not the great influence and innovator we thought, but there's still a few gems; 'Maid In Heaven' contains every rock cliché in the book, 'Panic In The World' is a post-apocalyptic steal from Bowie's 'Heroes', and 'Ships In The Night' is a singalong pop song which made us cringe when it became a Top 30 hit. Our bands just weren't supposed to be successful.

Terry Staunton

cry before dawn

GONE FOREVER



STEREO
7"

STEREO
12"

THEIR GREAT DEBUT SINGLE

PRODUCED BY PAUL STAVELEY O'DUFFY

GONE I **Epic** GONE T1

DPA

CBS

The New Single
A town called
Big Nothing
The MacMarus Gang
Out Now on Demon Records
on 7 & 12 inch



andy: croon on

HAVE TALENT WILL BE TRAVIS

RANDY TRAVIS
Always & Forever (Warners)

"S NOT taken Randy Travis long to be accepted by the Nashville hierarchy, and after just one album he is spoken of in the revered terms usually reserved for living legends with 30 years of records under their belts. The secret of Travis' success, judging by that debut LP and this new release, is that he quickly identifies all the elements that make a good country song and hones them into his own style.

That's not to say he works to a rigid formula or plagiarises other performers. It just means he has a finely-tuned ear for a melody and can spot a decent lyric from 500 yards.

'Always And Forever' won't please the punters who like their country with a rough and rocky edge, and if anything the album is slightly MOR, with the kind of songs which are destined to be covered by every two-bit TV entertainer who ever duetted with Val Bonican. 'Too Gone Too Long' and 'What'll You do About Me' are beautifully crafted singalong ditties, which, in the hands of less talented and capable singers could be transformed from beauty to anomaly.

It's on the ballads that Travis leaves all country crooners (bar George Jones) standing, and 'The Truth Is Lyin' Next To You' looks set to emulate the success of 'On The Other Hand' from the first album.

Although not as immediate as the debut 'Storms Of Life', Randy Travis' second album is further proof that Nashville still has a lot more to offer than a tourist industry and some tired old country singers. It has young, fresh and exciting performers and Travis is at the top of the tree.

Terry Staunton

VARIOUS
I Got Latin Soul (Charly)

JUST AS the JB's, Maceo, Bobby Byrd et al dominate the 'Rare groove' selections of any reputable funk DJ, so the sound of 70s Latin Soul and 'Boogalooos' have sent successive shockwaves through the Latin/Jazz fraternity and had them scouring the record bins in search of that elusive rarity.

To satiate their appetites, premier Latin DJ Dave Hucker has delved into his collection and mined the Fania catalogue to come up with 11 mouth-watering classics that exemplify that rash noisy fusion of R&B and the clave beat. While the US nettos swung proudly to the Motor City's 'Sound Of Young America', up in Spanish Harlem the Hispanic posse responded with a flurry of dance crazes and their own offbeat but magical musical meltdown. Ex-teenage band leader Joe Bataan's 'It's A Good Feeling (Riot)' is a murderous example. Taking Smokey Robinson's tune he flings in police sirens, raps, crowd noises, and subway trains like ombones and wild percussion. 'It's a little wonder that a decade later 'Riot' was a cornerstone of Bronx DJ Kool Herc's set, a fluid precursor to the mix and match of hip-hop.

This is PARRRTY music and a party would be complete without the congas of Ray Barretto and the timbales of Tito Puente. Who is not familiar with Barretto's 'El Watusi' anthem included on the NME's own 'Latin Kick' or that irrepressible poor filler 'Soul Drummers'? Who can resist Puente's soulful bit of Miriam Makeba's 'Pata Pata' or the mellow scatty jive ilk of 'TP Treat'?

The raw excitement and the rapid shifts of pace embodied in the swaggering rhythms of 'We Got Latin Soul' have long since won over the Latin jazzbos, and those lovers of deft footwork

among the '60s/Northern Soul patrol will find these tunes irresistible. An evocative soundtrack to a riotous hot summer. Shoot the pump!

Paul Bradshaw



Ozzy pays tribute

OZZY OSBOURNE
Randy Rhoads Tribute (Epic)

RANDY RHOADS was Ozzy Osbourne's young lead guitarist, who was accidentally killed in 1982. This double LP is a collection of live material from Ozzy Osbourne shows and a few demos.

It demonstrates two things; one, that Rhoads was indeed a very good heavy metal guitarist and that heavy metal is neither the tool of the Devil nor a rebel music, but a very sentimental affair indeed. Randy's mother writes an inner sleeve note, which is surrounded by photos of Randy throughout his life, while Ozzy adds a line or two, and the songs here are almost like souvenirs of Randy Rhoads' life.

To us NME cynics, the 'Tribute Merchandise' might seem like cynical exploitation, but it isn't; it is the way heavy metal fans express their formal mourning. This memorial service having been held, Randy Rhoads can now rest, life can go on and Donnington will be attended as ever by thousands of mean-looking giant softies. A strange affair indeed, but in some ways an appealing one.

David Quantick

SWELL MAPS
Train Out Of It (Antar)

IT MAKES sense, in this Ron Johnson age of fractured bedroom insolence, that two of Swell Maps might want to re-adjust the levels on some of their best moments and throw them out to the world once more. When the absurdly fuzzed-out overload into 'Let's Build A Car' screams towards orgasm once more and your ankles sit up and the flying ducks drop off the wall, you think, yes, this beautiful maelstrom can't be allowed to hide away on Rather Records (or whatever it was).

Swell Maps - brothers Nikki Sudden and Epic Soundtracks, plus *chums de plume* B. Biggles, Phones Sportsman, and Jowe Head - kicked off their home industry of sound when the DIY revolution was still some years to come, and some of their earliest experiments with whip, bicycle, plastic duck and Memorex have been chipped into this collection. The whizzbangs reside not within their dinky threats at the piano but in the full-blown 45s of '79-'80, remastered here, would you believe? 'Read About Seymour', 'Dresden Style', 'Real Shocks' barf long and loud into the pockets of the Bogsheds of this world. 'Ammunition Train' is rightfully placed alongside them, and a rarity, 'Blue Velvet', delights with its bucket-and-spade rockblast.

Full moon in their pocket, they turned into pumpkins. But what fun it still is!

David Swift

BIG JOE TURNER
Rhythm And Blues Years (Atlantic)

THE BLUES they had a baby and they named him Big Joe Turner. He was big in every way too. Not just in frame but in also in voice and talent. He began kicking a blues gong around almost as soon as he was pointed in the direction of the local schoolhouse. By 1938, he'd worked a Carnegie Hall gig alongside the greatest names in jazz. And in 1954, at the age of 44, he became a rock 'n' roll hero, recording 'Shake, Rattle And Roll' even before a certain William Haley got around to shakin' his kiss-curl in the song's direction.

Joe took it all in his stride. "Just like taking candy from a baby," he claimed. Which was nothing but the truth. For, all through his career, which ended in 1985, he just kept on doing what he did better than anyone else - singing the blues in a forthright, swinging manner that powerhoused its way into your brain and through your feet. If you need proof, then it's all here in this joyous double-album documenting the big fella's Atlantic sessions of 1951-59.

Rock? It's hard to think even of Jerry Lee generating more heat than Turner and a King Curtis/Al Sears-headed band generate on 'Honey Hush'. After-hours R&B? Perfection comes in the shape and sound of 'World Of Trouble', and tough but tender slow-roll where the added musical fat comes courtesy of the Choker Campbell band. Pure unadulterated jump? No need to wait. A telling sample is available on track one, where a Tympany Five styled 'Bump Miss Suzie' seeks to prove that, when the man from Kansas City was around, 1951 could easily be a leap year. Blues? Well, Big Joe wasn't named 'The Boss Of The Blues' purely in aid of filling a gap on the publicity blurbs. Take a groove, any groove, and there's the blues, as was as is. Okay, so some of Turner's major hits aren't included and such tracks as 'Shake, Rattle And Roll', 'Corrina Corrina' and 'Flip, Flop And Fly' are being reserved for a future 'Best Of' compilation. Even so, this is as good a glimpse in rock's rear view mirror as anything we are likely to perceive in 1987.

Fred Dellar



TOUR NEWS

STAN TRACEY & DON WELLER headline a jazz benefit at London Covent Garden Community Centre on May 21. It's in aid of saxophonist Elton Dean, who Elton John named himself after, who is suffering from a serious illness. The bill also includes Dudu Pukwana, Evan Parker, Harry Beckett, Guy Barker, Paul Miller and Ted Emmet.

POP WILL EAT ITSELF, currently shooting it up the indie charts with their version of 'Love Missile F1-11', start a series of UK dates later this month. The can be seen at Nottingham Trent Poly (May 30), Bristol Bierkeller (31), Leeds Warehouse (June 3), Leicester Princess Charlotte (4), London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom (5), Portsmouth Poly (6), Manchester International (8) and Birmingham Burberries (9).

STEVE WILLIAMSON, Tommy Chase and Phillip Bent are among those appearing in a young British jazz showcase series at London's **Limelight Club** from next week. The programme, covering every aspect of modern jazz, includes Phillip Bent (May 27), Jason Rebello Quintet (June 3), Tommy Chase (10), Freefall (17), Summit (24) and The Steve Williamson Quintet (July 1).

THE ORDINAIRES, the New York nine-piece who combine country, folk, classical, caribbean and avant garde jazz in three mintue pop songs, make their UK debut next month. They play Edinburgh's Ross Bandstand on June 24, followed by two nights at London ICA (27 and 28).



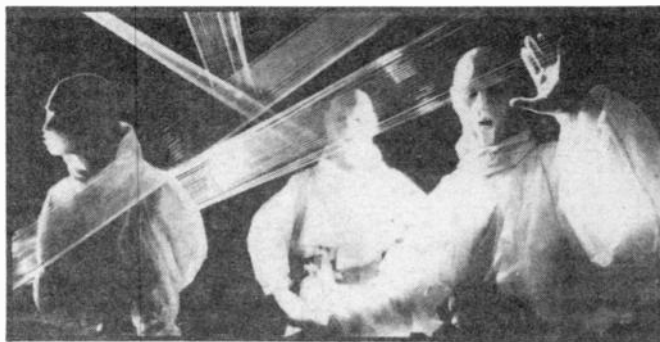
SHELLEYAN ORPHAN play a one-off at London Players Theatre on June 1. . . . **THOMAS LANG** has been named as support for Suzanne Vega's UK tour. . . . **BAD BRAINS** follow their recent sell-out show in Hammersmith with another date at London Camden Electric Ballroom (June 3). . . . **FRONT 242** play London ULU on May 21. . . . **BASIA**, former female voice on Matt Bianco records, has a week's residency at London Ronnie Scott's from June 8. . . . **THE PRETENDERS** have added Bristol Colston Hall on June 14. . . . **DANNY WILSON** will be supporting The Christians throughout June.

THE THOMPSON TWINS have cancelled all but four of their UK dates because of poor ticket sales. A spokesman for the group said: "Some shows have been cancelled because ticket sales were too low. Smaller alternative venues were unavailable and the dates had to be called off. The band want to pass on their heartfelt apologies to the fans who have continued to support them." The four remaining dates have been rescheduled and now read Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (May 24), Birmingham Odeon (25), Southampton Mayflower (26) and London Hammersmith Odeon (27).

THE CAPITAL MUSIC FESTIVAL takes place all over London from June 9 to July 25. The current itinerary is June 19: Buddy Curtess (South Bank Centre); June 25: music from Uganda and Tanzania (Commonwealth Institute); June 26: folk music from Tanzania and Rajasthan (Commonwealth Institute); June 28: Mel and Kim, Princess, Westworld, The Christians, Johnny Hates Jazz (Finsbury Park supertent); June 29: The Christians (Town And Country Club, Kentish Town); July 1 to 6: Luther Vandros (Wembley Arena); July 1: The Real Sounds from Zimbabwe (Commonwealth Institute); July 2: gamelan music from Bali (Commonwealth Institute); July 5: Freddie McGregor and The Studio One Band, Maxi Priest and The Select Committee (Clapham Common); July 6: Go West (Hammersmith Odeon); July 7: Van Morrison, The Proclaimers (Hammersmith Odeon); July 8: Nils Lofgren (Hammersmith Odeon); July 9: Chuck Berry (Hammersmith Odeon); July 10: Russian Rock gala with Dialogue, Aria (Hammersmith Odeon); July 11: Mental As Anything, Hunter, The Saints (Hammersmith Odeon); July 12: Celia Cruz, Tito Puente and his Orchestra (venue to be announced); July 12: Los Lobos (Town And Country Club); July 16: Wet Wet Wet (Town And Country Club); July 19: The Beach Boys (Wembley Arena); July 20: Sarah Vaughan and Her Trio, Georgie Fame, Jack Sharpe's Big Band (Royal Festival Hall); July 21: The Crusaders, Chick Corea (RFH); July 22: Stan Getz Quartet, Branford Marsalis Quartet (RFH); July 23: Wynton Marsalis Quintet, Courtney Pine Band (RFH); July 24: Blues package, artists to be announced (RFH); July 25: Stanley Jordan (RFH); July 25: Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Fall, Wahl, Psychic TV (Finsbury Park supertent). More details to follow next week. For all ticket details contact individual box-offices.

CAMEO, who called off their spring tour of the UK a couple of weeks ago, have now rescheduled the dates for September and October. The new dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (September 27), Bristol Colston Hall (28), London Wembley Arena (30), Birmingham NEC (October 1), Manchester Apollo (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Oxford Apollo (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Portsmouth Guildhall (7) and Sheffield City Hall (8). Tickets for the old dates are still valid, except for the Birmingham and London shows where refunds only are available. Anyone who wants their money back from the other shows can do so.

Tickets for Wembley (£8.50 and £9.50) and Birmingham (£7.50, £8.50 and £9.50) go on sale on May 25.



STARTLED INSECTS, the Bristol-based multi-media group, play three shows this month to coincide with the release of their debut album 'Curse Of The Pheromones', on Island's new Antilles label. The dates are Egham Belford And Holloway College (May 27), Exeter University (29) and Canterbury Kent University (30).

LATIN QUARTER are touring in May and June to promote their new album 'Mick and Caroline' which is out next Monday. Dates are Birmingham Diamond Suite (May 26), Bristol Bierkeller (27), Manchester International (28), Glasgow Strathclyde University (29), Aberdeen The Venue (31), Newcastle Riverside (June 1), Sheffield Leadmill (2), Blackburn King Georges Hall (3), Leeds Warehouse (4), London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (5), Folkestone Lea Cliffs Hall (7), Peterborough Wirrina (8), Norwich UEA (9) and Nottingham Rock City (10).

JOE SUN, the country-rocker who began his recording career with Willie Mitchell's Hi label, returns to the UK in June to play the following gigs: Tipton Circle 'W' Westerners (June 5), Brighton Pavillion (7), Oxford Radcliffe Arms (8), London Putney Half Moon (9), Osterley Grange CMC (11), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (11), Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre (12), Stockport High Lane CMC (13), Glasgow Grand Ole Opry (14), Edinburgh Tuscon CMC (15), Corbrige Corstopitum Club (16), Hoyland Welcome Inn (17), and St Albans CMC (22). Other dates are yet to be confirmed.

ROSIE VELA, who was due to make her UK live debut next month, has been forced to postpone her British dates because of a nasty bout of bronchitis. A&M say the concerts are being rescheduled for later in the year, most probably September.

ROBERT CRAY, who arrives in the UK next month for a series of shows supporting Tina Turner, has confirmed an additional headlining date. It's at Reading Hexagon on June 9 and tickets are on sale now, £8.50 (seated) and £6.50 (standing). A third single from the 'Strong Persuader' album, 'Right Next Door', is released this week.

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

A WITNESS: 'Red Snake' (Ron Johnson) 12 inch single — out now
● **ABC**: 'When Smokey Sings' (Phonogram) Martin Fry's tribute to Mr Robinson, or perhaps the '70s Bradford four-piece — out next week
● **ATLANTIC STARR**: 'Always' (Warners) currently in the US top ten — out now
● **THE BASE TEAM**: 'Change Your Habits' (Hot Melt) TC Curtis and the Team spread a no-nonsense message about Aids — out now
● **BEASTIE BOYS**: 'No Sleep Till Brooklyn' (Def Jam) fresh from Montreux mayhem, annoying Tory MPs in Britain from Saturday — out now
● **BLACK BRITAIN**: 'Funky Nassau' (Ten) promising British funksters tackle 1974 classic. Sounds a like a hit to these ears — out now
● **BOY GEORGE**: 'Keep Me In Mind' (Virgin) from the soon-to-be-with-us debut solo album 'Sold' — out now
● **THE BREAKFAST CLUB**: 'Right On Track' (MCA) debut single from the forthcoming debut album — out on Monday
● **BREATHE**: 'Jonah' (Siren) their first of the year — out next week
● **CINDERELLA**: 'Nobody's Fool' (Vertigo) — out on May 26
● **SANDRA CROSS**: 'My Guy' (Ariwa) taster from top reggae chanteuse's forthcoming LP — out now
● **TC CURTIS**: 'Love's Got Me On A Merry-go-Round' (Hot Melt) — out now
● **DAVID AND DAVID**: 'Ain't So Easy' (A&M) — out on Friday
● **THE FALL**: 'There's A Ghost In My House'/'Hey! Luciani' (Beggars Banquet) as Mark E

makes the top 30, the Beggars promo machine shifts into overdrive. A four-track cassette — out now
● **FAZE ONE**: 'Good Friends'/'Pleasure Seeker' (Westside) UK rapmasters grace Morgan Khan's new label — out on June 1
● **KENNY G**: 'Songbird' (Arista) here it is, one from Kenny, off the LP, one of many — out now
● **GREAT LEAP FORWARD**: 'Controlling The Edges Of Tone' (Ron Johnson) the embers of Big Flame start to glow again — out now
● **HARD CORPS**: 'Lucky Charm' (Trans Global) produced by Daniel Miller — out now
● **HEARTBEAT UK**: 'Jump To It!' (Virgin) new group featuring Culture Club's Jon Moss, not a cover of the Aretha hit — out next



week
● **THE HEPBURNS**: 'Made Up' (Cherry Red) four-track EP only — out on Friday
● **WHITNEY HOUSTON**: 'I Wanna Dance With Somebody (Who Love Me)' (Arista) is this a corker from the native New Yorker? — out now
● **HUE & CRY**: 'Labour Of Love' (Circa) recorded in Glasgow, mixed in New York City and featuring a 29-piece string section — out next week
● **HUNTER**: 'Dreams Of Ordinary Men' (Polydor) debut release from Aussie band — out next Tuesday
● **HURRAH!**: 'How Many Rivers' (Arista) re-recorded track from 'Tell God I'm Here' — out on Monday
● **JACKDAW WITH CROWBAR**: 'Monarchy, Mayham And Fishpaste' (Ron Johnson) 12 inch single — out now
● **ELTON JOHN/JENNIFER RUSH**: 'Flames Of Paradise' (CBS) — out on Tuesday
● **JOE JOHNSON**: 'A Song For My City' (Bradford Bounce) tribute from recently-deposed world snooker champ to his home town — out soon
● **KALIMA**: 'Weird Feelings' (Factory) — out now
● **CAROL KENYON**: 'Give Me One Good Reason' (Chrysalis) her first for the label — out next week
● **LACHANDRA**: 'Shy Girl' (Syncopate) song that has started a new dance craze in America, apparently — out now
● **NATURAL ITES**: 'Pictures On My Wall' (CSA) re-release of 1983 classic as follow up to reggae no 1 'Lately' — out on May 25
● **THE NOSEFLUTES**: 'The Ravers' (Ron Johnson) 12 inch single — out now
● **THE PASSMORE SISTERS**: 'Every Child In Heaven' (Sharp) new single from indie chart stars — out on Monday



● **THE PROCLAIMERS**: 'Throw The R Away' (Chrysalis) debut single from Auchtermuchty's most famous sons, the 12 inch has covers of Hank Williams' 'Long Gone Lonesome Blues' and Merle Haggard's 'I Can't Be Myself' — out next week
● **READY FOR THE WORLD**: 'Mary Goes Round' (MCA) from the album 'Long Time Coming' — out now
● **DAVID SANBORN**: 'Chicago Song'

(Warners) from the album 'Change Of Heart' — out now
● **SCALA**: 'Secret Ceremony' (Cocteau) Bill Nelson teams up with Electric Phoenix singer Daryl Runswick. Taken from the new C4 thriller 'Brond' — out on May 22
● **THE SCRUBS**: 'Time For You' (Flickknife) three lifers and three wardens from Wormwood Scrubs, the single was actually recorded in the prison — out now
● **SERGION AND HERBTREE**: 'The Right To Funk' (Safe House) — new single from South London duo — out now
● **SKANGA**: 'Hay Fred (You Need A Sunbed)' (CSA) — out soon
● **HELENA SPRINGS**: 'Paper Money' (Arista) taster from seasoned session singer's forthcoming debut solo album — out on Monday
● **T JAM**: 'Jacko' (Hot Melt) not a tribute to the Jackson wunderkid — out now
● **T'PAU**: 'Intimate Strangers' (Siren) second single from Shrewsbury six-piece making it big Stateside — out on Monday
● **TWANG**: 'Kick And Complain' (Ron Johnson) 12 inch single — out now
● **DANNY WILSON**: 'Davy' (Virgin) their second single — out next week
● **BILLY BRAGG**, The Redskins and The Neurotics have contributed exclusive recordings to a six-track 12" EP from Wake Up fanzine. The Redskins' track, a five-minute version of Bragg's 'Levi Stubbs' Tears', is their last recording taken from their last concert, in Munich in September 1986. The Bard of Barking runs through Sam Cooke's 'A Change Is Gonna Come' and, with the help of Wiggy, The Neurotics and Attila The Stockbroker, murders The Clash's 'Garageland'. All proceeds go to the Miners Support Group.

ALBUMS

AND ALSO THE TREES: 'A Retrospective 1983-1986' (Reflex) CD only release featuring rare tracks — out this week
● **KENNY BURRELL**: 'Generations' (Blue Note) expect live dates in June — out on Monday
● **PAUL CHAPLAIN AND THE EMERALDS**: 'Mr Nicotine' (CSA) — out next Friday
● **DEACON BLUE**: 'Raintown' (CBS) initial cassette copies come with an original 'money back if you don't like it' guarantee. First in a series from CBS's Blatant Hype Dept — out on Tuesday
● **THE EX**: 'Too Many Cowboys' (Ron Johnson) double album — out soon
● **FLIPPER**: 'Gone Fishin'' (Fundamental) reissue of 1985 album — out now
● **THE FOUR GUITARISTS**: 'The Four Guitarists of the Apocalypse Bar' (Recommended) — out on May 23
● **THE GO-BETWEENS**: 'Tallulah' (Beggars Banquet) Gosh! Another album with a double 'l' in the title — out June 1
● **HEART**: 'Bad Animals' (Capitol) the single 'Alone' is out this week, the LP follows next Tuesday
● **LATIN QUARTER**: 'Mick And Caroline' (Arista) follow up to 'Modern Times' — out on Monday
● **MNEMONISTS/BIOTA**: 'Belowing Room' (Recommended) — out on May 23
● **CHRISTY MOORE**: 'Unfinished Revolution' (WEA) a new ten-track album which includes a version of The Pogues' 'Pair Of Brown Eyes' — out next week
● **999**: 'Lust, Power And

VOICE OF AMERICA, The Cleaners From Venus and West End Central share the billing at an Ammunition Communications party at London Camden Dingwalls on May 27. Captain Sensible is the guest disc jockey. The party is to celebrate Voice Of America signing to Virgin, The Cleaners signing to RCA in Germany, and the inception of West End Central, put together by Hanoi Rocks' main men Nasty Sulcide and René Berg.

JONAH MOYO and his band Devera Ngwena, Zimbabwe's biggest-selling act, head out on their own headlining tour after supporting Johnny Clegg and Savuka at London's Town And Country Club tonight (Wednesday). They play London Soho Ronnie Scott's (May 24), London Fulham Kings Head (30), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (June 2), London Covent Garden Africa Centre (3), London Kennington Cricketers (5), Sussex University (6), London Putney Half Moon (7), London Town And Country Club (11), Kent University (13) and Birmingham The Hummingbird (14).

THE SHAMEN, whose new single 'Something About You', is issued after Monday's Bank Holiday, preceding next month's album 'Drop', play three nothern dates later this month. Catch the strangest group in Scotland (their claim, not ours) at Leeds Three Legs (May 24), Hull Adelphi (28) and Hull Further Education College (29).

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN, already confirmed to support New Order at London's Finsbury Park this summer, have announced details of two headlining shows. They play Oxford Exeter College (May 23) and London Covent Garden Africa Centre (25). The London date takes the place of the Portlands show which was cancelled at short notice last month because of other commitments.

FLESH FOR LULU have had to rearrange several dates of their tour after drummer James Mitchell had his nose broken last week. They now play Derby 20th Century (May 27), Newcastle Poly (June 10) and Leeds Poly (June 11). The band will be promoting their new 'Long Live The New Flesh' album.

THE DOCTORS CHILDREN follow their support slot with Flesh For Lulu by fulfilling the same role for The Long Ryders at Birmingham Powerhouse (May 31), Sheffield Poly (June 2), Newcastle Mayfair (3), Leeds Poly (4), Leicester Poly (5), Bristol Poly (7) and London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (8).

PRINCE EDWARD will be checking out the talent at a one-day pop festival at Bideford Rugby Ground, North Devon, next Friday, May 29. Aswad, Michelle-Shocked and Stump are the main attractions with The Blue Aeroplanes, Real Sounds and a host of local bands also on the bill. The concert is part of Devon's 'Youth Day' - a fundraising day for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. Tickets for the day are available in all major towns in the South West.

Money' (ABC) recorded live last month in Hammersmith, includes the old favourites 'Emergency' and 'Nasty Nasty' - out on Friday ● **NORWOOD**: 'I Can't Let You Go' (MCA) - out on Tuesday ● **THE SHRUBS**: 'Take Aside For A Midnight Harangue' (Ron Johnson) - out soon ● **STANLEY TURRENTINE**: 'Wonderland' (Blue Note) tenor sax jazzman tackles some of Stevie Wonder's classics - out on Monday ● **UT**: 'Early Live Life' (Blast First) - out on Friday ● **VARIOUS**: 'Atlantic Soul Classics' (Atlantic) Aretha, Otis, Wilson and Percy among others - out next week ●



VARIOUS: 'First After Epiphany' (Ron Johnson) Stump, Big Flame and others on the label - out now ● **VARIOUS**: 'The Lembo Recordings' (CSA) The Dusters, Dwarless Fearsley etc - out next Friday ● **VARIOUS**: 'Maggie Maggie Out! Out! Out!' (Anagram) balanced political comment from the likes of UK Subs, Angelic Upstarts, The Abrasive Wheels and Discharge - out on June 5 ● **VARIOUS**: 'Memphis Rock and Roll Capital Of The World Vol 4' (CSA) featuring Lloyd Arnold, Charlie Feathers, Jim Shaw and others - out next Friday ● **VARIOUS**: 'Memphis Rock and Roll Capital Of The World Vol 5' (CSA) - out next Friday ●

999 plug their new live album 'Lust, Power And Money' with dates at Dudley JB's (Friday), Leicester Princess Charlotte (May 27), Colchester The Works (28), Bedford International Centre (30), Portsmouth Basins (June 4), London Marquee (5), Basingstoke Caribbean Club (6), Birmingham Barrel Organ (7), Newcastle Riverside (8), Lancaster Sugar House (11), Blackburn Top Hat Club (12), Liverpool Planet X (19) and Retford Porterhouse (20).

THE REAL SOUND, contemporaries of the Bhundu Boys and latest signings to Cooking Vinyl, arrive in the UK later this month for a lengthy tour. Dates confirmed so far are Brighton Festival (May 22), Bristol Fleece And Firkin (28), Bideford Festival (29), London Covent Garden Africa Centre (June 1 and 2), London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (11), Manchester International (12), Leeds Phoenix (13), Leicester Digby Hall (19), Glastonbury CND Festival (20), Oxford Festival (21), Salisbury Arts Centre (27). They finish up supporting Peter Gabriel at London Earls Court on June 28.



CHRISTY MOORE, whose new WEA album 'Unfinished Revolution' is out next week, will be playing a major concert in London this summer. It's at the Royal Albert Hall on July 10, with a full UK tour to follow in the autumn. Tickets for the RAH are on sale now, priced £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50.

FLACO JIMINEZ, currently with Ry Cooder in the United States, will be playing a series of British dates in September and October as part of a five month European tour, details to follow.

THE PROCLAIMERS, currently on tour with Voice Of The Beehive, have announced a series of dates on their own. They can be seen at Paisley Weavers (May 30), Hull Tower (June 10), Birkenhead Stairways (11), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union, with Erasure (12), Brighton Escape Club (14), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (15), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (16), Leicester Princess Charlotte (17), Manchester Boardwalk (18), Glastonbury Festival (21), Skye Festival (July 4), London Hammersmith Odeon, with Van Morrison (7), Edinburgh Queens Hall (10) and Glasgow Henry Wood Hall (11). One of the dates with Voice of The Beehive, Derby Blue Note on May 25, has been cancelled.

WELL RED: 'Motion' (Virgin) debut long player from the group who recently opened for James Brown and The Gap Band - out next week ● **TONY WILLIAMS**: 'Civilization' (Blue Note) latest release from ex-Miles drummer - out on Monday ● **NEIL YOUNG**: 'Life' (Geffen) he plays three dates here next month - out next week.



THE CURE release a double album of 18 new songs next week, their first LP since 1985's 'Head On The Door'. The new album is called 'Kiss Me Kiss Me Kiss Me' (Polydor) and includes the latest single 'Why Can't I Be You'. The decision to release a double was taken because, in the words of modest Robert Smith: "It wouldn't have been a double if I thought we couldn't get away with it. There's not a weak song on it, a good five songs on 'Head On The Door' would struggle to get on this album."

STRANGE FRUIT are releasing another four 'Peel Sessions' EPs this month. This time round it's Billy Bragg ('A New England', 'Strange Things Happen', 'This Guitar Says Sorry', 'Love Gets Dangerous', 'Fear Is A Man's Best Friend', 'A13 Trunk Road To The Sea'); The Fall ('Put Away', 'Mess Of My', 'No Xmas For John Key', 'Like To Blow'); Girls At Our Best ('China Blue', 'This Train', 'Getting Beautiful Warm Gold Fast From Nowhere') and The Redskins ('Unionize', 'Red Strikes The Blues', 'Kick Over The Statues', 'The Peasant Army'). The first 12 sessions in the series are being

released on compact chrome cassettes later this month, with the rest to follow in the near future.

SIMPLE MINDS release a double live album next week, recorded during their 1986 world tour. 'In The City Of Life', on Virgin Records, features 16 tracks, mostly songs from their last three studio LPs. Initial quantities contain a 16 page booklet of live and studio shots of the group.

KlubFoot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS), LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR AT THE DOOR *BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM*

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157 CHANNING CROSS ROAD, LONDON W.C.1 BOX OFFICE TEL: 437 1801
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CAMOUFLAGE & OUTLAW PRESENT

RUN DMC

BEASTIE BOYS

DAVY D

EXTRA SHOW
THURSDAY 28TH MAY AT 7.30 PM
BRIXTON ACADEMY
211 STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.6
TICKETS: £7.50, AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE ACADEMY BOX OFFICE, TEL: 274 1525, OR: KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, OPEN ALL HOURS, TEL: 379 4433, OR ON THE NIGHT

WEDNESDAY 27TH MAY
AT 7.30 PM
THE CENTRE
WEST STREET, BRISTOL
TICKETS: PRICED £8.00, ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE TEL: 4221 201131, VIRGIN RECORDS OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT

KlubFoot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6
TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR OPENING HOURS), LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT! *BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM*

THE BABYSITTERS

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the Cradle Snatchers

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GIG GUIDE

"DOWN IN Brixton you be chillin', bet your ass it ain't Bob Dylan / Who's behind the rap rock noise? RUN DMC and the BEASTIE BOYS!!!"

Yup, the most crucial coupling since Batman and Robin shoot their mouths off at the Academy (Saturday) and the Apollo, Manchester (Monday) before moving on to Birmingham and Brighton next week. On a more sedate note RANDY NEWMAN plugs his greatest hits set with a one-off at the London Palladium (Sunday) while Chrissie Hynde and the latest permutation on a PRETENDERS theme take up residency at Wembley Arena (Thursday and Friday). Or if you'd rather, there's THE FALL, THAT PETROL EMOTION, VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE, THE PROCLAIMERS, RUBY TURNER, TOM JONES, but you can look that lot up yourselves, you lazy things.

● Gig guide is compiled at least nine days before publication (ie the previous Monday) so hurry, hurry, hurry with those details, written on the back of a £20 note and addressed to Gig Guide, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

WEDNESDAY 20

Birmingham Diamond Suite: **IQ/Jadis**
Birmingham Mermaid: **Gaye Bikers on Acid**
Bournemouth Benedicts: **Blue Cadillac**
Brighton The Richard: **Traddodlad Ofnus**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Tom Jones**
Cleethorpes The Sub: **Max Betamatic/Pull Back The Covers/The Andertons**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Mick Clarke Band**
Darlington Arts Centre (0325 483271): **The Alan Skidmore Quartet**
Derby 20th Century Club (0332 48622): **Hardrock Soul Movement**
Dravornne The Five Bells: **Red Hot**
Edinburgh New Carlton Studio (031 556 7066): **The Headlamps, Hungry Years**
Glasgow South Denistoun Centre: **The Merry Mac Fun Show**
Glasgow The Halt: **The Bogstompers**
Greatstone The Seahorse: **Alas Smith and Jones**
Hastings The Crypt (0424 444675): **The Wyde Things**
Leeds Coconut Grove: **Level Crossing**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Bodines/Happy Mondays/Another Cuba**
Liverpool, Krackers (051 708 8815): **Benefit gig for Jimmy Agatha Trust Fund**
Liverpool Planet X: **Restless**
London Astoria: **Schoolly D/Three Wise Men/Cookie Crew**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Richard Thompson**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 560 6181): **Pride of Passion**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **These Tender Virtues**
London Clapham, The Sun: **Paul Rutherford/The Lloyd, Fowler, Garside Trio**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **The Gutter Brothers/The Great Divide**
London, Deptford, The Royal Albert: **Finegan Jake And Fredbare**
London Euston Road Por Hands: **Mighty Mighty/The Passmore Sisters/Reserve**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Dub Sex/The Heart Throbs/A Perfect Disaster**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **Helter Skelter/Jake The Pilgrim**
London Fulham Kings Head (01 736 1413): **Wait and See**
London Fulham Wilton Arms (01 385 6753): **Lino**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **No Deal**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (01 748 1454): **Gottol**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Paul Brady**
London Harlesden, Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **The Monochrome Men/Beat Maniacs/Cash/Roma**
London Hendon Midland and Scottish (01 203 2600): **The Flying Saucers**
London Homerton Chats Palace (01 986 6714): **Diskord**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Moodists/Adada**
London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: **A Tune A Day**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Mario Castronari's Roadside Picnic**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Tba**
London NW5 Town And Country Club: **Johnny Clegg and Savuka/Jonah Moyo and Follow The Crocodile**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Grahamophones**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Friday Club**
London Shaw Theatre: **Mary Coughlan**
London Tufnell Park Boston: **Voice of The Beehive/The Proclaimers**
London Wembley Arena: **Duran Duran**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **The Waltons/Josi Without Colours**
London WC1 ULU (01 580 9551): **Jamie Wednesday**
London W1 Dover St Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Chuck Farley**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **The Sammy Rimginton Hot Quintet**
London W1 Marquee (01 437 6603): **Wire Train**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **John B. Spencer**
Manchester The Bank: **Type A**
Nottingham Mardl Gras: **Broken Bones**
Nottingham Old Vice: **Monochrome**
Nottingham Rock City: **Home Service/Pete Brown and Phil Ryan**
Nottingham Zhivagos (470398): **Guana Batz/The Krewmen**
Poole Mr C's: **The Jack Rubles**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Truffle**
Reading Majestic: **Audience**
Redcar Leo's: **Basil Gabbidon**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Flesh For Lulu**

Southend Jeanette's: **Steve Hooker and the Shakers**
Southend Rerd's :0702 343235): **The Photos/Deadline**
Southport Arts Centre: **Coda Productions**
Stafford Colosseum Climax Club: **DRN**
Stoke North Staffs Poly: **Zoot and the Roots**
Stone in Oxney: **Max Diner**
Sutherland The Royalty: **Fiona Simpson**
Thame Rycotewood College: **Big Scream**
Walsall Sams: **The Diggers/The Pedestrians/The Pegs**
Westbere Raggs: **Mechanix**
Westgate Nottingham Castle: **Les Feasts Soth**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Fall**
Yeovil Buddies: **Shoot The Moon**

THURSDAY 21

Bath Cactus Club: **Anathema**
Bath Moles Club: **Zoot and the Roots**
Birkenhead Stairways: **Crazyhead, Jake the Pilgrim**
Bracknell, Arts Centre (87 484123): **Fine Line**
Bradford Lin 12 (0274 734160): **The Keep**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Instigators**
Brighton Bavarian Club: **The Hand of Chegwin**
Brighton Centre: **Tom Jones**
Brighton Dome: **Ruby Turner**
Brighton Elephant Fayre: **Black Roots**
Brighton Gardner Centre: **Man Jumping/Second Stride**
Bristol Tropic: **Voice Of The Beehive**
Burton On Trent Blue Stoops: **Gah-Ga**
Cambridge Boat Race: **The Men From UNCLE**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms (0223 326881): **Wigsville Spliffs**
Cheltenham The Brewery Tap: **Word For Word**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Come 4 Get It**
Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): **Howling Wilf And The Veejays**
Dover Louis Armstrong: **Fantasia**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Finl Tribe**
Edinburgh Clown's Bar: **Machine-gun Smith**
Edinburgh Onion Cellar: **The Shanon**
Edinburgh Venue: **Flesh for Lulu**
Exeter, Barts Tavern (75623): **Ritzun Ratzun**
Folkestone Pullman Winebar: **Sleazybeats**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Hank Wangford**
Glasgow Rooftops: **Basil Gabbidon**
Glasgow The Halt: **Rev Doc and the Rhythm Aces**
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: **The Incoherents, Kahlina Dream**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Poor Relations/Inflight/Indiscretion**
Hastings The Crypt (0424 444675): **D414**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Smokey Joe's Blues Band/The Nobodies**
Hull Barham Hotel: **General Wolf**
Kempston Wilbers Wine Bar: **The Time Widows**
Kennington Cricketers: **Fingertips**
Lancaster Polytechnic: **Ben Okafor and Band**
Lancaster Sugar House: **Blyth Power**
Leeds Irish Centre: **Mary Coughlan**
Liverpool The Firehouse: **Bob, Bob, Bob and Bob**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Richard Thompson**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 560 6181): **Bad Influence**
London Garden Centre Bidborough Street: **Peni Mai/Mai James M. Phillips/Kapiling/Mauricio Bonilla/Al-Bay Ader/Red Review/The Aders**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **The Touch/Idle Hands**
London Dalston Crown and Castle: **Loop/The Heart Throbs**
London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 8016): **Julian Bahula/Dick Heckstall-Smith/Backlash**
London, Deptford, The Royal Albert: **We 3 Kings/Archie & Renowns Brown**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Jerod/Flight**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Bad Karma Beckons/Famous Places/The New Breed**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **The Reaction Club/Shush**
London Fulham Kings Head (01 736 1413): **Mondo Rock**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (01 748 1454): **The Anniversary/The Identity Crisis**
London Harlesden, Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Deacon Blue/King Fishers Catch Fire**
London Hendon Midland and Scottish (01 203 2600): **Slowback**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **The State Of The Art/The Catchers/The Incredible Zombie Rockers**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Fingertips/Timothy London**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate (01 485 5358): **The Tallyman/Primery**

London Kentish Town Town and Country Club (01 267 3334): **Georgie Fame/Geno Washington/Steve Marriott**
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Michigan Avenue**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Turk Mauro**
London N1 Revolutionary Club: **Lorna G, Sheryl Garratt**
London N16 Chas'n Dave's: **The Repo Men**
London NW1, Camden Lock, Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Of The Tracks**
London 144 Upper St N1 Club Sandino: **Lorna G/Sheryl Garrett**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **TV Personalities/Looking Glass/The Anyways**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Lazy Lester**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Glory**
London Wembley Arena: **The Pretenders, The Silencers**
London W1 Dover St Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **The House Party Band**
London W1 Gossips: **Dave Taylor and the Boogie Woogie Kings/The Emperors of Rhythm**
London W1 Marquee (01 437 6603): **Wire Train**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **TV Personalities/The Hangman's Beautiful Daughters**
London WC1 Malet Street ULU: **Front 242/In the Nursery**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **The Reptosexuals/Face To Face**
London WC2 Astoria: **The Bodines/The Wild Flowers**
London WC2 Astoria: **Happy Mondays**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **The Tommy Chase Quartet**
Manchester The Boardwalk (061 228 3555): **Guana Batz/The Feuding Murphys**
Manchester International: **The Christians**
Manchester Rafter's: **The Sweet**
Newcastle Playhouse: **Man Jumping/Second Stride**
Newcastle Upon Tyne Riverside Club: **Brilliant Corners, Shark Taboo**
Northampton Black Lion: **The Gravediggers**
Northampton, The Old Five Bells (0604 71 1099): **The Primitives**
Poole Mr C's: **John Otway**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **That Petrol Emotion**
Portsmouth Milton Arms Barn: **3 Blind Drunks, The Park**
Port Talbot Raffles (0639 897968): **Close Lobsters**
Portsmouth Basins: **That Petrol Emotion**
Preston Rumbles: **Restless**
Reading Elm Stadium Park: **Reading Festival**
Sheffield Octagon: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): **Passmore Sisters/The Poppies**
Stockton On Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): **Andy Spence Sextet**
Swansea Marina Club: **IQ/Jadis**
Whistable Harbour Lights: **Gizmo**
York Winning Post (0904 25228): **Some Thieves**

FRIDAY 22

Aylesbury Hop Pole: **Presence/Hell Fire**
Bath The Pavilion: **IQ/Jadis**
Bedford Midland Hotel: **The Last Salute**
Bicester Services Club: **Virtue**
Birmingham King's Head: **The Diggers/The Pegs**
Birmingham Mermaid: **Word For Word, Strawberry Thieves, Exit**
Blackburn King Georges: **Tygers of Pan Tang/Blindside**
Brighton Gardner Centre: **Man Jumping/Second Stride**
Brighton The Richmond: **Killer Gorilla/Slide**
Bristol Colist Hall: **The London Community Gospel Choir**
Bristol Poly: **Zoot and the Roots**
Bristol Tropic Club: **The Close Lobsters/The Jeremiahs**
Bristol The Western Star Dominoe Club: **Big Bad Wolves**
Burnley Mechanics: **Gaye Bykers On Acid**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms (0223 316881): **Mojo Mitchells Blues Band**
Cardiff New Bogey's: (26168): **Preyer**
Carlisle The Front Page (0228 34168): **Basil Gabbidon's Bass Dance**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Crazyhead**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **The Fall**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Miller Family**
Dublin Tara Club: **Richard Thompson**
East Kilbride Bruce Hotel: **The Force**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Al Cohn**
Exeter Barts Tavern: **A Real Kavoom**
Galashiels Maxwell Hotel: **Rootsie Tootsie Blues Band, Stealin' The Blues**



The chill factor: Beasties and Run DMC on tour

Glasgow The Halt: **On The Pavement**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Hank Wangford**
Glasgow Moir Hall: **Mary Coughlan**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Flesh For Lulu**
Glasgow Rooftops: **The Psycho Surgeons, Rough Charm**
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: **The Pink Fairies/Full Moon**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Austins**
Hastings The Crypt (0424 4444675): **Dibble Beat**
Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): **Anhrefn**
Kedington (Nr Haverhill) Community Centre: **Scum Honey**
Keighley Goose Eye: **Gah-Ga**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Tommy Chase**
Kingston Grey Horse (01 546 4818): **Killer b's**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Voice Of The Beehive**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Ted Chippington**
Liverpool Royal Court: **The Christians**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 560 6181): **Closer Apart**
London Brentford Waterman's: **The Mogden Raiders**
London Brixton Academy: **Ember Sea**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **The Trevor Burton Band/The Reaction Club**
London Catford Green Man: **Juice On The Loose**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **Lick The Tins**
London Cricklewood Hotel: **The Vicious Boys/Hattie Hayridge**
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **The Huw Warren Trio**
London Dalston Duke of Wellington: **Jung and Parker**
London, Deptford, The Royal Albert (01 692 1530): **Laverne Brown Band**
London E9 Chats Palace: **Clicking The Mouse/Sirring The Pot/Floyd Lloyd Selwright**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **John Cooper Clarke/The Shamen/Spacemen Three**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **Stan Webb's Chicken Shock/Mean Red Spiders**
London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Wilton Arms (01 385 6753): **The Stubble Brothers**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **John Otway/Sing Sing/Stay Brave**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Hangman's Beautiful Daughters/Bad Karma Beckons**
London Harlesden, Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **John Prine**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Company of Cowards**
London Highgate Jackson's Lane Community Centre: **Emite Sercombe/Lindsay Macrae/Porky The Poet/Bellinda Blanchard/The Dinner Ladies**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Steve Marriott's Official Receivers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **ZooDoll**

London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): **Iota Inte**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Robin Jones and King Salsa**
London New Cross Goldsmith's College: **The Beloved/The Go-Hole**
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **The Trojans**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Blues Barglars**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **S.F. Go**
London Sydenham Greyhound: **TDK**
London Town and Country Club Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **Well Red**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Deep Sea Jivers/Restless Blues Band**
London W1, Black Horse: **The Doon! Cans**
London W1 Central London Polytechnic: **Comic Abuse Tour**
London W1 Dover St Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Mister Clean**
London W1 Marquee (01 437 6603): **The Ward Brothers**
London WC1 ULU (01 580 9551): **The Weather Prophets/Jill Bryson/The Alternative TV/David Westlake**
London Wembley Arena: **The Pretenders**
London Wood Green Club Dog: **Stitched Back Foot Airman**
Maesteg 7777 Country Club (0656 739391): **Black Rose/Peruvian Hipsters**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Ben Okafor**
Manchester Boardwalk (061 228 3555): **Inner Sense Percussion**
Middlesbrough Teeside Polytechnic: **The Guana Batz**
Morecambe, Empire Arena, Central Promenade (0524 417120): **Morecambe International Festival of Country Music**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Boogie Brothers**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **That Petrol Emotion**
Nottingham Spontaneous Underground: **Anathema**
Oxford The Wheathead: **Surreal McCoy**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Sceptre**
Salisbury Fisherton Arms: **Shoot The Moon**
Southend Reid's (0702/343235): **Captain Flack**
Southport Arts Centre: **Dick Gaughans's**
Swindon British Legion: **Howlin Wilf & The Vee Jays**
Tonymandy Music Library: **The Deep**
Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone: **DRN**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Bodines/Happy Mondays**

SATURDAY 23

Aberdeen Music Hall: **Hank Wangford**
Aberdeen University: **The Primitives/The Screaming Trees**
Aberdeen Venue: **Flesh For Lulu**
Aldershot Buzz Club: **Stitched Back Foot Airman**
Aldershot, West End Centre: **The Flatmates/North Of Cornwall/The Word Merchants/The Caretaker**
Basingstoke Caribbean Club: **Dogs D'Amour, ZooDoll**

ANARCHO-PUNK

FROM PAGE 14

the "anarcho-superstar" jibes. It was to be a fresh start.

On the night of the gig, April 19, a leaflet circulated: "ENOUGH IS ENOUGH...TURNING CONFLICT INTO REALITY...We stand obediently beneath our heroes, dumbly singing along as the same old chords crash out, screaming defiance but meaning nothing. Punk is as threatening as Tesco's...from Conflict to Coronation Street, it is all one big spectacle..."

Backstage I met New York poet Annie Anxiety who has gone from supporting Crass to supporting Laibach. For her disillusionment came at a No Nukes demo where CND stewards helped the police attack anarchists who were attacking the mealy-mouthed middle class spokesperson on the platform. As she turned away in disgust at the whole mess a Patio pacifist threw up her hands and pleaded "Don't hit me, please don't hit me!"

I watched from the balcony in the company of four police sergeants as Conflict/Ignorant ran through a set of anarcho-punk classics whilst 5,000 time-warped punks mouthed along. I left just before the end and so missed a 'riot'.

According to eyewitnesses, the crowd was hustled from the hall by the Academy's enthusiastic security to meet outside several coach loads of tooled-up riot police. As the police waded in, the back ranks of the audience attempted to regain an admission. This was refused. There then followed a Brixton 'riot' by 5,000 almost exclusively white kids which didn't make the front page of a single national newspaper.

Thirty-eight Conflict fans, only one of them from London, face prosecution under the Tories' Public Order Act. Conflict are being investigated by the Met who seem 'convinced' that the band planned the 'riot'. Most venues booked for a Conflict tour have been pressured by the police into cancelling.

Perhaps this proves that Flux and D&V are right or perhaps it indicates that 'angry' politics which offer nothing more than a superficial analysis inevitably peter out into piecemeal confrontations with the state which the state inevitably wins.

I'd say it's the latter. I'd go further and say that the fragmentation of anarcho-punk was the inevitable result of Libertarian Anarchism's crippling weakness — its refusal to prioritise (claiming that abattoirs are as bad as Nazi Death Camps), its paranoid fear of leadership and organisation, its sectarianism and its dalliance with the dead ends of animalism, vegetarianism, pacifism and moralism.

Meanwhile, 38 kids face going to prison on the evidence of Brixton policemen. Conflict Fighting Fund PO Box 488 London SE9.



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EUROPEAN
COACH
TIMING

Bath Moles: **The Jack Rubies**
Bedford Greyfriars: **IQ/Jadis**
Birmingham NEC: **The Pretenders/The Silencers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Paul Brady**
Blackpool Opera House: **Tom Jones**
Bracknell Wilde Theatre (0344 484123): **Ewan Maccoll And Peggy Seeger**
Bradford St. Georges Hall: **The Thompson Twins**
Brighton Gardner Centre: **Man Jumping/Second Stride**
Brighton The Hairy Dog: **Moloko Plus/The Hiding Place**
Bristol Clevedon Royal Pier Hotel: **Unity Station**
Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): **Gaye Bykers On Acid**
Bury St Edmunds Corn Exchange: **Steve Gibbons Band, Aqurs Wish, Ten Angry Men**
Cardiff I For Bach Club: **Anhrefn + Alternative Attack**
Cardiff Nes Bogey's (26168): **Tokio**
Carlisle The Front Page: (0228 34168) **Xero Silingsby and the Works**
Colchester Essex University (0206 863211): **Lenny Henry & Disco**
Colchester The Works (0206 570934): **Rhythm Factor**
Coventry Royalty Club: **The Diggers/The Wardens**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Word For Word (lunchtime)**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Eastcote The Clay Pigeon: **In Session/The Great Divide/The Price**
Edinburgh Musicians Collective (031 556 6372): **Dog Faced Hermans/The Book is on the table/Death By Milkfloat**
File Kinghorn Cuznie Nuek Hotel: **Blues'n'Trouble/Big George And The The Business**
Glasgow Easterhouse East Hall Residents' Hall: **The Merry Mac Fun Show**
Glasgow The Hail: **Hol Polloi**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Pastel Walters/Camouflage**
Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): **Culture Shock/Rhythm-ites**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Dog Town Rhythm**
Hull University: **The Bodines, Happy Mondays, Pink Noise**
Keighley Goose Eye: **Gah-Ga**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Christians**
London Bethnal Green Approach Tavern: **The Partments/The Meltations**
London Brentford Red Lion: (01 560 6181): **Bobby Tench and GB Blues**
London Brentford Waterman's (01 847 5651): **Nigel Gray and Phil Gaillard**
London Brixton Academy: **Run DMC/Beastie Boys**
London Brixton Old White Horse (01 274 5537): **The Purple Things/The Help Engine/Far Cry/Anathema**
London Camberwell The Enterprize: **Heyoka**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Rent Party**
London Catford The Black Horse: **Goat/The End**
London Catford The Green Man (01 698 3746): **The Fingertips**
London Chelsea College: **Front 242/In The Nursery**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: (01 240 3961): **The Inmates**
London Dalston Crown and Castle: **Phil Wilson/Reserve**
London Dalston Duke of Wellington (01 249 3729): **The Dinner Ladies/John Hegley and John Moloney**
London, Deptford, The Royal Albert (01 692 1530): **Alias Ron Kavana**
London EC1 The Horseshoe: **Janice Perry/Linda Smith/Sensible Footwear/Marsha Prescod**
London E9 Chats Palace: **The Jacket Potatoes/Maria Tolly/Don Carroll**
London E16 Royal Standard: **Juice On The Loose**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Attila The Stockbroker/The Austin Shirts**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **A Bigger Splash/The Clay People**
London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **The Diesel Band with John Coughlan**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Eddie + The Hotrods/Boss**
London Hackney Empire Theatre: **Red Wedge And City Limits Benefit**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (01 748 1454): **Hyde and Seek**
London Harlesden, Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **John Prine**
London Hendon Midland and Scottish (01 203 2600): **Moon Alexander Drive**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **The Pop Icons/Strange and the Brothers/Urban Clearway**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Joe Lee Wilson**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Wilko Johnson**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): **The Deltones**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **African Connexion**
London N1 Dog and Dumplings (01 359 6596): **The Crayfish Five**
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Joe Louis Blues Band**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Desmond Dekker Band**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Word 4 Word**
London Town and Country Club Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **The Jazz Defektors/Plan B**
London W1 Dover St Wine Bar: **The Radical Shells**
London W1 The Marquee (01 437 6603): **The Queer Boys**
London Wimbledon William Morris Club: **Intensive Care, Oi Polloi, Barbed Wire, Society's Rejects**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 317 1495): **Brighton Bottle Orchestra**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **The Jivin' Lindyhoppers with The Sound of 17 Big Band**
Luton Switch Club: **Victims Of The Pestilence**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Ricky Cool and The Texas Turkeys**
Manchester Boardwalk (061 228 3555): **Crazyhead/Inspiral Carpets**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Boogie Brothers**
Morecambe, Empire Arena, Central Promenade (0524 417120): **Morecambe International Festival of Country Music**
Nottingham Newark The Palace (0636 71636): **The Waiting List/The Heartland**

Paisley Stringfellows: **Feed Your Head/Hex**
Poole Mr C's: **Tygers Of Pan Tang/Blue Blud**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Zoot and the Roots**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Voice of the Beehive, The Proclaimers**
Reading Elm Stadium Park: **Reading Festival**
Retford Porterhouse (0777 704981): **Guana Batz**
Salisbury Arts Centre (01 722 21744): **Dagmar Krause**
Scarborough Stage Door (0723 378843): **Some Thieves**
Sheffield Leadmill (0742 754500): **Deacon Blue/Planet Blue**
Sheffield Limit Club: **That Petrol Emotion**
Sheffield Take Two Club: **Rollin' Thunder, Times Will Change, Xstatics, Small Talk**
Southampton Mayflower Theatre (0703 229771): **Flying Pickets**
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): **Hedgehog**
St Albans Pineapple: **Lemon Tree Beach**
Stockton On Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): **The Shamen**
Windsor Arts Centre: **Fapy Lafertine**
Worthing Electric Grape: **The Hand of Chegwinn**

SUNDAY

24

Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Stealin' The Blues**
Bournemouth Manners Centre: **Tommy Chase**
Brighton Centre: **The Pretenders**
Brighton Festival: **Richard Thompson**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Groove Yard/Christine**
Bristol Hippodrome: **The Thompson Twins**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms (0223 316881): **Session' 57**
Cheltenham Pittsville Pump Room: **The Jack Rubies**
Colchester The Works (0206 570934): **Tokyo Rose**
Crawley Appletree: **Karen D'Ache**
Croydon Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard/Lunchtime Chuck Farley/Eve**
Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): **Zoot And The Roots**
Davenport Raffles: **The Earthmoves**
Dundee Repertory Theatre: **Hank Wangford**
Elstead, The Golden Fleece: **Fine Line**
Glasgow Rooftops: **The Primitives/The Screaming Trees**
Glasgow Vamps: **The Druids**
Gourrock Bay Hotel: **Flesh For Lulu**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Dave Taylor Boogie Woogie Band**
Hull Spring Street Theatre: **Coda Productions**
Kilmarnock Vicki's: **Flesh For Lulu**
Liverpool Empire: **Tom Jones**
Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **The Holding Section**
Brentford Red Lion (01 560 6181): **Steve Marriott's Official Receivers**
Brentford Waterman's (01 847 5651): **Goodbye Pork Pie Hat**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Thieves 40 Thieves/The Shotgun Brides/Somebody's Brother/Radio Radio/September**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **The Reaction Club/Cutting Edge**
London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 8016): **Dagmar Krause/Jason Osbourne**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Ted Chippington**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **Shrink To Fit**
London Fulham Kings Head (01 736 1413): **The Gents**
London Fulham Swan: **Wolfe Witcher Band**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Boogie Brothers**
London Hendon Midland and Scottish (01 203 2600): **Eddy Monsoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Stevie Smith**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Blues Burglars**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Groundhogs**
London Kentish Town Vultures Perch: **Louis Moholo, Dudu Pukwana**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Royal Academy Big Band (lunchtime): London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): Tom Nolan Blues Trio**
London Palladium: **Randy Newman**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Joe Lee Wilson Blues Band**
London Riverside Studios: **Attila The Stockbroker**
London Victoria Park Festival: **The Dooni Cang**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Lazy Lester with The Junkyard Angels**
London W1 The Astoria: **IQ/Jadis**
London W1 The Marquee (01 437 6603): **The Pink Fairies**
London W1 Ronnie Scott's: **Jonah Moyo/Follow The Crocodile**
London Walthamstow Town Hall Complex, Wah 17: **Gary Glitter**
London Wood Green Brabant road Community Centre (01 487 3440): **The Dinner Ladies**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Mushroom**
Manchester Boardwalk (061 228 3555): **Johnny Dangerously/The Green 3/Bob Dillinger**
Morecambe, Empire Arena, Central Promenade (0524 417120): **Morecambe International Festival Of Country Music**
Nottingham Russells Bar Cafe: **Big Bandit**
Nottingham Spitz: **Jung and Parker**
Peterborough Key Theatre Glasshouse: **A Better Mousetrap**
Sheffield George IV: **Instigators**
Sheffield Leadmill (0742 754500): **Crazyhead/Sedition**

MONDAY

25

Bournemouth Benedicts: **Vibration Doctors**
Bournemouth CoCo's: **Stitched Back Foot Alrman**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Tom Jones**
Bristol Studio: **The Christians**
Carlisle Stars And Stripes: **Flesh For Lulu**
Colchester The Works (0206 570934): **Secretary Bally**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trick Of The Light**
Croydon Fairfield Hall (01 688 9291): **Taj Mahal**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Suzanne Vega**
Guildford Surrey University: **Zoot and The Roots**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Patrick Fitzgerald/The Molra Anderson**
Experienced Igor Thompson

Leeds Adam And Eves: **Feed Your Head**
Liverpool Mardi: **The Guana Batz**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Tommy Chase**
London Brentford Waterman's (01 847 5651): **Kit Packham and The Sudden Jump Band/Dutch Kitchen Bounce**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Love Parade/Him**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **Cut The Wire/Zu/A Picture Of You**
London Dean Street Gossips: **The 8 Track Cartridge Family**
London E8 Hackney Empire Theatre: **The Ken Dodd Laughter Show**
London Euston Road Portlands: **The Wishing Stones/Loop/Celebrate Texas**
London Farringdon New Merlin's Cave: **Mehead**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Cooking Vinyl Showcase with Edward II and The Red Hot Polkas/The Deighton Family/Rory McLeod/Blackspot Champions/Malcolm's Interview/Pressgang**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **Camera Shy/Potatoe Joe**
London Harlesden Roundwood Park: **Alton Ellis/Scrunter/Ken Boothe/Misty In Roots/Mighty Power**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Headquarters**
London Islington King's Head (01 226 1916): **Jung and Parker**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Yell/Fairly Perfect People**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate: **Anathema**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Martin Taylor and Peter Ind/Julian Arguelles and Simon Purcell**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Simon Nicol and Ric Saunders**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Incredible Zombie Rockers/Beat Maniacs**
London Soho Alice In Wonderland: **8 Track Cartridge Family**
London Town and Country Club Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **Here and Now**
London W1 Dover St Wine Bar: **Woman On The Loose**
London W1 Le Beat Route (01 734 6308): **Talking To The World/Scared Of The Dark/Cat'n'Run/Oh So Sharp/Stirring The Pop**
London W1 The Marquee (01 437 6603): **Sad Among Strangers**
London Walthamstow Town Hall Complex, Wah 17: **Gary Glitter**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 317 1495): **Patsy May's Greenwich Swing**
Manchester Apollo: **Run DMC/Beastie Boys**
Newcastle Riverside: **The Screaming Trees/The Primitives**
Nottingham The Garage (0602 501 251): **Blyth Power**
Nottingham Jangle Club (0509 235386): **The African Connexion**
Nottingham Russells Bar Cafe: **Lunchtime/The Shot Brothers Evening/Marcel Marleau Sound**
Poole Jolly Miller: **Shoot The Moon**
Southampton The King's Head: **The Hand Of Chegwinn**
Southend Leid's (0702 343235): **Do Ya!/20,000 Lemmings Can't Be Wrong**
Stoke-on-Trent Shelleys: **IQ/Jadis**
Whitburn Community Centre: **The Merry Mac Fun Show**

TUESDAY

26

Birmingham Burbermes: **Voice Of The Beehive**
Birmingham, Kaleidoscope (021 643 7019): **Totally Suspect + Runaway & Wolfsbane**
Birmingham Odeon: **Run DMC/Beastie Boys**
Bournemouth Benedicts: **The Spoons**
Bournemouth International Centre: **The Pretenders/The Silencers**
Brighton The Richmond: **Brilliant Corners/Blue Train/The Pikers**
Bristol Bierkeller: **The Guana Batz**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Suzanne Vega**
Canterbury Marlow Theatre: **Richard Thompson**
Christchurch Kiss: **Shoot The Moon**
Colchester The Works (0206 570934): **The Late One**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Tanzo**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **The Christians**
Halifax Woodcock: **The Company**
Leicester The Black Dog: **The Diggers/Crazy About Love**
Liverpool, Rudis: **Katmandou**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 560 6181): **Papa George Band**
London Garden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **The Weird/Pinball Headkick/Red Letter Day/Junior Manson's Slags/The Ashes**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **Palm Tree Club/Mecca**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Moodists/The Corn Dollies/The Actors**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 385 0526): **The Company/Million Dollar Bash**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **First/Plint 3/Moonstone/Great Express**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Moore**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **The Who'd A Thought It**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Glory**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Basement Attic**
London Marquee: **The Sound**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Ed Bentley's Blue Note**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Aqua Bongo**
London W1 Dover St Wine Bar: **Michigan Avenue**
London W1 The Marquee (01 437 6603): **The Sound**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 317 1495): **The Love Act/The Tally Man/Radio Satellites**
Malvern Fringe Festival: **Sceptre**
Manchester Apollo: **Tom Jones**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Clive Gregson and Christine Collister**
Newcastle Riverside: **Gaye Bykers On Acid**
Norwich Ritzy: **DRN**
Nottingham Rock City: **IQ/Jadis**
Nottingham Russells Bar Cafe: **Lunchtime/Will/Wayne Evans Evening/Lynch Bros.**
Reading Majestic: **Crazyhead**
Southampton Mayflower Theatre (0703 2297771): **Thompson Twins**
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): **Wendy Roberts**
Stockton-On-Tees Kirklevington Country Club: **Hank Wangford**

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marquee
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm
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90 WARDOUR ST W1
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WIRE TRAIN
From America
Plus Support and Martin Ball
Thursday 21st May (Adm £3.50)

THE WARD BROTHERS
Cross That Bridge with
Plus Support and Nick Henbury
Friday 22nd May (Adm £4.00)

THE ZOOM CLUB
Plus Support and Nick Henbury
Saturday 23rd May (Adm £3.50)

THE PINK FAIRIES
One Night Only
Sunday 24th May (Adm £4.00)

SAD AMONG STRANGERS
Fresh from the European AHA tour
Plus Jim Jimenez and Monty Zero
Monday 25th May (Adm £3.00)

THE SOUND
Plus The Doctor's Children and Martin Ball
Plus The Doctor's Children and Monty Zero
Tuesday 26th & Wednesday 27th May (Adm £4.00)
Welcome return for two nights

NO SWEAT
Edge Rock from Ireland
Thursday 28th May (Adm £3.50)
Plus Support and Nick Henbury

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READING FESTIVAL '87
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

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THE BRIDGE
TINY TOWN
Entry £3.00 £2.00
Wed 20
THE MYTH
NO TAG
+ Support £3.00 £2.00 DJ Krys
Thur 21

ACROSS THE TRACKS
with resident DJ SIMON GOFFE
and JOHNNY'S
Special Guest NICKY HOLLOWAY
Entry £4 Members £3
Fri 22

THE TREVOR BURTON BAND
Plus Special Guests: DJ KRY'S Tickets £3.50
Sat 23
JIVE JIVE JIVE!!
RENT PARTY
Plus SWIMMING TO FRANCE
Tickets £4.50 DJ KRY'S

Sun 24
A BREATH OF... FRESH AIR
FAR NORTH MUSIC presents
THIEVE 40 THIEVES
THE SHOTGUN BRIDES
SOMEBODY'S BROTHER
RADIO RADIO
SEPTEMBER
Only £2.00 DJ Scratchy (7pm-11.30pm)

Mon 25
BANK HOLIDAY SPECIAL
THE LOVE PARADE
HIM (See them on Club Mat this week)
SAM & GALORE
Tickets £2.50 £2.00

Tues 26
THE STINGRAYS
+ THE GOLDEN HORDE
£3.00 £2.00
Coming Soon
DESMOND DEKKER 29th
EDDIE FLOYD 30th

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (01) 741 8989 OR ANY BRANCH KEITH PROWSE FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street

bad brains
BROKEN BONES
WORLD DOMINATION
enterprises

Wed. 3rd June
Tickets £4 advance, £4.50 doors
D.R.S. 7.30 PM

THE SOUP DRAGONS
"New Record, CAN'T TAKE NO MORE, Released JUNE 8th."

* **Cardiacs**
* **Talulah Gosh**
* **Blyth Power**

Sun. 7th June
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 Highgate Road, Kentish Town, NW5
Nearest Tube: Kentish Town (Northern Line)
Tickets: £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors

Sat. 6th June
LEICESTER ARENA
4 Newark Road, Telephone: 0533 555576
Tickets: £4

ASTORIA 157 CHARING CROSS RD
Doors 7.30pm

HARP BEAT
THE HARP BEAT
FRESH FOR LULU

Fields of the Nephilim
Love Parade

Tickets: £5.00
SAT 30th MAY

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

MARTIN STEPHENSON & THE DAINTIES

PLUS GYPSY DAVE SMITH BROTHER BROTHER

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB KENTISH TOWN

Monday 15th June, 8pm

Tickets £5.00 in advance Tel: 01-267-3334 & Keith Prowse, London Theatre Bookings, Premier, Stargreen 01-734-8932, Rough Trade & Rhythm, & Ticketmaster

EXPLOSION!!!!
ALL DAY AT
THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

HERE & NOW
MONDAY 25th MAY
3.00 pm - 11.00 pm

THE PURPLE THINGS
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
THE CROWS
THE SUITE CREAMCHEESE LIGHT SHOW

PETE BROWN
with PHIL RYAN + INTEROCETERS
(EX MAY)

Tickets 15.00 ADV FROM T & C BOX OFFICE 01 267 3334
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London Theatre Bookings 01 439 3371
and all other agents

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE RING ADRIAN ON 01-829 7816.

Division One
Saturday 23rd May £2.75

FIRE NEXT TIME
THE WELLHEADINN
WENDOVER, BUCKS
Tel: (0296) 622733
8.30pm-1am

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
LONDON N4
(opp. Finsbury Park Tube)
Tel: 01-263 4581

Wednesday 20th May
DUB SEX
+ THE HEART THROBS + Meat Injection
Thursday 21st May
BAD KARMA BECKONS
+ FAMOUS PLACES + The New Breed
Friday 22nd May
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ THE SHAMEN + Spacemen Three
Saturday 23rd May
ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
+ THE AUSTIN SHIRTS + Manic Depressives Disco
Sunday 24th May
(Lunchtime)
IGGY GUAL & FRIENDS
SAN ANTONIO TEX MEX BAND
(Evening)
TED CHIPPINGTON
+ Factory
Monday 25th May
Afternoon Festival
Cooking Vinyl Record Party
EDWARD II & THE RED HOT POLIKAS
+ THE DEIGHTON FAMILY + BLACK SPOT
CHAMPIONS + RORY MACLEOD + PRESS GANG +
MALCOLM'S INTERVIEW + DJ PETE LAWRENCE
Monday 25th May (evening)
LICK THE TINS
+ Faster Pusycat Roll Hill
Tuesday 26th May
THE MOODISTS
+ THE CORN DOLLIES + THE ACTORS
Wednesday 27th May
EDDIE FLOYD
+ Kim Leslie and the Bare Essentials
9.00 - 2.00am, Adm £5.00
Thursday 28th May
BLYTH POWER

RED WEDGE AND CITY LIMITS

THE WOODENTOPS
• THE JAZZ BUTCHER
JAMIE WEDNESDAY
7.30pm, tickets £4.50 (£3.50 concessions from T&C box office)

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
FRI 29th MAY

FRI 29th MAY

CRAZYHEAD
LOOP
BOMB PARTY
BIRDHOUSE

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
Hammersmith Broadway DRS 7.30 PM. TICKETS £4

Clarendon (opening hours) Rough Trade Records/Stargreen: 734 8932
L.T.B. 439 3371/Keith Prowse: 741 8989/Premier: 240 0771/Rhythm Records

Doors 7.30pm. Thurs 21st May Tickets: £4 adv £4.50 drs

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MEAN FIDDLER
LIVE MUSIC
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Wed 20th **THE MONOCHROME MEN** + **CASH**
+ **BEAT MANIACS** + **ROMA** Adm £1.00

Thur 21st **DEACON BLUE** + **KING FISHERS CATCH FIRE** Adm £4.00

Fri 22nd & Sat 23rd From USA Only London Date Adm £5.00

JOHN PRINE + **GILLIE McPHERSON TRIO** (22nd) Adm £4.00

Sun 24th **THE BOGIE BROTHERS** Adm £5.00

Mon 25th & Tues 26th From Ireland Adm £5.00

MARY BLACK Adm £3.00

Thur 28th **HEAD** + **THE WILD FRONTIERS** Adm £5.00

Fri 29th & Sat 30th Adm £5.00

DAVID KNOPFLER Adm £5.00

Sun 31st **THE REPLACEMENTS** + **BAM BAM & THE CALLING** Adm £5.00

Fri 5th & Sat 6th June Adm £4.00

KATRINA AND THE WAVES Adm £5.00

Sun 7th Adm £4.00

JOHN OTWAY **TED HAWKINS**

THE MEAN FIDDLER IS A LIVE MUSIC VENUE WITH A RESTAURANT, 4 BARS, A DINER AND DANCEFLOOR. OPEN 7 NIGHTS A WEEK 8PM-2AM. FIRST ACT ON 9PM. NIGHT BUS N18 - TUBE WILLESDEN JUNCTION

GARY GLITTER
Saturday 30th May Doors open 7.30pm
Tickets £5.50 + Booking Fee 30p

NEW ORDER
Tuesday 9th June Doors open 7.30pm
Tickets £6.00 + Booking Fee 30p

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Telephone 041-552 0276
All cheques/Postal Orders Payable to: BARROWLAND (Please send SAE).

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 20th May £2.00

Thursday 21st May **HELTER SKELTER** + Jake The Pilgrim £2.00

Friday 22nd May **THE REACTION CLUB** + Shush £3.00

Saturday 23rd May **STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK** + Mean Red Spiders £2.50

Sunday 24th May **A BIGGER SPLASH** + The Clay People Free

Monday 25th May **SHRINK TO FIT** £2.00

Tuesday 26th May **CAMERA SHY** + Potatoe Joe £2.00

THE COMPANY + Million Dollar Bash
Special Guest DJ every Lunchtime & Evening. Hot & Cold Food Always Available.

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THE HALF MOON
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Thursday 21st May **LAZY LESTER** (USA)
Friday 22nd May **BLUES BURGERS**
Saturday 23rd May **DESMOND DEKKER BAND**
Sunday 24th May **JOE LEE WILSON** (USA)
Monday 25th May **THE RIVALS** AND **BRENDAN CROKER**
Tuesday 26th May **BIG BAND**
Wednesday 27th May **CANCER RESEARCH CONCERT**
Thursday 28th May **THE GRAHAMOPHONES**
Friday 29th May **LICK THE TINS** + **SPENCER & FATHER**
Saturday 30th May **FRANKIE MILLER BAND**
Sunday 31st May **SONNY CURTIS** (USA) IN CONCERT

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN
Special Guests
THE WALLTONES

MAY 25th 1987
THE AFRICA CENTRE

38 King St, London WC2

DJ

WENDY MAY

Doors Open 8pm

TICKETS £4.00 (in advance) £4.50 (on the night)
TICKET INFO: 439 3371

MAY 26-27 THE RETURN OF III THE SOUND
NEW LP - THUNDER UP OUT NOW

TUNNEL

01-858 0837/0895 CLUB

is a club, in a pub. The Mtn, 338 TUNNEL AVE, GREENWICH, LONDON SE10 nearest tube, Bromley-by-Row then catch 108 bus through the Blackwall Tunnel, BR Maze Hill then walk down to Greenwich District hospital and catch a 108 bus. Buses 150, 177 then 108 bus from Hospital. We're open from 8pm-2am Saturdays and 8-12pm Sun to Fri, but do phone up before coming down in case we've had a cancellation. (Membership £1.00 off) Fri 22nd

JOHN OTWAY
RADIO RADIO + STAY BRAVE
£3.00, £2.50 coins

Sat 23rd

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS
+ BOSS + DEFECTED DANCER
Open till 2 am £3.50, £2.50 coins

Fri 5th June

GLORY
(Winner of Mirror/Marquesa Rock The World Contest)
£2.50, £2.00 coins

Sat 6th June

STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK
+ DANGER ZONE
£3.50, £2.50 coins Open till 2am

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
LONDON N4
(Opp. Finsbury Park Tube)
Tel: 01-263 4581

BANK HOLIDAY FESTIVAL
Monday 25th May

Afternoon 12 o'clock to 5pm
Cooking Vinyl Record Party

Featuring
EDWARD II
AND THE RED HOT POLKAS
+ DEIGHTON FAMILY
+ BLACK SPOT CHAMPIONS
+ RORY MACLEOD
+ PRESS GANG
+ MALCOLMS INTERVIEW

CJ Pete Lawrence

Evening 9 o'clock to 2am

LICK THE TINS
+ FASTER PUSSY CAT KILL KILL



SONIC YOUTH
FIREHOSE

LEE RENALDO (solo set)
AC TEMPLE

THURSDAY JUNE 4th

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 Highgate Road, Kentish Town, London NW5

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB (267 3334), LTB (439 3371), PREMIER (240 2245),
RHYTHM RECORDS (267 0123), ROUGH TRADE (229 8541), STARGREEN (734 8932)

Doors 7.30 Tickets £5

FOR
DETAILS
OF
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ON
THE
LIVE PAGE
RING
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BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Wednesday 20th May £1.50

THE POLITBURO
BUCK CIRCUS HOUR

Thursday 21st May £1.50

THE ANNIVERSARY
THE IDENTITY CRISIS

Friday 22nd May The @orages: £1.50

THE MILK MONITORS
HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER

Saturday 23rd May £1.50

HYDE 'N' SEEK
FUEL TO THE FIRE

Monday 25th May

THE HELP ENGINE
INSTANT REACTOR
HAPPY EVER AFTER

Tuesday 26th May £1.50

Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm



RAYMOND GUBBAY presents

BRITAIN'S MOST SUCCESSFUL FOLK GROUP

STEELEYE SPAN
WITH FULL SUPPORT

BANK HOLIDAY MONDAY MAY 25 at 7.45pm
£5.00, £6.50, £8.00, £9.50

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BOOK TODAY

JLP CONCERTS present **FM** + SHE
ASTORIA THEATRE
CHARING CROSS RD. WC2.
Wednesday 27th May, 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 in advance Tel: 01-437-1801 & Usual Agents

TO ADVERTISE
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RING ADRIAN ON
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* LONDON'S
BOOKINGS
439 3371

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON
CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MAY

20th Paul Brady
20th Johnny Clegg and Suvaka
20th Duran Duran
21st Pretenders
21st Bodines
21st Front 242
22nd Stump
22nd Zoot and the Roots
22nd Weather Prophets
24th IQ
24th Gary Glitter
24th Jonah Moyo
25th Gary Glitter
25th Railway Children
25th Here & Now
26th Gary Moore
27th F.M.
27th Thompson Twins
28th Run DMC
28th The Primitives
29th Woodentops
30th Striper
30th Flesh For Lulu
31st Man Jumping

JUNE

3rd Neil Young
4th Bruce Hornsby
4th Sonic Youth
5th Rosie Vela
5th Pop Will Eat Itself
5th Latin Quarter
6th Man O War
6th New Order
6th A Certain Ratio
7th Soup Dragons
8th Long Ryders
12th Dr Feelgood
12th All About Eve
12th/13th Fatback
15th Martin Stephenson
16th Duke Ellington
17th Johnny Guitar Watson
19th/21st Glastonbury
20th Agent Steel
21st Husker Du
21st Carmel
23rd/24th Iggy Pop
24th/25th Curtis Mayfield
28th Ta-J-Mahal
29th Christians

JULY

1st Trouble Funk
3rd Billy Connolly
4th Go West
9th/11th/12th/15th/16th Billy Joel
10th Chris de Burgh
19th The Beach Boys

AUGUST

22nd Donington/Bon Jovi
29th/31st Stevie Wonder

SEPTEMBER

1st/3rd/6th Stevie Wonder

* LONDON'S
BOOKINGS
439 3371

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
LONDON W1.

CLIVE
GREGSON
AND
CHRISTINE
COLLISTER
WITH THE
PANIC BROTHERS

Friday 22 + Saturday 23 May,
BLOOMSBURY THEATRE
GORDON ST. EUSTON WC1
01-387 9629

THE **ALBANY**
EMPIRE

Thursday 21st May

ELECTRIC DREAM

featuring

JULIAN BHULA & DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH + BACKLASH

Doors 8pm

Tickets £3.50 (£2 unwaged)

MEMBERS £1 OFF

Sunday 24th May

DAGMAR KRAUSE
IN CONCERT WITH
JASON OSBOURNE

An evening of Brecht Songs

Doors 8pm

Tickets £4.50 (£3 unwaged)

MEMBERS £1 OFF

Wednesday 27th May

A COUNTRY AND WESTERN
SPECTACULAR! with
BRENDAN CROKER

THE RIVALS — with B J Cole + THE PANIC BROTHERS

Doors 7pm Show 8pm

Tickets £3.50 (£2 unwaged)

MEMBERS £1 OFF

Thursday 28th May

MAN JUMPING

Doors 8pm

Tickets £3.50 (£2 unwaged)

MEMBERS £1 OFF

DOUGLAS WAY, London SE8 4AG
BOX OFFICE: 01-691 3333

WEDNESDAY 20 MAY AT 7.30

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND

JOHNNY CLEGG
AND SAVUKA

PLUS FROM ZIMBABWE: JONAH MOYO & DEVERA NGWENA

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

9-17 HIGHGATE RD NWS

TICKETS £6 ADV FROM £0.267-3334

* CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 734-8932 * ROUGH TRADE * STERNS 387-5550 *

* KEITH PROWSE 741-8987 * PREMIER 240-2245 *

* STARGREEN 734-8932 * LTB 439-3371 * RHYTHM RECORDS * ROCK ON *

KAMIKAZI MUSIC PRESENTS

that petrol emotion FRIDAY 22nd MAY
+ Yargo

THE PRIMITIVES WEDNESDAY 27th MAY
+ MY BLOODY VALENTINE

CRAZYHEAD SUNDAY 31st MAY
+ SIRENS OF SEVENTH AVENUE

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID SATURDAY 6th JUNE
+ support

OLD FIVE BELLS, HARBOROUGH RD (A508)

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Tickets: Advance from Spin-A-Disc (N'pton)

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Telephone: 0639 897968

Every Thursday Live Band Night 10pm-2am

Thursday 21st May

CLOSE LOBSTERS

Thursday 28th May

THE PRIMITIVES

Thursday 11th June

THE HIGHLINERS

Thursday 18 June

MY BLOODY VALENTINE

Coming Soon: SOUP DRAGON, THAT PETROL EMOTION, TULA GOSH, THE WEATHER PROPHETS, BOLSHOI, STARS OF HEAVEN, ALL ABOUT EVE.

Thursday 25th June

THE BODINES

Thursday 2nd July

POP WILL EAT ITSELF

Thursday 18th July

JACK RUBIES

MCD presents

GARY MOORE

WILD FRONTIER TOUR

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE

TUES 26th MAY 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00 & £7.00 (Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master and Stargreen.

RONNIE SCOTT'S

47 FRITH STREET, LONDON W1

Sun May 24 at 8pm £5 Adv

FROM ZIMBABWE

JONAH MOYO

+ DEVERA NGWENA

(FOLLOW THE CROCODILE)

Sun May 31 at 8pm £5

MAN JUMPING

BOX OFFICE 439 0747

AND USUAL AGENTS

The Africa Centre

38 King Str. WC2

ZIMBABWE'S FINEST WITH

REAL SOUNDS

OF AFRICA

Mon/Tues. 1/2nd June at 8pm

Tickets £5 in advance

Wednesday 3rd June at 8pm

Jonah Moyo

and DeVeRa ngwena

(Follow the Crocodile) Tickets £4 in advance

Tickets in advance from Sterns

Tel 387 5550 or usual agents

cc Tel 734 8932

TO ADVERTISE
ON THE LIVE PAGE
RING ADRIAN ON
01-829 7816.

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

Doors 7.30pm. **ENTERTAINMENTS** Tickets: £4
NEARBY: TUBES, COUNCIL OFFICE, POTTENHALL COURT ROAD, ALFORDS, NEW A&A, ALFORDS, THE ARMS
MALET STREET WC1
THE WEATHER PROPHETS
Jill Bryson
Alternative T.V.
David Westlake
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION
Fri 22nd May

UNTIL WE SLEEP

► And Guests: THE SOUND SERVICE ◀

Thursday June 11th
Savoy Ballroom
at The Boston
178 Junction Road
London N19
(opp. Tufnell Park Tube)
► Tickets £2.50 advance
► £3.00 door
Doors 8.00 pm
(Premier Box Office 01-260 0771)

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE RING ADRIAN ON 01-829 7816.

PUMP ROCK
PRESENTS

Sunday 24th May 7.30pm
THE JACK RUBIES
+ Support

Monday 25th May 7.30pm
STEVE MARRIOTT
And The Official Receivers

Sunday 31st May 7.30pm
THE PINK FAIRIES
+ Kiss The Blade

Sunday 7th June 7.30pm
ZOOT AND THE ROOTS
+ Support

ALL AT THE PITTVILLE PUMP ROOM,
CHELTENHAM,
Details CHELTENHAM 523690

Adrian Hopkins presents

THAT PETROL EMOTION

plus YARGO

Main Hall, Oxford Polytechnic, Headington, Oxford
Saturday 23rd May at 8pm

Tickets £4 available from Apollo Theatre Oxford, Students Union or on the door.

RAYMOND GUBBAY presents
An evening with

TOM PAXTON

America's legendary folk singer
WED 3 JUNE at 7.45pm

£4 £5 £6.50 £8 £9.50 CREDIT CARDS WELCOME
BARBICAN 01-638 8891/628 8795

Derek Block presents

RUBY TURNER

PICCADILLY
THEATRE W1.
Sun 31st May 7.30pm
TICKETS: £6.50
B/O (01) 437 6005
New Single "I'm in Love" out now on **LIVE** Records.

From 5pm
Saturday 6th June
Admission £7
(Subject to Booking Fee)

Phil McIntyre and
Factory Records present

New Order A Certain Ratio Railway Children Happy Mondays

Hacienda DJ's—MP²

Supertent
Finsbury Park
London
N4

Tickets Available From:

Keith Prowse	Reading	Stafford
LTB	Listen Records	Lotus Records
Stargreen	Gloucester	Bristol
Premier	Leisure Centre	Virgin Records
Albemarle	Birmingham Odeon	Ipswich Gaumont
Coventry	Brighton Virgin Records	Chippinham Goldiggers
Poster Place	Nottingham	Southend Cliffs
Croydon	Wayhead	Pavilion
Fairfield Halls	Mike Lloyd Megastore	Portsmouth Guildhall
Luton HMV	Newcastle U Lyme	Norwich Theatre Royal
	Mike Lloyd Megastore	Cardiff Hippo Records
	Hanley	Southampton
		Mayflower
		International Centre
		Northampton
		Spin A Disc

MCP Presents

U2

Plus Special Guests

THE PRETENDERS ALARM

WORLD PARTY

CARDIFF ARMS PARK
SATURDAY 25th JULY 4.00 pm
Tickets: £14.00 (including VAT)

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Enclosing SAE, Cheque/PO
made payable to MCP
plus 30p per ticket booking fee
(Allow 28 days maximum)

CREDIT CARD
HOTLINE
01 741 8989
(Subject to Booking Fee)

TICKET AGENTS

Rockaway Records Newport	Derricks Records Swansea
Roxcene Records Newport	Soundz Records Torquay
Falcon Music Llanelli	Bakers Travel Bridgwater
Roxcene Records Bridgend	Mayflower Theatre Southampton
Virgin Records Bristol	Vibrations Records Neath
Rival Records Bristol	Vibrations Records Port Talbot
Rival Records Bath	Music Centre Merthyr Tydfil
Apollo Theatre Oxford	Paul Roberts Hi-Fi Centre
Oasis Centre Swindon	Weston Super Mare
Leisure Centre Gloucester	Cardiff Arms Park
Guildhall Portsmouth	Ystwyth Aberystwyth
Left Bank Records Exeter	Swales Haverford South Wales
International Centre Bournemouth	Paul Roberts Hi-Fi Centre Taunton
Virgin Records Plymouth	Ian Allan Travel Cheltenham
Odeon Theatre Birmingham	Penn Travel Centre Hereford
Hexagon Reading	Virgin Records Worcester
Cardiff St. Davids Hall	Tower Records Piccadilly London
Acorn Records Yeovil	(Subject to 50p Booking Fee)

LIVE

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

VOX NECTAR

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK
LONDON ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL

THE HYPE on Sweet Honey In The Rock had them sounding so right on it nearly put me right off. Five American black women singing a cappella gospel, tribal and civil rights songs, and shaking gourd rattles in syncopated rhythm – c'mon, it's been done to death.

I was wrong, of course. After the tiniest taste of Sweet Honey's tribal incantation, which proved their extraordinary vocal range and flattened even this most cynical sister, I knew this was not your average staid soul sister singing group. Any instrumentation other than these five most perfect voices would have been not only superfluous, but blasphemous.

They were staid in a most unconventional manner, sitting up with perfect posture, unnerving composure and delicate strength, but splay-legged! It was neither a sexual nor innocent gesture, but a matter-of-fact one. They were the very models of careful graciousness, and their plain black jumpsuits, topped with brightly coloured shawls, reinforced the well-sussed notion that all action would be strictly from the neck up – that these matron saints of joy and sorrow saved every ounce of energy for their voices.

And they were perfect – extending

vowels on notes so as to render the words unrecognisable. Sweet Jeeeeeesus never sounded so good, so multi-syllabic!

So you can imagine our discomfort when Sweet Honey urged us to sing along in call and response – the gap between their vocal talents and ours considerably wider than the ocean they crossed; we shall not be moved. Indeed. But the most matronly of the five would not have it, and cheerfully growled at us to uncross our legs and sing out.

A big slash of colour, the spectacular tribal costumes of the second half, served to change the soft, spiritual mood is a trembling, political one; ironically, the more frenzied the singing. (If Jesus don't get you, the Contreras will.) A rivetingly right-on number about the US death squads in El Salvador turned sharply into an operatic rant on Biko – complete with sign language for the deaf. Though it's a fair assumption that we were all cloth-eared before we heard Sweet Honey in the Rock, I'd like to think the sign language was a genuine gesture of total communication.

I was moved more by the singing than the mood, though it must be said that the rest of the audience was in such right-on rapture that I felt positively jealous. Awe inspiring, but not buckets of fun.

MICHELE KIRSCH

alopbamboom!! Sweet Honey blast forth.

THE GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA LONDON HAMMERSMITH IDEON

DON'T TRY and convince me otherwise – Gil Evans just has to ream in colour: family-pack size rainbow vistas so brilliant that either the Good Lord nor Apple computer-generated graphics can equal. And, when Evans wakes, he ens appropriate soundtracks.

Apart from The Duke, no other person within jazz has ever orchestrated such vibrant permutations of sound quite as uniquely as Gil Evans. Everything is subtle, to the extent that the mischievous Evans frequently does much of his best plundering outside of jazz parameters. It may well be the Great Man's 75th birthday blow-out, but it's not a light for a nostalgic lap of honour.

Since first scoring for Claude Thornhill's Orchestra in the mid-40s and later both Miles Davis' Birth Of The Cool and a concerto trilogy that included Sketches Of Spain, Evans established his credentials as a revolutionary by dismantling regimented Big Band section playing in favour of rich textural ensembles. At 75 (not out), Gil Evans retains his position as a frontrunner, an innovator, a 24-hour original.

It's Evans' uncanny ability to direct a large group of players whilst still retaining the mobility of a small combo that persistently attracts such stellar soloists to his ranks. And Evans consistently views familiar themes and devices through a different lens. It's no big deal to pull together such diverse elements as Mingus ('Boogie Stop Wuffie'), Hendrix ('Up From The Skies') and The Police ('Synchronicity'), garnish them with be-bop bird-licks, deep-dish R&B, free-fall

improvisations, slap-stick and mind-warp psychedelia, run it through the blender and then let rip. The resulting screams and scrambles, merriment and mayhem, combine into a non-stop quick-mix that would instantly burn even the most speedy wheels-of-steel mechanic.

To name-check the robust tenor of George Adams, Steve Lacy's soprano siren-call, trumpet-player Lew Soloff's precision lip and guitarist Hiram Bullock's virtuosity isn't to relegate the dozen or more players to secondary roles. Quite the reverse, Evans' orchestral structures never subjugate individuality. If anything a musician's contributions gain a high-profile relief. This is particularly true of George Adams who always signs off his solos boldly.

Two more examples you shall have. Airtro – armed with just a tambourine and whistle – gave his remarkable one-hundred-drummers impression, whilst Van Morrison's one song guest shot begs for a full-blown re-match.

Here, Evans and the orchestra placed their collective skills on full-alert. While maintaining the original finger-pop mood of 'Moondance', expanding and intensifying the backdrop had Van's impressive voice book-ending equally impressive solos. All future renditions of 'Moondance' must pale in comparison.

As with all good parties, it ended with balloons. And, nobody was ill on the carpet. Same time, same place, next year Gil?

ROY CARR

THE WEDDING PRESENT THE WISHING STONES MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY

DO YOU know what time it is? Do you know – more to the point – what year it is? 'Rhythm Killers' retreads mid-70s funk and we're wetting ourselves over it, the Weather Prophets "great first LP" sounds like the Velvets at their worst, and at this gig the legacy of three decades of rock cries out in every note, every minute.

Through the PA before the bands played we had early Jam sounding like '60s Who, the Wedding Present's singer was wearing a Fall T-shirt, the drummer a Higsone t-shirt (remember The Higsone?), and the bands played straight-faced variations on age-old four-boys-and-a-guitar themes. It's 1987 and what I'm witnessing here is rock's rituals getting recycled for the millionth time.

The audience hadn't come to see The Wishing Stones, and didn't venture near the stage, but the band – blinking into the distance with all the enthusiasm of sailors marooned in shark-infested waters – played a dogged 30-minute set, a mix of slightly trudging, slow riffs and lightly bouncing guitar picks. The crumpled melancholy of 'Beat Girl' dominated the surrounding songs, making them sound grey and careworn.

The Wishing Stones communicate with an earnest simplicity; there's no onstage histrionics, nothing but a restrained clarity, which makes The Wedding Present sound desperate, sound like a complicated guitar clatter trying too hard to hit hard.

You couldn't hear singer Gedge above the breakneck guitar licks, the distinctive Wedding Present

crushed chord rhythms. They sweat close to the mainstream, their hard-edged rhythms missing the scalpel subtlety, the bold dash of Big Flame (who could cut you up before you'd felt a thing). One of their encores was a cover of the Girls At Our Best number 'Getting Nowhere Fast', whether as a confession or an epitaph it doesn't matter: "getting nowhere fast says too much."

DAVE HASLAM

THE BIBLE DEACON BLUE LONDON KINGS COLLEGE

"THERE ARE three steps to limbo," sings Boo Hewerdine and then proceeds to dance them, grinning idiotically as he gently describes yippie runes with his fingers in the air above his lolling, sweating face.

With the college crowd already well jollied, courtesy of an impressively hard warm-up set from radical-Fred-Flintstones-of-white-soul Deacon Blue, The Bible are walking on palms tonight, and they know it. From the opening, acoustic tinged chord, this is Epic Pop, but in the wide-open-road tradition of, say, 'Wichita Lineman' rather than the sell-out stadiatronics of 'New Girl's Dream'. With The Bible we get a journey, not the 1812 Overture.

And where are we going to? "Redemption", answers Sam McCloud-lookalike Boo, then adds a coy "sort of". Religious imagery abounds, but the god being prayed to is Lurve.

"You're my Bible – I'm the disciple," goes the theme song, and, hard though it may be to believe, The Bible manage to carry off without sounding either cynical or entirely serious. While Hewer-

dine's optimism makes even Bono look like Ian Curtis on a wet Sunday afternoon, there's a wry self-mockery in there too which saves him, a welcome tincture of parody which makes his passion easier to swallow without gagging or giggling.

"I love you a little bit more than I love myself, and that's scary," and of course he does, the clot, and it is. On 'Graceland', he's asking, "When I die will you build Taj Mahal and wear black every day?" The Bible's charm is that the choice is yours. You can throw yourself headlong into the maelstrom of their undeniably big music, or you can lie on the shore, revelling in the inspired buffoonery, basking in the warmth.

NICK KELLY

STUMP LONDON CHELSEA COLLEGE

DON VAN Vliet could walk down the street and people could not resist his stare – though surely no one would ever have conceived of licking his chest. But that's what one eager admirer confessed to me she would happily do to Mick Lynch. Of all the perversest phenomena, who could have envisaged Stumpomania – that a song about bottoms and fish could incite such rapturous libidinal reaction in an audience. As Morrissey's hip to The Smiths, so Lynch's skinny torso to Stump, an absurd object of desire. You could conceivably put Lynch in a Levi's ad, but you'd have a very curious spectacle indeed – a pipecleaner effigy of Michael Clark whooping and yapping and flexing his George Robey eyebrows while imitating a man doing The Hustle backwards through a Force 10 gale. He's the

perfect genial ham, hollering drunken cat-calls while angry neighbours, woken by the din, hurl their slops at him; still he roars on, on 'Alcohol', for example, a Rabelasian bellyful of a song.

But more than this, there's the implausible – and extremely artful – weirdness of the instrumentation, which admittedly I find heavy weather in places, like a constant volley of barbed wire balls. Chris Salmon has found a viable application for the apparent aesthetic dead end of 'Trout Mask' guitar theory, whanging his whammy-bar mercilessly or creating a reproachful clucking of swamp poultry; Rob McKahey's drums are the sound of the tropical fiesta hosted by blood-thirsty platoons of army ants, while Kev Hopper's phenomenally devious way with the bass simply flabbergasts the innocent bystander who thought such oblique patterns only cropped up on Derek Bailey records.

Many bands have blabbered about Beefheart influences, but Stump are the only one in recent memory to live up to theirs in a radically unexpected way (and a strangely faithful way at that). People will mention the blessed Ubu of course, but (Fact!) Alfred Jarry, creator of the first Ubu, once wrote a poem about a lobster falling hopelessly in love with a can of corned beef, and that is exactly the spirit of Stump. They take griminess and smelliness and the comic mis-shapen of all things flesh and fish as far off the wall and into the next court as they can decently go.

JONATHAN ROMNEY



PICTURE: MUR MACKENAN

BRAIN DAMAGE

BAD BRAINS STUPIDS

LONDON HAMMERSMITH CLARENDON
GAZUMPED, BUT only for a moment. Glued fast to the bottom of the bill, the Stupids' manifesto – to blow three chunks or four out of rock 'n' roll's mouldy datebook – had only a partial reading tonight. But their absurd reshoeing of 'Born To Run', whereby the anthem is given wheels (skating, of course), kept all 800 of us in tow. The missing ingredient was their guitarist who blew out their Big Deal show for his girlfriend's birthday party in Ipswich. If you're reading this, bud, you're outta the band.

The Bambi Slam were a filling between two tough slices, and didn't seem to fit. The front fourth of this crowd was aching for something to dive to, out of the first-floor ballroom and into the Broadway, and it wasn't here.

Bad Brains' first show in Britain for almost five years was timely – hip-hop aside, the only sound with any guts is coming from their long-established quarter, which is now refreshing itself. How these four funky speed-

mental Washington Rastas have kept playing at this pace for some eight years and still give off a freshmen's conviction and commitment is something we won't even try to fathom out. From the moment HR raised his fist in appetising salute, Brains and audience matched the other blow for blow, a stunning empathy that their dynamite hardcore current fed into. Forget the cross-cultural collision of a ballroom of mostly (white) hip(py)-punks going apefist to fast dreads, this was the motorway pile-up!

Body temperatures were pacified by the spirit-call of 'I And I Survive', and anyone wandering in just then would have observed all preconceptions in place, a crowd nodding along to the Bad Brains' strangely lazy reggae beat. A song or two later, however, and HR, perfecting the full backwards somersault, and the other three were stirring up happy-hell.

At the end, when the Clarendon's nasty jallers tried to throw well-wishing divers off the stage, HR called them off and invited us all on. By that time, my glasses, which flew off my ears during the first ten minutes, were in pieces, so I couldn't join in, but it was tempting.

DAVID SWIFT

THE FALL LONDON ASTORIA

SO WHAT is it about The Fall? No one else consistently draws this strange goblin crowd, these people whose understanding isn't determined by the way they look, who'd always vanish between the lines in a consumer-research study. And they always come, and then make snidy comments – Smith's fans are admirably cynical about the boy. But they still venerate him.

Fall-sound hasn't changed much. It's thickened, and the rhythm has sharpened till it shudders and dances. I'll be provocative: The Fall are the closest we're going to come to an English Sly And The Family Stone, with their subtle portage of modern urban myth and their strangeness and their directness. I'll be more provocative: Smith is far less flaky than Sly, and 10 years seem like a tiny blip on his event horizon (four years is twice too long for most rock operations – but of course The Fall are Northern Soul... you can hear that, can't you?).

Have they run out of ideas? Have they become an institution? Get out of here! Can they break up and out of their present cycle? Will a Top 30 hit change the game, take their grouchy genius out of their hands and plump it in the people's?

We've stopped treating them as one among many groups. Their impress is unique, historically, psychologically. Right. So what? Mark E's devotion to his own imagination comes across as slouched truculence, and there's still people that can't get past that – but they're still the only unit whose intelligence is broadcast in their sound, rather than the pre-publicity, or the lyric sheets, or the clothes. Brix has opened up their glamour: but because their focus is so fiercely aural, they remove themselves from the first level of Britain's gruggy class game. For a

while. For long enough, just long enough. Four encores. Wicked. What's next? Maybe they should write a song about me.

MARK L. SINKUS

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM CENTRAL LONDON POLYTECHNIC

THE AREA around Manchester has spawned more than its fair share of cheerful idiots. Freddie And The Dreamers, Gracie Fields, The Albertos – if they act as if their mental development was stunted at an early age, chances are they're from within commuting distance of Piccadilly Station.

Frank Sidebottom has attracted a large following with his pathetic humour and the childish glee he takes in space rockets, pop stars and his home town of Timperley. Frank's appearance is completely over the top. He has a papier mache head with enormous blue eyes painted on it and he wears a badly fitting brown suit, covered in badges, which makes him look like an ex-mental patient.

But if he is an idiot, then he's one of God's idiots. He takes us back to the golden age, when we weren't afraid to be enthusiastic about things. Between songs he does magic tricks such as the completely pointless 'Cup, Cup, Pot-Noodle' trick. He also brings out Little Frank, a ventriloquist's dummy, who makes Frank's life a misery. There seems to be a certain amount of sibling rivalry between Frank and his cardboard friend.

Frank's latest obsession is with the music of Freddie Mercury. In his nasal twang, he delivers delightful cover versions of Queen songs, changing the lyrics to include himself, Timperley and Little Frank. He is at his most engaging though, when he's singing about what he knows best – Timperley and space. His enthusiasm when he sings 'Space Is Ace' or tells us

how to make a launching pad for a white sheet and some paint is wonderfully infectious.

It says a lot about the most entertaining performers in England is a bloke with a papier maché head.

JACK SHAMAS

THE RAINMAKERS LONDON ASTORIA

WHAT THE flipping flip is going on? Nobody in the world ever heard of The Rainmakers. Nobody has any of their records, and yet with the suddenness of puberty, their single is in the charts and the Astoria is full of people who know all of the words to it. The Rainmakers aren't even a charity hypey sort of band; they play sweaty rock'n'roll, and not very danceable music. Like a tramp, the Montreux Festival, The Rainmakers should not be in the charts and yet they are. Weird. At least their appeal as a live band is easy to grasp. From singer Bob Walkenhorst's Minnie Pearl-style scream of "HOWDDDDYYYYY!" to the encores of 'Stranded In The Jungle' and 'Memphis Tennessee', the show was a testament to the effectiveness of unoriginality, subtlety, and wondrously bangkerang guitars. They have some appealing eccentricities; Walkenhorst sings just like an animated Stan Ridgway, while the lyrics are quirky in extreme (vide 'Let My People Go-Go') as they are extremely energetic. Even a studied stoic like myself could help but sing all the wrong words 'Stranded', so boisterous was rendering. Alas, the shades of pop rock evening fall all too early on The Rainmakers, who in their appearance and attitude leave you thinking that they are in fact Feelgood disguised as REM in the hope of getting into the NME. Another hit will be mega-pushy, it, however.

DAVID QUANTILL

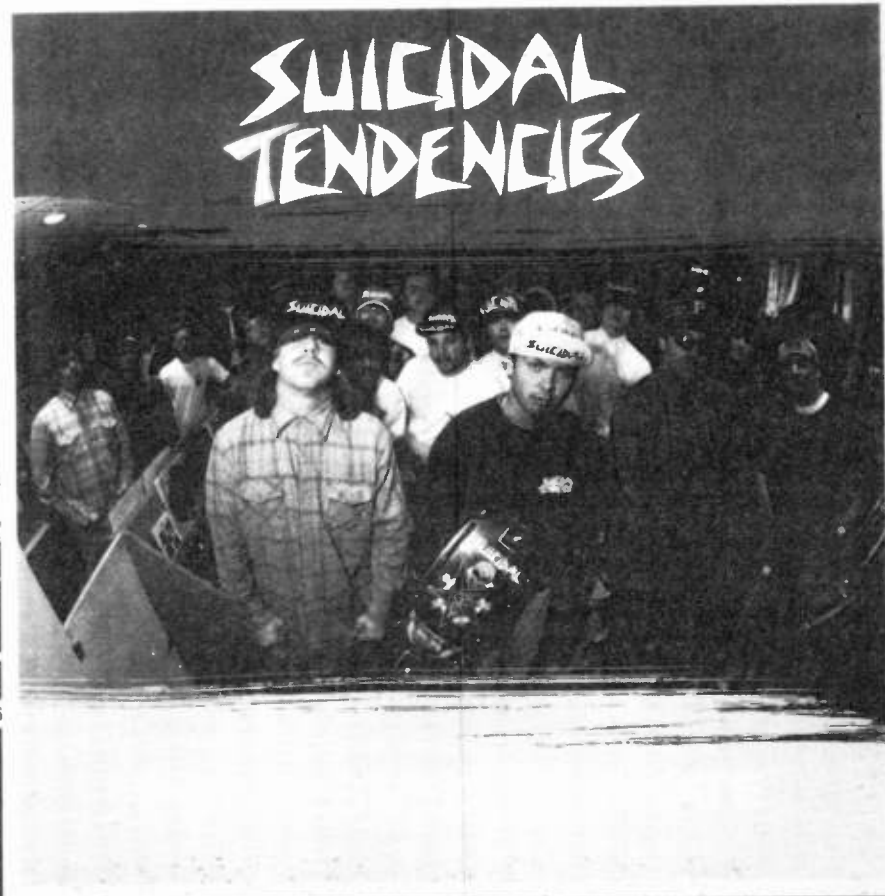
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LOS VAN VAN LONDON BRIXTON CADEMY

ONCE AGAIN, you have to thank a savvy Nicaragua Solidarity campaign for beefing up the cultural soundscape of the capital: urban big-band Los Van Van turned out to be the perfect festive phenomenon to end a sunny day. With a 14-strong line-up that actually managed to fill the vast academy stage (not to mention presenting sundry ages and sets), they proved a capable army of ambience adjusters.

The initial half of their two hours-long debut in London turned out to be introductory. It warmed up a packed house — to hip-swinging, swirling, calypsodic salsa with sophisticated lines of reference audible even to a novice like me) and complex arrangements. But not seductive sounds! No matter how resistant you felt to the mainstream-showbiz tenor of the act, by the middle of their second set Los Van Van had triumphed completely.

Lovers were hugging, friends were lounging on the floor, young rks were blissfully bumping hips, and shoes lay abandoned throughout the house.

The whole effect was unique; these Cubans had created a party atmosphere within which each could do as he or she pleased, according to voice and whim. But, everyone could feel comfortable — and everyone could, at some point, dance. At a time when political correctness mandates a global split between East and West, our world really divided between north and south. But our knowledge of *el sur* remains trite and faulty — so all power to more crazy, stylish, tasty findings like this.

CYNTHIA ROSE

THE GOLDEN HORDE THE EXPERIMENT DUBLIN CATHEDRAL CLUB

THE EXPERIMENT'S look is November '66. Hair just starting to creep over the collar, understated paisley and solitary garage confinement. For a simple four-piece they certainly kick up a hell of a racket — Reg Presley confronts Jimi Hendrix. With a singer on constant fast-forward and a guitar player well-versed in free-boardology, they're at once controlled and exciting. 'Rainbow Fish' features real wah wah guitar lines while 'The Burning' gives a glimmer of future potential. Let's hope they don't get too messed up in '67.

"Are you ready to rock?" bawls The Golden Horde's Simon Carmody. Legs akimbo, with a half-full bottle of wine in one hand and the ever present shades at just the right angle, he leads a full-frontal assault with unremitting vigour. The Golden Horde may be Ireland's undisputed Kings of Trash but they also display an ability at times quite alarming — to write nifty pop tunes such as 'Endless Weekend'.

As Carmody spits wine and rhetoric in equal proportions, the band (like extras from *The Addams Family*) build their trademark wall of sound up to fever pitch. 'Chocolate Biscuit' is wild and West Coastish, while Hot Chocolate's 'Everyone's A Winner' is customised and hilarious. 'Adrienne' and 'Brainiac' compound the madness that culminates in a deranged and extended version of the Flamin' Groovies' 'Teenage Head'.

These guys make The Ramones look like Foster and Allen on a good night.

RICHIE TAYLOR

DIRTY DEEDS DIRT CHEAP



Sex God and the Devil's mic.

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION LONDON ASTORIA

I SAW one motorbike and that was parked halfway up Oxford Street. Outside the Astoria a gaggle of Goths and Metal boys bleated good naturedly to be allowed in. Inside small, orderly queues formed for the bars. There was no evidence of kamikaze drinking or drug-induced foaming at the mouth. But the biggest disappointment was the sheer number of courting couples. Clearly, I should have left my pickaxe handle at home.

Halfway through the concert Zodiac, tried of leering and leching for an obvious male sea of fans at the front of the stage, demanded to know where all his horny women fans were? Well, they were up in the balcony sticking their tongues in their boyfriends' ears. This was definitely not an orgy, and thank God...

Zodiac And The Love Reaction are so blatantly faking their way through the music industry that it's hardly surprising if the audience take it all with a pinch of salt. It's something healthy and positive considering that other people (eg Psychic TV) have duped their way to success by creating a sinister sense of mystery and meaning out of anachronistic psychedelic posturing. Zodiac, mercifully, has concentrated on the gap in the '80s market for a new T. Rex

— taking the rawness of traditional rock'n'roll, accentuating its implicit sexual power, then masking its limitations with 'cosmic' lyrics. Bolan was about harmless fun, and Zodiac is too. There has been little else in the '80s I could risk the definition on. For you don't need a single ounce of 'style' to enjoy Zodiac Mindwarp, although you do need to put your raised feminist conscience under lock and key.

The only thing wrong with Zodiac live is their choice of backdrop, which has a distinct resemblance to the Nazi flag. They don't need that amount of biker 'chic' to convince us of the joke. Otherwise, the experience of spending a night on pop planet Mindwarp is one of pure entertainment. Certainly, it washed away all my cynicism and debate about the pop process long enough for me to have a good time as a concert goer rather than a critic (something I haven't felt for a long while). Who could possibly find a man who talks Bolan-speak in a fake American accent between songs offensive or threatening? Zodiac are a brief return to innocence, and I'm glad they've dressed it up in filthy clothes; even the most astute designer brain can't market dirt to style-obsessed consumers. Zodiac ended the evening with a stirring rendition of Wham!'s 'I'm Your Man'.

JANE SOLANAS



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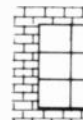
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FROM PAGE 25

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WEST EALING. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £43 p.w. excl. Deposit £150. Phone 567 4536. C.H. All mod cons.

LEYTON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £125 p.w. excl. Deposit £50. Phone 556 6154. C.H. All mod cons.

WILMINGTON. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 464 4180. C.H. All mod cons.

SW17. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £43 p.w. excl. Deposit neg. Phone 672 4730. C.H. All mod cons.

SW2. Female for large shared room in maisonette. Rent £25 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 671 4346. C.H. All mod cons.

E18. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. excl. Deposit £40. Phone 474 6084. C.H. All mod cons.

WOOD GREEN N22. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £32.50 p.w. excl. Deposit £120. Phone 888 7464. C.H. All mod cons.

WALLINGTON, SURREY. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £200 p.w. incl. plus telephone bill. Phone 669 3892. C.H. All mod cons.

LEYTON. Male/female/couple for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. incl. for small single room. £45 p.w. incl. for large double. Phone 278 6100. C.H. All mod cons.

LEYTON. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £125 p.w. excl. Deposit £50. Phone 556 1842. C.H. All mod cons.

BALHAM. Female for own room in flat. Rent £22.50 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 675 8921. C.H. All mod cons.

WANDSWORTH. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £150 p.w. incl. Deposit £75. Phone 989 9530. C.H. All mod cons.

CLAPHAM COMMON. Female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. excl. Deposit £213. Phone 769 0457. C.H. All mod cons.

SE27. Male/female for own large double room in house. Rent £58 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 581 670. C.H. All mod cons.

NORTH FINCHLEY. Female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.w. incl. Deposit £50. Phone 446 0698. C.H. All mod cons.

SOUTH KENSINGTON. Female for own room in flat. Rent £50 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 581 4204. C.H. All mod cons.

BALHAM. Female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 673 5446. C.H. All mod cons.

NOTTING HILL W11. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £202 p.w. excl. Deposit £11. Phone 221 5265. C.H. All mod cons.

N18. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 807 7643. C.H. All mod cons.

N1. Male for own room in flat. Rent £100 p.w. excl. Deposit £150. Phone 226 0685. C.H. All mod cons.

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TOTTENHAM HA1E. Female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 808 8825. C.H. All mod cons.

HARRINGAY. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £100 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 800 5069. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £85 p.w. excl. Deposit £40. Phone 671 0187. C.H. All mod cons.

WILMINGTON GREEN NW2. Male for shared room in flat. Rent £131 p.w. excl. Deposit £130. Phone 451 7320. C.H. All mod cons.

TOTTENHAM. 2 males/2 females for 2 own rooms in house. Rent £150 p.w. excl. Deposit £150. Phone 801 5736. C.H. All mod cons.

RAYNES PARK SW20. Male/female/couple for own double room in house. Rent £60 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 568 6747. C.H. All mod cons.

RAYNES PARK SW20. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 568 6747. C.H. All mod cons.

ACTON W3. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 568 6747. C.H. All mod cons.

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HIGHBURY N4. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 359 2731. C.H. All mod cons.

WEST HAMPSHIRE. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p.w. incl. Deposit £400. Phone 435 1258. C.H. All mod cons.

N17. 2 males/2 females for 2 own rooms in flat. Rent £50 p.w. excl. Deposit neg. Phone 348 8975. C.H. All mod cons.

WOOD GREEN. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £167 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 881 5863. C.H. All mod cons.

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CATFORD. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £112.50 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 149 5028. C.H. All mod cons.

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BOUNDS GREEN. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £173 p.w. excl. Deposit £160. Phone 838 8388. C.H. All mod cons.

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STONEBRIDGE NW10. Couple for own double room in house. Rent £53 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 459 8441. C.H. All mod cons.

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CHISWICK. Male/female for own large double room in flat. Rent £54 p.w. excl. Deposit £150. Phone 567 4536. C.H. All mod cons.

SW2. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.w. incl. Deposit £150. Phone 733 1386. C.H. All mod cons.

W2. Male/female/couple for shared room in flat. Rent £390 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 221 2432. C.H. All mod cons.

EAST DULWICH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 299 3690. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM HILL. Couple for shared room in flat. Rent £55 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 677 9654. C.H. All mod cons.

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WALTHAMSTOW. Male/female/couple for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. excl. Deposit £400. Phone 226 4492. C.H. All mod cons.

WEST KENSINGTON. Female for shared room in flat. Rent £105 p.w. excl. Deposit £115. Phone 385 9850. C.H. All mod cons.

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FELTHAM. Male/female/couple for own room in house. Rent £120 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 890 0633. C.H. All mod cons.

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WOODFORD GREEN. 3 males/females/couple for own room in house. Rent £115 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 989 8672. C.H. All mod cons.

WHITECHAPEL. 2 males/females/couple for 2 own rooms in house. Rent £42 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 981 2144. C.H. All mod cons.

UPTON PARK E13. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 475 0524. C.H. All mod cons.

EALING. Male/female/couple for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 579 4191. C.H. All mod cons.

TOTTENHAM. Male/female/couple for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 940 7822. C.H. All mod cons.

BRUXTON HILL. Female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.w. excl. Deposit £75. Phone 733 7523. C.H. All mod cons.

NEASDEN. Couple for own room in house. Rent £53 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 459 8441. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM. Female for own room in flat. Rent £41 p.w. excl. Deposit £270. Phone 677 6230. C.H. All mod cons.

WOOD GREEN. Male/female/couple for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 888 6395. C.H. All mod cons.

EDMONTON. Male/female/couple for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 367 1478. C.H. All mod cons.

WALTHAMSTOW. Male/female/couple for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 367 1478. C.H. All mod cons.

EAST DULWICH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 299 3690. C.H. All mod cons.

EALING. Female for own room in flat. Rent £133 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 997 2424. C.H. All mod cons.

SW2. 2 males/females/couple for 2 own rooms in flat. Rent £143 p.w. excl. Deposit £143. Phone 674 7967. C.H. All mod cons.

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STREATHAM HILL. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 764 0562. C.H. All mod cons.

EALING. Female for own room in flat. Rent £133 p.w. excl. Deposit neg. Phone 997 2424. C.H. All mod cons.

STRATFORD. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £39 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 471 2184. C.H. All mod cons.

TURNPIKE LANE N15. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £45 p.w. excl. Deposit £50. Phone 809 6703. C.H. All mod cons.

ABBEY WOOD SE2. 2 females for shared room in house. Rent £150. Deposit £150. Phone 986 2119. C.H. All mod cons.

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BAKER STREET W1. 2 males/females/couple for shared room in flat. Rent £50 p.w. each. Deposit £100. Phone 486 5915. C.H. All mod cons.

NORTH FINCHLEY N12. Female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.w. excl. Deposit £130. Phone 446 3217. C.H. All mod cons.

PUTNEY. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £150 p.w. excl. Deposit £300. Phone 789 9167. C.H. All mod cons.

CAMBERWELL. Female for own room in house. Rent £90.25 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 703 5114. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM SW16. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £149 p.w. excl. Deposit £35. Phone 679 9289. C.H. All mod cons.

SOUTHFIELDS. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £173 p.w. excl. Deposit £173. Phone 788 3977. C.H. All mod cons.

SOUTH HARROW. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £135 p.w. excl. Deposit £135. Phone 864 7241. C.H. All mod cons.

WALTHAMSTOW. Female for own room in house. Rent £50 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 987 2998. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £120 p.w. excl. Deposit £60. Phone 677 5533. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM. Male/female for shared/own room in house. Rent £25 p.w. for single room. £35 p.w. each for couple to share double room. Deposit £100. Phone 764 9595. C.H. All mod cons.

W13. Male for own room in house. Rent £140 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 840 6459. C.H. All mod cons.

CAMBERWELL. Couple for shared room in house. Rent £35 p.w. each. Deposit £100. Phone 961 6093. C.H. All mod cons.

WEMBLEY. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £130 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 902 9918. C.H. All mod cons.

WALTON. Male/female for shared/own room in house. Rent £150 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 225171. C.H. All mod cons.

DOCKLANDS. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £60 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 987 2998. C.H. All mod cons.

EAST FINCHLEY. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £36 p.w. excl. Deposit £100. Phone 801 5736. C.H. All mod cons.

STREATHAM. Couple for shared double room in house. Rent £200 p.w. excl. Deposit £50 per person. Phone 764 1209. C.H. All mod cons.

WEST KENSINGTON. Male/female for own large room in flat. Rent £50 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 385 4879. C.H. All mod cons.

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NEW MALDEN. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. excl. Deposit neg. Phone 942 9648. C.H. All mod cons.

N4. Female for own room in flat. Rent £200 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 226 3839. C.H. All mod cons.

BAYSWATER. Female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 243 8586. C.H. All mod cons.

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SOUTHFIELDS. Female for own room in flat. Rent £25 p.w. each. Deposit £50. Phone 672 0733. C.H. All mod cons.

SOUTHFIELDS. Couple for shared room in flat. Rent £25 p.w. each. Deposit £50. Phone 672 0733. C.H. All mod cons.

LEYTON E10. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.w. excl. Deposit £120. C.H. All mod cons.

FINCHLEY ROAD NW6. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p.w. excl. Deposit £65. Phone 435 1467. C.H. All mod cons.

NEW MALDEN. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. excl. Deposit neg. Phone 942 9648. C.H. All mod cons.

N4. Female for own room in flat. Rent £200 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone 226 3839. C.H. All mod cons.

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CROSSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 + 14D A song not to be heard in *The Phantom Of The Opera* ... (6-1-5-2-2-5)
 9 + 4D Performed without Love, but at last a hit after nearly 20 years (5-5-2)
 10 (see 3 down)
 11 Slits album or just one track? (3)
 12 "Me Down", Spandau Ballet single (5)
 13 This *NME* should be torn up if one of the Monkees makes an appearance (7)
 15 (see 36 across)
 16 Soldier or soldiers from the Small Faces or Stiff Little Fingers (3)
 17 Rotten liars about a direction taken by Siouxsie (6)
 20 For which a goat's head was once used; perhaps the little red rooster was off (4)
 22 Magazine's first issue without fiction (4-4)
 24 "Based on a novel by a man named _____, and I need a job

so I want to be a paperback writer," Beatles (4)

25 Their Track record includes 'Relay' (3)

26 Wiseblood must change before getting a body odour (6)

27 (see 27 down)

28 Jimmy who sang of 'Wonderful World, Beautiful People' (5)

29 + 30D "When we were at school our games were simple, I played a janitor, you played a monitor," 1967 (4-4)

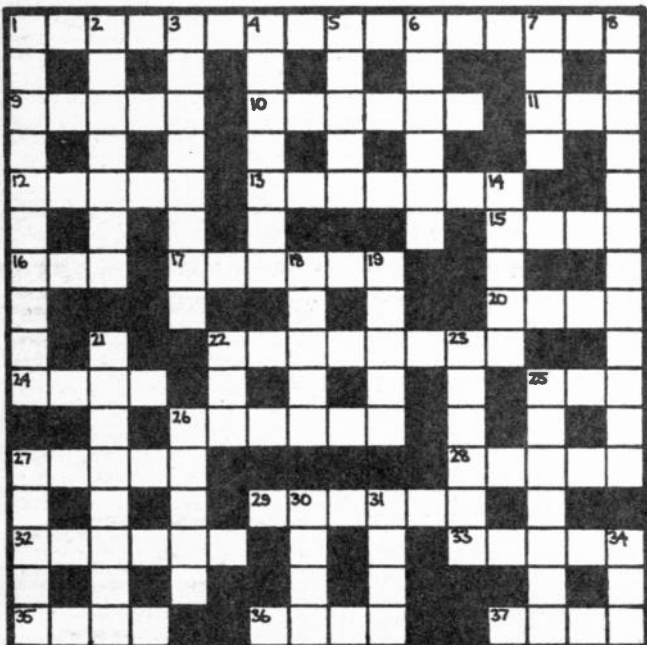
32 Randy _____, member of Ozzy Osbourne's Blizzard Of Ozz who killed himself by crashing his plane into the band's bus! (6)

33 "Banking On _____", Terry and Gerry single (5)

35 Reggae artists Bob, Horace or Patrick (4)

36 + 15A + 5D Cocteau Twins provided some turnover for themselves in the shops with this record (4-4-5)

37 "I had a dream that I wanted to lick your _____" from 'Take The Skinheads Bowling' (4)



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES DOWN

- 1 + 2D Fuelled feelings just now over a big decision (4-6-7)
 3 + 10A A place in Brixton historically famous for being London's first recipient of power; more recently a Number 2 hit in 1983 (8-6)
 4 (see 9 across)
 5 (see 36 across)
 6 Almost shut the bin on Frankie Paul (4-2)
 7 Andy Warhol just tossed a coin for success musically (4)
 8 Reliable further evidence of Tools You Can Trust (3-4-5)
 14 (see 1 across)
 18 Their bells have long stopped ringing since they were first raised

in Wales (5)

19 Self titled album of Ms Thomas, currently in charts (5)

21 Presenter of Britain's very first TV pop programme 6.5 *Special* (4-4)

22 Malcolm Owen was in one until he very finally got out of it (3)

23 "_____ Of Victory", Linton Quesi Johnson's second LP (6)

25 Slim person who longed for 'Rose Marie' (7)

26 "_____ And The Ragged Tiger", Duran Duran LP (5)

27 + 27A The femme fatale from *Lone Justice* (5-5)

30 (see 29 across)

31 Blues singer Jimmy, his 'Shame Shame Shame' can be heard on *NME* tape 'Pocket Jukebox 2' (4)

34 Record producer found in many experiments (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. A Boy From Nowhere 9 + 23A. Afrika Bambaataa 10. Cath 11 + 26D. Orange Juice 13. Alan 15. One Day 17. Ned Miller 19. Boops 21 + 25A. You're So Vainglorious 28. Scared 31. Confusion 33. Boring 36. Rapper's DOWN: 1 + 35A. Ask Johnny Dee 2. Outland 3 + 25D. RCA Victor 4. Maria 5. What Now 6. Epic 7 + 8A. Eartha Kitt 12. Galt 14 + 37A. Cleo Laine 16 + 34D. Enola Gay 18. Relax 20 + 38A. Stand By 22. Union Gap 24. Bus 27. Birds 29. Clown 30. Rain 32. Noel

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RAMMED Alone Again on CD	2.00
CULT Li Devit CD	2.00
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BELOUS SOME Let it be with you CD	4.50
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WEDNESDAY WEEK What We Had 12.49

THE WOODENTOPS Live & Straight 8 11.49

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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	1	NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOWStarship (Gruny)	6 1
2	5	A BOY FROM NOWHERETom Jones (Epic)	5 2
3	8	SOMETHING INSIDE (SO STRONG)Labi Siffre (China)	7 3
4	2	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHTJudy Boucher (Orbitone)	8 2
5	6	LIVING IN A BOXLiving In A Box (Cooltempo)	7 3
6	18	BOOPS (HERE TO GO)Sly & Robbie (Fourth & Broadway)	7 6
7	11	BIG LOVEFleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	6 7
8	10	ANOTHER STEPKim Wilde & Junior (MCA)	7 8
9	12	LIL' DEVILThe Cult (Beggars Banquet)	4 9
10	4	APRIL SKIESThe Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro)	4 4
11	3	LA ISLA BONITA (REMIX)Madonna (Sire)	8 1
12	16	BACK AND FORTH (REMIX)Cameo (Phonogram)	4 12
13	7	THE SLIGHTEST TOUCHFive Star (Tent)	6 4
14	13	NEVER TAKE ME ALIVESpear Of Destiny (10/Virgin)	7 13
15	31	SHATTERED DREAMSJohnny Hates Jazz (Virgin)	3 15
16	20	STRANGE LOVEDepeche Mode (Mute)	3 16
17	22	REAL FASHION REGGAE STYLECarey Johnson (Oval/10/Virgin)	3 17
18	21	THERE'S A GHOST IN MY HOUSEThe Fall (Beggars Banquet)	3 18
19	(—)	INCOMMUNICADOMarillion (EMI)	1 19
20	9	TO BE WITH YOU AGAINLevel 42 (Polydor)	5 9
21	24	PRIME MOVERZodiac Mindwarp & Love Reaction (Mercury)	3 21
22	28	WISHING I WAS LUCKYWet Wet Wet (The Precious Org.)	3 22
23	(—)	DOMINOESRobbie Nevil (Manhattan)	1 23
24	27	CARRIEEurope (Epic)	5 24
25	15	IF YOU LET ME STAYTerence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	11 5
26	(—)	I WANNA DANCE WITH YOUWhitney Houston (Arista)	1 26
27	(—)	SERIOUSDonna Allen (Portrait)	1 27
28	14	LEAN ON MEClub Nouveau (King Jay)	9 2
29	(—)	JACK MIX IIMirage (Debut/Passion)	1 29
30	23	RESPECTABLEMel & Kim (Supreme)	11 1
31	17	SHEILA TAKE A BOWThe Smiths (Rough Trade)	5 8
32	39	LET YOURSELF GOSybil (Champion)	4 32
33	(—)	BATTLESHIP CHAINSGeorgia Satellites (Elektra)	1 33
34	(—)	FIVE GET OVER EXCITEDThe Housemartins (Go! Discs)	1 34
35	(—)	GO FOR IT!Coventry FC (Sky Blue)	1 35
36	(—)	INFIDELITYSimply Red (WEA)	1 36
37	(—)	CROSS THE TRACKMaceo & The Macks (Urban)	1 37
38	(—)	BORN TO RUNBruce Springsteen (CBS)	1 38
39	45	HOUSE NATIONHousemaster Boyz (Magnetic Dance)	2 39
40	(—)	YOU'RE THE VOICEJohn Farnham (Wheatley)	1 40
41	34	BA-NA-NA-BAM-BOOWestworld (RCA)	2 34
42	35	ALONE AGAIN ORThe Damned (MCA)	5 26
43	19	DIAMOND LIGHTSGlenn & Chris (Record Shack)	5 12
44	33	BIG DECISIONThat Petrol Emotion (Polydor)	6 29
45	37	WITH OR WITHOUT YOUU2 (Island)	9 2
46	(—)	NOSEDIVE KARMAGaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)	1 46
47	(—)	ROCK STEADYWhispers (Solar)	1 47
48	29	WHY CAN'T I BE YOUThe Cure (Fiction)	5 15
49	(—)	TALK DIRTY TO MEPoison (Music For Nations)	1 49
50	41	LET MY PEOPLE GO-GOThe Rainmakers (Mercury)	7 18

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	3	SOLITUDE STANDINGSuzanne Vega (A&M)	3 1
2	1	KEEP YOUR DISTANCECuriosity Killed The Cat (Phonogram)	3 1
3	2	TANGO IN THE NIGHTFleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	5 2
4	4	THE JOSHUA TREEU2 (Island)	10 1
5	7	INVISIBLE TOUCHGenesis (Virgin)	9 5
6	5	RAINDANCINGAlison Moyet (CBS)	6 1
7	10	RUNNING IN THE FAMILYLevel 42 (Polydor)	10 3
8	8	FLMMel & Kim (Supreme)	5 3
9	13	ELECTRICThe Cult (Beggars Banquet)	6 4
10	(—)	IT'S BETTER TO TRAVELSwing Out Sister (Mercury)	1 10
11	(—)	TRIBUTEOzzy Osbourne (Epic)	1 11
12	23	SOPeter Gabriel (Virgin)	16 5
13	11	OUTLANDSpear Of Destiny (10)	4 11
14	6	NEVER LET ME DOWNDavid Bowie (EMI America)	9 7
15	9	NOW 9Various (EMI/Virgin)	8 2
16	15	TRUE BLUEMadonna (Sire)	45 2
17	12	GRACELANDPaul Simon (Warner Bros)	29 1
18	16	MEN AND WOMENSimply Red (WEA)	10 2
19	18	SILK AND STEELFive Star (Tent/RCA)	38 2
20	26	THE CIRCUSErasure (Mute)	7 9
21	17	LIVING IN A BOXLiving In A Box (Chrysalis)	2 17
22	20	CONTROLJanet Jackson (A&M)	9 13
23	22	THIS TIMECulture Club (Virgin)	6 11
24	14	SIGN 'O' THE TIMESPrince (Paisley Park)	7 2
25	32	COMING ROUND AGAINCarly Simon (Arista)	2 25
26	35	JOIN THE ARMYSuicidal Tendencies (Virgin)	2 26
27	(—)	UPFRONT 6Various (Upfront)	1 27
28	29	RHYTHM KILLERSSly & Robbie (Fourth & Broadway)	2 28
29	25	SHE WAS ONLY A GROCER'S DAUGHTERBlow Monkeys (RCA)	5 19
30	38	PHANTOM OF THE OPERAOriginal Cast (Polydor)	14 1
31	19	1987Whitesnake (EMI)	7 7
32	(—)	THE GREATEST HITSTom Jones (Telstar)	1 32
33	42	LICENSED TO ILLBeastie Boys (Def Jam)	16 14
34	28	AMONG THE LIVINGAnthrax (Island)	6 12
35	27	HILLBILLY DELUXEDwight Yoakam (Reprise)	2 27
36	21	REIGN IN BLOODSlayer (London)	4 21
37	(—)	BY REQUESTJames Last (Polydor)	1 37
38	31	MOVE CLOSERVarious (CBS)	10 8
39	36	SLIPPERY WHEN WETBon Jovi (Vertigo)	34 3
40	50	THE FINAL COUNTDOWNEurope (Epic)	26 8
41	37	GIVE ME THE REASONLuther Vandross (Epic)	19 7
42	30	LILLOLillo Thomas (Capitol)	3 30
43	24	INTO THE FIREBryan Adams (A&M)	7 6
44	33	LET ME UPTom Petty And The Heartbreakers (MCA)	3 33
45	(—)	REVOLVERThe Beatles (Parlophone)	1 45
46	RE	PUBLIC ENEMYPublic Enemy (Def Jam)	1 46
47	(—)	WALLS OF JERICHOHelloween (Noise International)	1 47
48	39	SWEET FREEDOMMichael McDonald (Warner Bros)	4 39
49	40	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATEHot Chocolate (Rak)	13 4
50	(—)	DEAD LETTER OFFICEREM (IRS)	1 50

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	3	NOSEDIVE KARMAGaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
2	2	OUR SUMMERAll About Eve (Eve)
3	(—)	SHEILA TAKE A BOWThe Smiths (Rough Trade)
4	6	STRANGE LOVEDepeche Mode (Mute)
5	10	CRAWLING MANTRAThe Lories (Red Rhino)
6	4	PREACHER MANFields Of The Nephilim (Situation Two)
7	8	ROOM IN YOUR HEARTThe Rosehips (Subway)
8	7	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEACrazyhead (Food)
9	(—)	THE COVERS EPPop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
10	(—)	DON'T IT MAKE YOU FEELThe Bambi Slam (Product Inc)
11	9	BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEPThe Smithereens (Enigma)
12	5	ANATOMY OF LOVEShelleyan Orphan (Rough Trade)
13	23	BLOW UPJames Taylor Quartet (Re-elect The President)
14	11	HAPPY ALL THE TIMEThe Flatmates (Subway)
15	13	BRIAN RIXThe Brilliant Corners (SS20)
16	17	CHERNOBYL BABYBaby Amphetamine (Creation)
17	29	BUILT LIKE A CARMighty Mighty (Chapter 22)
18	20	TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLINGCamper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
19	12	ALWAYS THEREThe Rose Of Avalanche (Fire)
20	15	AHEADWire (Mute)
21	27	THE BOMB SONGThe Batfish Boys (Batfish Inc)
22	(—)	TALK DIRTY TO MEPoison (Music For Nations)
23	18	ASK JOHNNY DThe Chesterfields (Subway)
24	16	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BEErasure (Mute)
25	26	HOTSY GIRLWorld Domination Enterprises (Product Inc)
26	21	NEW WAYSThe Wishing Stones (Head)
27	19	SUNNY SUNDAY SMILEMy Bloody Valentine (Lazy)
28	(—)	TOWN CALLED BIG NOTHINGThe McManus Gang (Demon)
29	(—)	REFRESH YOURSELFThree Wise Men (Rhythm King)
30	14	NEVER SEEN BEFOREThe Close Lobsters (Fire)

1	4	THE IDEAL COPYWire (Mute)
2	1	THE WORLD WON'T LISTENThe Smiths (Rough Trade)
3	7	SQUIRREL & G-MANHappy Mondays (Factory)
4	8	REUNION WILDERNESSThe Railway Children (Factory)
5	3	HYPOBOAT LIVEThe Woodentops (Rough Trade)
6	2	HAPPY HOURTed Hawkins (Windows On The World)
7	6	CIRCUSErasure (Mute)
8	5	INDIE TOP 20Various (Band Of Joy)
9	10	BLOOD, WOMEN, ROSESSkin (Product Inc)
10	9	SHABINIThe Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
11	12	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIANButthole Suffers (Blast First)
12	11	DEF BEATS 1Various (Music Of Life)
13	13	LIVE: DC BUMPIN' Y'ALLChuck Brown (Rhythm King)
14	27	F.O.A.D.Broken Bones (Fall Out)
15	25	ESPECIALLY FOR YOUThe Smithereens (Enigma)
16	(—)	BOAT TRIPS ABOUT THE BAYBrendan Croker (Red Rhino)
17	15	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVENCamper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
18	26	WONDERLANDErasure (Mute)
19	14	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPESMichelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
20	(—)	DIGGING IN WATERVarious (Children Of The Revolution)
21	17	HONKY TONKIN'The Mekons (Sin)
22	20	OPUS DEILaibach (Mute)
23	(—)	VAN STUPIDStupids (Vinyl Solution)
24	16	WICKED MEN, WICKED WOMENBlyth Power (All The Madmen)
25	19	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSSHalf Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
26	(—)	THE EPs OF R.P.Rudimentary Penii (Corps Chrish)
27	(—)	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOMEThe Bible (Backs)
28	18	BEST OFSteve Phillips (UnAmerican Activities)
29	(—)	PARTY WITH GODSacrilige (Alchemy)
30	22	QUIRK OUTStump (Stuff)



Whitney Houston dances right into No.26

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	GHOST RIDER (played backwards) (sure - Ed.)Suicide (Red Star)
2	LILAC HAND OF MENTAL DANT. Rex (Marc)
3	LIGHTENING GIRLNancy Sinatra (Reprise)
4	AMBITIONSubway Sect (Rough Trade)
5	NO SLEEP 'TIL BROOKLYNBeastie Boys (Def Jam)
6	NOT MOVINGDNA (No New York)
7	GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG KISSThe Shangri-Las (Red Bird)
8	HEAVEN UP HEREEcho And The Bunnymen (Korova)
9	I KILLED CHRISTGAU WITH MY BIG F**KING DICKSonic Youth (Forced Exposure)
10	RING OF FIREJohnny Cash (CBS)
11	LEVITATIONThirteenth Floor Elevators (Radar)
12	FUNKYTOWNLipps Inc (Ronco)
13	LOVE COMES IN SPURTSThe Neon Boys (Shake)
14	WHO DO YOU LOVE?Bo Diddley (Chess)
15	OFF THE HOOKThe Rolling Stones (Decca)
16	BLAST OFFThe Birthday Party (4AD)
17	OUT OF THE QUESTIONDr Mix And The Remix (Rough Trade)
18	SHE'S MY BEST FRIENDThe Velvet Underground (Plastic Inevitable)
19	KILL SURF CITYThe Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro)
20	HELTER SKELTERThe Beatles (Parlophone)

Chart from Speed Club in London (Wednesday at Wispers, 146 Charing Cross Road) and Speed Two, Glasgow (Hollywood Suite, Brown Street).

FUNK

20

1	RED HOT RHYTHM AND BLUESDiana Ross (RCA) US LP
2	I WANNA DANCE WITH SOMEBODYWhitney Houston (Arista) UK 12"
3	LIVING IN A BOXLiving In A Box (CHR) UK 12"
4	DIAMONDSHerb Alpert (A&M) US 12"
5	MR RIGHTEleanor Mills (Debut) UK 12"
6	KEEP THIS FEELINGValerie Ford (T C Records) US 12"
7	DO IT PROPERLYTwo Puerto Ricans (Fierce)
8	MY LIFE TIME LOVERJoyce Simms (Sleeping Bag) US 12"
9	LET YOURSELF GO (REMIX)Sybil (Champion) UK 12"
10	SUDDENLY IT'S MAGICVesta Williams (Break Out) UK 12"
11	SUCKER FOR CANDYRozlyn Sorrell (Atlantic) US 12"
12	SHY BOYSAna (Pare) US 12"
13	DARTY LOOKSDiana Ross (RCA) US 12"
14	INSOMIACCarlos Alomar (Private) US 12"
15	MOVING ONCarolyn Harding (Profile) US 12"
16	FEELS SO GOOD TO BE BACKBobby McGilure (Debut) UK 12"
17	CALLING OUTSonya Baines (NP) US 12"
18	IF YOU LOVE ME JUST A LITTLELala (Arista) US 12"
19	IF YOU WANT MY LOVIN'Issac Hayes (Columbia) US 12"
20	MAGICMovement (Debut) UK 12"

Chart by Alec and Jason at Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W11.

REGGAE DISCO

12"

1	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHTJudy Boucher (Orbitone)
2	LET ME KNOWMaxi Priest (10)
3	PROMISE MEErnest Wilson (Technique)
4	NO TOUCH THE STYLEJoseph Cotton (Fashion)
5	NO ONE NIGHT STANDNerious Joseph (Fine Style)
6	STOP ACTING STRANGEDelroy Wilson (Live And Love)
7	CUFF 'N' DEMMikey General (Digikal)
8	AGONYPinchers (Live And Love)
9	DON'T STOPSister Sony (Chartbound)
10	DON'T STAY AWAYJanet Kenton (High Power)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

REGGAE

LPs

1	INTENTIONSMaxi Priest (10)
2	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHTJudy Boucher (Orbitone)
3	SUPERSTAR HIT PARADEVarious (Live And Love)
4	TWO TO TANGOJunior Delgado (Fashion)
5	ME NAME TIGERTiger (Mango)
6	COME AGAINCocoa Tea (Superpower)
7	SENSE TOO TALLAl Campbell (Live And Learn)
8	DEM A WOLFSugar Minott (C&E)
9	ULTIMATE EXPERIENCEUndivided Roots (Entente)
10	GOT TO BE MEPinchers (Live And Love)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

US

45s

- 1 WITH OR WITHOUT YOU.....U2 (Island)
- 2 LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE.....Jody Watley (MCA)
- 3 (I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS.....Cutting Crew (Virgin)
- 4 LA ISLA BONITA.....Madonna (Sire)
- 5 THE LADY IN RED.....Chris De Burgh (A&M)
- 6 HEAT OF THE NIGHT.....Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 7 BIG LOVE.....Fleetwood Mac (A&M)
- 8 YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON.....Kim Wilde (MCA)
- 9 TALK DIRTY TO ME.....Poison (Enigma)
- 10 ALWAYS.....Atlantic Starr (Warner Bros)
- 11 RIGHT ON TRACK.....The Breakfast Club (MCA)
- 12 I KNOW WHAT I LIKE.....Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 13 NOTHING'S GONNA CHANGE MY LOVE FOR YOU.....Glenn Medeiros (Amherst)
- 14 WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE.....Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 15 DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER.....Crowded House (Capitol)

US

LPs

- 1 THE JOSHUA TREE.....U2 (Island)
- 2 SLIPPERY WHEN WET.....Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 3 LICENSED TO ILL.....Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 4 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN.....Poison (Enigma)
- 5 GRACELAND.....Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 6 SIGN 'O' THE TIMES.....Prince (Paisley Park)
- 7 INTO THE FIRE.....Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 8 WHITESNAKE.....Whitesnake (Geffen)
- 9 TANGO IN THE NIGHT.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)
- 10 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN.....Europe (Epic)
- 11 TRIO.....Parton/Ronstadt/Harris (Warner Bros)
- 12 CROWDED HOUSE.....Crowded House (Capitol)
- 13 JODY WATLEY.....Jody Watley (MCA)
- 14 LIFE LOVE & PAIN.....Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 15 BACK IN THE HIGHLIFE.....Steve Winwood (Island)

(Courtesy Billboard)

MARY COUGHLAN 10



Mary unveils her tastes.

- 1 BLUE VALENTINE.....Tom Waits (Asylum)
 - 2 RAIN DOGS.....Tom Waits (Island)
 - 3 BAL MASQUE.....Flairck (Polydor)
 - 4 ASTRAL WEEKS.....Van Morrison (Warner Bros)
 - 5 GOD BLESS THE CHILD.....Billie Holiday (CBS)
 - 6 LIVE AT THE FILMORE EAST.....Frank Zappa (Reprise)
 - 7 WHITE ALBUM.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
 - 8 SATIE'S PIECES FOR PIANO.....John Lanchbery (EMI)
 - 9 STRAVINSKY'S RITE OF SPRING.....Montreal Symphony Orch (Decca)
 - 10 ROCK'N'ROLL WITH THE MODERN LOVERS.....Jonathan Richman (Berserkeley)
- (The Lady's Top 10 LPs)

GOLDEN GATE

10



Sonny blows a beat to the bridge.

- 1 GOT THE GATE ON THE GOLDEN GATE.....Mel Torme (Trend)
- 2 59TH STREET BRIDGE SONG.....Simon And Garfunkel (CBS)
- 3 CHELSEA BRIDGE.....Duke Ellington (RCA)
- 4 BRIDGES.....Milton Nascimento (A&M)
- 5 THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.....Frank Sinatra (CBS)
- 6 BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER.....Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
- 7 A VIEW FROM A BRIDGE.....Kim Wilde (RAK)
- 8 THE BRIDGE.....Sonny Rollins (RCA-Bluebird)
- 9 FIVE BRIDGES SUITE.....The Nice (Charisma)
- 10 BRIDGE OF SIGHS.....Georgia Gibbs (Mercury)

Chart compiled by Lloyd, Beau and Jeff Bridges, for the San Francisco bridge's 50th birthday party, this weekend

LEST WE FORGET



Happy, happy daze for the Fun Boy Three!

5

YEARS AGO

- 1 A LITTLE PEACE.....Nicole (CBS)
- 2 I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL.....Joan Jett and The Blackhearts (Epic)
- 3 I WON'T LET YOU DOWN.....PhD (WEA)
- 4 ONLY YOU.....Yazoo (Mute)
- 5 WE HAVE A DREAM.....Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)
- 6 EBONY AND IVORY.....Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)
- 7 GIRL CRAZY.....Hot Chocolate (RAK)
- 8 REALLY SAYING SOMETHING.....Bananarama & The Fun Boy Three (Deram)
- 9 FANTASY ISLAND.....Tight Fit (Jive)
- 10 THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT).....The England World Cup Squad (England ER)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 FREE.....Deniece Williams (CBS)
- 2 I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT/FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST.....Rod Stewart (Riva)
- 3 AIN'T GONNA BUMP NO MORE.....Joe Tex (Epic)
- 4 THE SHUFFLE.....Van McCoy (H&L)
- 5 GOOD MORNING JUDGE.....10cc (Philips)
- 6 HOTEL CALIFORNIA.....The Eagles (Asylum)
- 7 A STAR IS BORN (EVERGREEN).....Barbra Streisand (CBS)
- 8 SIR DUKE.....Stevie Wonder (Motown)
- 9 MAH-NA-MAH-NA.....Piero Umiliani (EMI Int)
- 10 LUCILLE.....Kenny Rogers (UA)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 METAL GURU.....T. Rex (T. Rex)
- 2 ROCKET MAN.....Elton John (DJM)
- 3 AMAZING GRACE.....Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, Pipes, Drums & Band (RCA)
- 4 A THING CALLED LOVE.....Johnny Cash (CBS)
- 5 COULD IT BE FOREVER.....David Cassidy (Bell)
- 6 COME WHAT MAY.....Vicky Leandros (Philips)
- 7 TUMBLIN' DICE.....The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
- 8 RADANCER.....Marmalade (Decca)
- 9 OH BABE WHAT WOULD YOU SAY.....Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
- 10 AT THE CLUB/SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES.....The Drifters (Atlantic)

20

YEARS AGO

- 1 SILENCE IS GOLDEN.....The Tremeloes (CBS)
- 2 DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE.....The Mamas And The Papas (RCA)
- 3 PUPPET ON A STRING.....Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 4 PICTURES OF LILY.....The Who (Track)
- 5 SOMETHIN' STUPID.....Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- 6 THE BOAT THAT I ROW.....Lulu (Columbia)
- 7 WATERLOO SUNSET.....The Kinks (Pye)
- 8 SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS.....The Dubliners (Major-Minor)
- 9 FUNNY FAMILIAR FORGOTTEN FEELINGS.....Tom Jones (Decca)
- 10 PURPLE HAZE.....The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Track)

FRED FACT

THE DEMISE of the single continues, both here and in the State where Huey Lewis' 'Jacob's Ladder', a recent Number One, slid out of *Billboard's* Hot 100 after just 15 weeks, the shortest chart run experienced by any Number One single of the '80s. Not that Lewis is likely to be extremely worried. His 'I Know What I Like', which entered that selfsame Hot 100 some six weeks ago, is already in the Top 20 and still climbing. Meanwhile, here in Electionland, Starship have had RCA Grunting in delight and critics throwing themselves off bridges in despair by declaring 'Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now' and then proving the point by topping the singles chart. There's a connection, of course. There always is. In this case, both the former Hugh Anthony Clegg III and his News, along with Grace Slick and her planetary patrol squad, first made it from out of San Francisco, where there are some great bridges for lemming impressionists to leap from. The city hasn't been around that long, however. In 1846 when the United States first swiped it off Mexico, it was merely a trading post. Then, they spent the next 60 years building it up only to have an earthquake reduce everything to Lego in 1906, thus providing MGM with a half-decent plot for Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Jeanette MacDonald. MacDonald as a Barbary belle was magnificent. Standing amid the rubble, she belted out 'San Francisco (Open Your Golden Gate)' in best hope-for-the-future mode, this anthem being turned into a Top 10 record by Tommy Dorsey in '46. Four years earlier, a six-year-old Tony Bennett had made his public debut, singing at the opening of New York's Triborough Bridge. By 1962 he'd switched his allegiance to the West Coast and gained a Grammy by leaving his heart in San Francisco. The city was duly grateful. In 1970, it declared a special Tony Bennett Day and forgot all about Haight-Ashbury, flower-power, Scott McKenzie and even, for a moment, The Grateful Dead. But that same year, the Dead went into overdrive, releasing three albums, 'Live Dead', 'Workingman's Dead' and 'American Beauty', arguably the three most potent messages from Garcia. This Sunday, San Francisco will be hearing from the Dead yet again. Not only the Dead but also Huey Lewis And The News. For promoter Bill Graham is throwing a 50th anniversary party for the Golden Gate Bridge in the form of a four-hour free concert. The cost of the show, which is expected to draw 1000,000 punters, is likely to be somewhere in the region of \$1 million, despite the Dead and Lewis claiming no fees. And who else will be starring? Naturally, it's none other than Tony Bennett, recalling his Triborough triumph. Whether he's to be paid or not hasn't been disclosed. After all, the city owes him a bob or two. When he played that Tony Bennett Day gig back in '70, he was forced to park his car in an unauthorised spot and promptly received a parking ticket!

Fred Dellar

THE CULT
UK DISCOGRAPHY

THE CULT started life in Bradford as Southern Death Cult during 1981 but split after their first indie single proved a hit. By 1983, singer Ian Astbury had formed Death Cult, releasing two further indie successes before opting for a further name change and a move upmarket. Increasingly successful, the band's first Top 20 hit came with 'She Sells Sanctuary', in 1985, since when they've had further Top 20 records with 'Rain', 'Love Removal Machine' and 'Lil' Devil', the latter proving their most punter-potent single to date.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT

- JUNE 1983 ALBUM Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet BEGA 46)
- DEC 1982 SINGLE Fat Man/Moya (Situation 2 SIT 19)
- JAN 1983 SINGLE Fat Man/Moya/The Girl (Situation 2 SIT 19T) 12"

DEATH CULT

- JULY 1983 SINGLE Brothers Grimm/Christians/Ghost (Situation 2 SIT 23T)
- Dance/Horse Nation (Situation 2 SIT 23T) 12" only
- OCT 1983 SINGLE God's Zoo/God's Zoo (These Times) (Situation 2 SIT29) also on 12" (SIT 29T)

THE CULT ALBUMS

- SEPT 1984 Dreamtime (Beggars Banquet BEGA 57) the first 30,000 copies included a free album 'Live At The Lyceum' (CULT 1). A picture disc version was released on BEG 57P, while a compact disc featuring three added tracks later appeared on BEG CD57. Additionally, a still available double-play cassette (BEG C57) was issued, this containing 'Dreamtime' plus 'Live At The Lyceum'
- OCT 1985 Love (Beggars Banquet BEGA 65) available on a compact disc (BEG CD 65) containing two additional tracks
- APL 1987 Electric (Beggars Banquet BEGA 80) a gold vinyl version is likely to be issued shortly

SINGLES

- MAY 1984 Spirit Walker/Flowers In The Desert (Situation 2 SIT 33)
- MAY 1984 Spirit Walker/Flowers In The Desert/Bonebag (Situation 2 SIT33T) 12"
- AUG 1984 Go West (Crazy Spinning Circles)/Sea And Sky (Beggars Banquet BEG 115)
- AUG 1984 Go West (Crazy Spinning Circles)/Sea And Sky/Brothers Grim (live) (Beggars Banquet BEG 115T) 12"
- DEC 1984 Resurrection Joe/Resurrection Joe (Hep Cat mix) (Beggars Banquet BEG 122)
- DEC 1984 Resurrection Joe (long version)/Resurrection Joe/Resurrection Joe (Hep Cat mix) (Beggars Banquet BEG 122T) 12"
- JUN 1985 She Sells Sanctuary/No 13 (Beggars Banquet 135)
- JUN 1985 She Sells Sanctuary/No.13/The Snake (Beggars Banquet BEG 135T) 12"
- JUN 1985 She Sells Sanctuary (howling mix)/Assault On Sanctuary (Beggars Banquet BEG 135TP) 12" picture disc
- JUN 1985 She Sells Sanctuary/She Sells Sanctuary (howling mix)/The Snake Assault On Sanctuary (Beggars Banquet BEG 135C) cassette single
- SEPT 1985 Rain/Little Faith (Beggars Banquet BEG 147)
- FEB 1987 Love Removal Machine/Wolf Child's Blues (Beggars Banquet BEG 182)
- FEB 1987 Love Removal Machine (extended version)/Love Removal Machine/Wolf Child's Blues (Beggars Banquet BEG 182T) 12"
- APL 1987 Lil' Devil/Zap City (Beggars Banquet BEG 188)
- APL 1987 Lil' Devil/Zap City/She Sells Sanctuary (live)/Bone Bag (live) (Beggars Banquet BEG 188T) 12"
- APL 1987 Lil' Devil/Zap City/Wild Thing/Louie Louie/Phoenix/She Sells Sanctuary (live) (Beggars Banquet BEG 188C) cassingle
- APL 1987 Lil' Devil/Zap City/Wild Thing/Louie Louie/Phoenix/She Sells Sanctuary (live) (Beggars Banquet BEG 188TD) double gatefold 12"
- APL 1987 Lil' Devil/Zap City/Sanctuary - live/Phoenix - live/Love Removal Machine (Beggars Banquet BEG 188CD) compact disc single

A previously unreleased track 'Electric Ocean' is available on the import only 'Out Of Bounds' soundtrack (US IRS). There are also some promotional items around, the most recent addition being CULT LP12, an album which features cuts from the 'Electric' album plus tracks on which the band discuss various songs.



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

ANGST

F**K-BAG

What the f**k is going on? What are all these f**ks doing in your paper all of a f**king sudden? Is Ian Pye a convert to the moral f**king majority or what? I think we should be f**king told.

F. Uck, Melrose Gardens, London W6.
Indeed, 1987 what the f**k is going on? No "groovy f**ker" I'm not "a convert to the moral f**king majority". The word f**k has been banned by our publisher. —I.P.

Gael Force Six

Gael Force? Celtic windbags more like. It's sad that the current NME party line rightly casts English nationalists as bigots/fascists/Tories/racists while the drunken jingoism of their Irish or Scottish counterparts is presented as the cultural aspirations of an oppressed people. Unfortunately this attitude is nothing new — George Orwell (who wrote a lot of sense for an Old Etonian) complained of the same thing in 1945, reviewing Sean O'Casey's *Drums Under The Windows*. Substitute *Das Reich* for *Cathleen Ni Houlihan* (O'Casey's pretentious pet name for his native land) and you get something frighteningly close to Hitler's fascist oratory.

Two points mystify and irritate me — why do so many Gaelic and nationalists choose to make their living in England, the object of their hatred? Why do the English intelligentsia (that's you, NME) lap up their loathing with their usually critical eyes shut? Cromwell's massacres are no excuse for a crap record not being slagged off. Think again, NME. All nationalism is outdated, reactionary and potentially dangerous. Remember 1982 and the Falklands' spirit. It wasn't very pleasant, was it? Gael Force is, at worst, racism in green and tartan, at best a maudlin tribute to a few carefully selected aspects of a history of inglorious defeat and squalid failure. Ben Whitby, Hesse, North Humberside.

Nothing like a bit of partisan mischief to bring down the wrath of the humourless and unstarch the old stiff upper lip. A few points, Ben: In reducing anyone's "cultural aspirations" to "drunken jingoism" you betray yourself as a casual racist — simplistic, overbearing and arrogant. Bit like Old Etonian George, in fact. Likewise, comparing O'Casey's drama to Hitler's oratory. Secondly, not one Irish or Scottish person I know chose to live in England — something to do with the movement of labour and the highest unemployment figures in Europe, old chap. The most "inglorious" and "squalid" aspects of Gaelic culture are inextricably linked to British colonisation and a "failure" on behalf of people like you to accept that every country has the right to self-determination. Think again, your assumptions, tone, language and ideology are outdated, reactionary and potentially dangerous. Wise up. —S.O'H.

With regard to Gael Force, I was deeply shocked and disturbed with its Catholic orientated contents. I had the insane notion that the NME condemned any religious propaganda in favour of any cult apart from atheism (very hip). (!!! Ed) So why was Sean O'Hagan allowed to discard NME impartiality and write an article on Ireland and Scotland. His blinkered views are an example of exactly what's wrong with the two countries — single-minded, stubborn, blindly prejudiced groups should not be supported in any form by the NME. However, Cosgrove and O'Hagan did just this. Any comment regarding Protestantism was plagued with sarcasm whereas there was endless praise for Catholic literature, music art... Do Scotland and Ireland's achievements have to be separated into the religion from which the idea originated? (!!! Ed) Scotland and Ireland with all their problems have just right to feel intellectually superior to England. Throughout history we have produced superior writers, musicians, inventors and, soon, the best-ever snooker player. Remember also, it is the English who vote in Mrs T and her somewhat revolutionary ideology.

D.W., Glasgow.

There is no such thing as Catholic (or Protestant) literature, music or art. The only "single minded, stubborn, blindly prejudiced groups" the NME has supported were featured in the Speed Metal issue. If you think it's wrong to have a go at Rangers FC for being anti-Catholic or at Andy White for being the new Bob Dylan or Prefab Sprout for being Prefab Sprout, you're a saint. A non-denominational saint, of course. Do you really think atheism is a cult? It might just catch on, y'know. —S.O'H.

PS. Nothing anyone ever writes in the NME is impartial.

Gael Force pop was a welcome addition to your learned paper. In these days of media manipulation it's refreshing to read the truth; pop criticism written without fabrication. But why no comment on the history of jazz-fusion, and the great part played by Bobby McFerrin and Ralph McDonald, who left Alloa in the early '70s to take authentic 'cool' to the philistines of black America. The world would be a cultural desert without Clackmananshire. Long may the force of the gael blow the cobwebs from your library. Arte and Bobby, Stirling. And we missed out Elvis. He was Scottish which explains the classic album 'Album From Hawaii', the seminal cross-cultural statement. And Slaughter Joe wants it to be known that his mum owns two Mary O'Hara records and that it was he who taught The Jesus And Mary Chain how to steal. —S.O'H.

There was one obvious omission from your biased history of pop music. Why no mention of critics in your list of Gaelic chancers. I waited with baited breath to

read about Cosgrove and O'Hagan, a couple of lefty spivs from the back of beyond, who conned the NME into giving them the green light. You English public school boys just can't resist a bit of rough. I praise your gaelic chancers, they leave Penman and Morley in the shadows. At least when the spivs write outrageous crap they warn you in advance.

Goodnight, Trevor Kirkstall, Seaburn, Tyne and Wear.
Be warned, various aesthetes in the NME are planning an English riposte, tentatively titled *Albion Breaks Wind*. We have a space reserved in *Thrills*. —S.O'H.

In your Gael Force article a few weeks back, you asked: Fay Fife, where are you? Since The Revillos' final split in the summer of '85, Ms Fife has been working on material for the album, 'Destroy All Men'. She is currently looking for a record deal. She is also working on various film scripts including *Monster Beach Party* and *Tartanoid Kilt Zombies*. *The Boy In The Bubble Car*, *Marxville*. 'Destroy All Men'? *Tartanoid Kilt Zombies*? We wait with baited breath (and crossed legs). —S.O'H.

On the Gael Force article. Great stuff, lads but you forgot the greatest of all anti-heroes: Jimmy 'Jinky' Johnstone (Celtic and Scotland winger). R.L., Stockholm.
Actually we left him out on purpose cos he was single minded, stubborn and an extreme left winger. We left Colin Stein out of the Chancers, too. —S.O'H.

I've just got back from the pub, feeling a bit pissed. I decide to turn on the TV. The first words I hear are: "Now for *Late Night In Concert* with The Cult." I decide to watch. (You must have been more pissed than you thought — Ed.) I have heard The Cult on record. I have read about them. I am not convinced. I am worried, lots of young people like The Cult. Why? (Drugs, probably — Ed.) Am I losing touch? Are The Cult new and adventurous? Maybe I'm on another planet. I like 'The Great Leap Forward' and Miaow. I have lost faith in this nation's youth. The Cult aren't even funny. Edwyn Collins had a crap voice yet he had talent. The Frantic Elevators were a better soul band than The Cult will ever be. 'La Isla Bonita' is a crap record. 'Just A Little Misunderstanding' by The Contours is a great record. I defy you to disagree. ("I disagree" — Ed.) Mr Hucknall, Manchester. Yes, but are The Cult atheists? —S.O'H.

Do you think there's a connection between a person's sexual behaviour and the music one listens to? A friend of mine said that all Marc Almond's fans are kinky. I, myself, must admit I am a bit kinky but do you think all other Gutter Hearts are kinky as well? I can't imagine a Genesis fan doing the same things in bed as I do. Surely there must be a

connection. I'd really like to know what other people think? A *Gutter Heart*, North London.
(a) I hope not. (b) Yes. If you aren't kinky, you aren't a *Gutter Heart*. Simple, really. (c) I don't know what you do in bed so I'm unqualified to comment. Genesis fans probably read in bed. (d) Don't call me Shirley. (e) Ask Cath Carroll — she's a medium. —S.O'H.

When someone from Liverpool takes the piss out of London saying it is dead, you know it must be some crank having his joke. But if we presume it to be a perfectly serious statement then we must start wondering about the sanity of those "oop north". When was the last time Liverpool produced a decent band? Frankie Goes To Hollywood? They soon ran out of ideas and they were queer which makes them even worse. I suppose next week's NME will be full of outraged scousers pronouncing smugly about The Beatles. And Liverpool isn't exactly bursting with life, is it? I went there once — it was shut. Down here we are sick of northerners making snide remarks about London. It's about time they were told to piss off back to Coronation Street houses and their Coronation Street lives. Paul O'Neill, Penge, London.
What's it like living in Penge, Paul? —S.O'H.

COMPLAINTS DEPT

You carried a story in *New Musical Express* on April 25 'Filth and the Fury' in which you stated that this Association "is pressing for armed police at the Beasties' shows to quell any rioters".

This is quite untrue. We have made no comment on the Beasties at all. I would be most grateful if you would publish this letter to prevent the creation of a new myth. Mary Whitehouse, National Viewers' and Listeners' Ass, Colchester, Essex.
Sorry, the quote was garnered from the tabloid press and, as you are no doubt aware, dealing with Fleet St is a hit and myth affair. —S.O'H.

I can't afford import singles. I don't know who can! It's all very well telling us how fantastic and essential they all are when you can get them for free. Try paying money for records for a change and see how indispensable they are.

Yours in poverty, with a crap record collection. John Barnwell, Littlebourne.
If it cheers you up any, Steven Wells gets loads of free records and he's got a crap record collection too. Money isn't everything. The reason imports are reviewed (selectively) is because they have created a demand in the specialist shops and, subsequently, have a good chance of UK release. Or when they're utterly crucial and dump all over the pile of crap in the singles drawer. Which is often. —S.O'H.

The fact that the Punk (ahem) 'Revolution' took place ten years ago, (ten years, count 'em, TEN!) really hit home when reading

Steven Wells' apology for a review of *The Mission*. It was interesting to see an old New Waver bellyaching about the fact that members of the audience too young to kow-tow to the insipid fashion tyranny of the late '70s, are choosing to identify with the hippies. Many people who to *Mission* gigs do not realise they are now allowed to do this, but some of them are aware that Punk was really a lot of hoo-ha about very little and that ultimately, it did nothing but help prepare the ground for the horrors of Yuppie chic in the form of reactionary posing as hip. It must be particularly odious to see youngsters rejecting such silly fashion snobbery, as the late '70s and early '80s gave the trend-cretins of the era (such as Wells) a set of prefabricated ideas and prejudices that had the enormous advantage of saving them from having to think for themselves. Does the man even realise that having their shorter than Cliff Richard is no longer an immediate guarantee of social validity and artistic sincerity? If young people are challenging such attitudes at last, they are to be applauded for it.

Of course, it doesn't really matter what Wells thinks, because *The Mission* have made it without the fawning press hype generally reserved for the fashionably limp-wristed arty-fartys, and are a band whose achievements will be remembered long after Wells and his tedious breed have been banished to well-deserved obscurity. W. C. Fields (forever).
Let's all applaud the youth of today for wearing their hair longer than Cliff. Must be dead dangerous on the fringes of the Revolution, what? —S.O'H.

A review in your paper of a single of mine has forced me to reply. I think my work is big enough and good enough to defend itself and I think well thought-out criticism both essential and occasionally educational, but I thought the comments made by a certain Neil Taylor, a journalistic pygmy who's probably never ventured further afield than the *Time Out* travel pages, totally unnecessary.

I have neither the time nor inclination to involve myself in a correspondence course of petty abuse but, for the benefit of those who didn't bother reading the page, he suggested that since I hadn't died of malaria in South America, I should visit Central Africa and catch Aids. I suppose he wasn't to know but several years ago I almost lost my eyesight, due to a nervous virus contracted in Egypt. I also happened to have

witnessed, first hand, the conditions in Mombassa and Gambia, two of the worst hit areas in Africa for Aids.

I understand "serious" your hacks miserably trying to carve little name for themselves by attempting to emulate the lik of Burchill, but unfortunately the result always ends up the same — articulate ignorance! A master Taylor is a bright enough little boy to be reviewing single for NME, I'm surprised he's a touch too dim to realise he can lend himself in all sorts of... erm, trouble, by making curse on other people's health.

So, c'mon NME, give us a break and let's start with his neck! Yours sickly, Matt Johnson.
Nuff said, I think. —S.O'H.

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS...

I am writing to say a big thank to the marvellous staff at Birmingham Powerhouse, The Mighty Lemon Drops roadies and their fans. Unfortunately, wear glasses and on Sunday May 10, I went to see the brilliant Mighty Lemon Drops live. Yet, no sooner had they appeared than some pillock knocked my glasses off. Anyway, some love person found my broken glass and I took them to the kiosk for them to look after until the end and found that one of the people there was an optician. What luck! He did his best to reshape the glasses. The Lemon Drop roadies and Powerhouse staff were a comfort to me in a time of depression. I thank the amazing people and hope this will be printed to show other people how good these people were.

R. Nash, Birmingham.
Super! I'll bet loads of our readers have similar stories to relate. See, there are good people in all walks of life, even in rock and roll. (This letter is not an optical illusion.) Specky Git

Some months ago, the NME looked like it was going down faster than Ironside with failed brakes. But now, startling skill and insight has put the old pap back where it belongs. At the top. The Def Jam issue was a perfect example of a state of the art music publication — fine new coverage, candid interviews, a top 45 review (J. McCready, a star in the making), an engrossing and sad portrait of police training, the usual good book and media sections and a must read lp pile. All this allied with the Def Jam feature added up to 50p well spent.

John Carr, Louth, Lincolnshire.
What about Dick Nietzsche? Di Nietzsche.
What about Fred Fact? Fred Fact And Thrills? Adrian Thrills And Angst Bag... S.O'H

**EDITED BY SEAN O'HAGAN
SEND YOUR LETTERS TO ANGST
NME EDITORIAL,
COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1-1
NEW OXFORD STREET,
LONDON WC1A 1NG**

NME

Dick Nietzsche

on the scales of justice

TITLE TATTLE

There is absolutely *no truth* in the communistic rumour that has reached these ears that a certain Government Minister 'resigned' his post recently as part of a 'cover up' concerning the possession of cocaine. Details to follow.

There is absolutely *no truth* in the foul rumour that **DORIS STOKES**, the recently deceased medium, was getting a divorce because she had been caught "having a bit on the other side".

There is absolutely *no truth whatsoever* in the rumour that emotional and red-headed Scots svengali **ALAN MCGEE** *nicked* the entire **BABY AMPHETAMINE** 'concept' from another band he'd seen earlier in the year. Watch this space and names will be named.

TOSH

A member of **EINCANT-STANDTHERAIN NEAUBEATEN** was caking his keks about a **MARK STEWART AND THE MAFFIA** gig. The metal basher claimed that the noise was so loud that **ADRIAN SHERWOOD** ON THE MIXING DESK suffered punctured eardrums. Actually ole Woody (as he is known to the few incredibly hip people like me who know him **PERSONALLY**) is suffering from an ear infection. That'll teach him to pick 'em.

And talking of **ADRIAN SHERWOOD**, who first came to public attention as a child actor in ITV's **DOUBLE DECKERS** prog, who should he have living in a mobile home at the bottom of his garden but punk poetess **ANNIE ANXIETY**, whom I have also met and who is a very nice person.

TWADDLE

WHAT would **BEASTIE BOY MIKE D** do if he met **MICKO** 'WHACKO NOSEJOBO' JACKO?

"What would I do if I met

him? I'd unplug his oxygen tent, rip off his surgical mask and spit in his face." I met Mike D once and he's a *very* nice person. **MARK ME ME SMITH** isn't tho'. No, he's nasty and horrid because he's a **PUNK ROCKER** and his next album is to be produced by P-funk veteran and wizard of the casio **JUNIE MORRISON** whom I've never met but sounds very, very nice unlike . . . the totally disgusting **GOY BOY CURS ON OUR SID** — the rough, tough Leicester byker combo who tiled a bathroom once using only their own sperm. **ANYWAY** it seem that they used to prance around the modlands dressed in **PASTEL LACOSTES** sporting **FLAT TOPS**, **WHITE SOCKS** and **SLIP ON!** How do I know? Cos **SHARON** told me and she sounds like a very nice person.

TRIBE

Top Hippetty-Hoopetty disky jockey **CAESAR** assisted in a life of crime by top model turned rock star shock! Old Caese done a bunk on the tube, see, and he tripped over the turnstile, dinnee? And he staggers off into the night with the filth in hot pursuit when a car pulls up. Geddin, muddafugger! scramble scramble **AND WHO** was this angel of mercy? Stand up and spit the lovely **KRIN**, vocal chore handler for top jazz combo **SWING ART BLEEDIN' SISTER** — a really, really **WONDERFUL** person (for a hardened criminal).

And talking of the big names in **JAZZ** — Mr **THOMAS 'THE TANK ENGINE' CHASE** has threatened to kick in the skull of **NME** intelektool **MARK 'CHOPPER' SINKER!** This would be a tragedy as Mark's former job as a researcher for Tefal has left him with a strangely enlarged skull which he would prefer to keep intact.

TRASH

Following up the **BEASTIE**

BOYS "slag the crips" horror hang the bastards story in last week's **MIRROR**, Dick feels compelled to ask what all the fuss is about? During **THE BEATLES'** early UK tours it was customary for local disabled teenagers to be wheeled backstage to meet the band. **JOHN LENNON's** usual reaction was to shout "Look out, lads, cripples!" (source: Phillip Norman, *Shout!*)

TEABAG

In a shock statement the **REVEREND JOSEPH SHABALALA** blames **GOD** for **PAUL SIMON's** boycott-breaking 'Scabland' LP. "God sent Paul Simon to do this. He was pushed by the spirit. He didn't want to break the boycott but the spirit used him." A spokesman for God denied that the Lord was in any way responsible for Mr Simian's activities. In a similar vein it seems that those dirty **BATFISH BOYS** gave **ZODIAC MINDWARP** AND **THE THROBBING DOORSTOP** a chicken called **HENRIETTA QUALUUDE** complete with rather disgusting rural-type instructions as to what to do with it. The disgusted Zodes gave the chicken to their A&R man who tried to stick it in a bin. A passing dog, outraged at this show of brutality, bit the bugger's leg. Ha! And did you know that **ZODE** has bought less socks than anybody else of comparable age in the entire UK? Apparently he buys em, wears them till they're crisy and slings 'em AND he keeps his entire comics collection in the bath AND don't be conned into buying an **OINK!** rip off called **TV HELP** — it's the pits AND WHY has **WH SMITH'S** in **CHARING CROSS 'n' WATERLOO** stations stopped stocking **OINK!** Because "there's no demand". My arse! **FACT: OINK!** shifts 850,000 copies an issue.



TRAWLERS

What do you call a bingo caller in a Liverpoolian hippety hoppety club? Ron, de MC (geddit?).

TROUSERS

DIRTY DEN and **LOFTY** are to become Radio One DJs for a day. Why? What horrid crime have they committed? And why is Radio One so f-word bleeding vacuous, boring, dull, trite and totally megashite, because, let's face it, it is isn't it? "Er, I'm not really in a position to comment on that!" said a nice young man in the Radio One publicity office.

TONGUES

Top S&M combo **BRIGANDAGE** axe-thrasher **DICK NORTH** and vocal chore handler **MICHELLE VON TRAPP** were whisked to LA and MEXICO by two

disgustingly wealthy Yank punkers. The New Wave rich kids took the anglo-poonks pack to their downtown astroturf roofed 'pad' and fed them steak and babycham. Dick North is of course an **NME** freelancer and this is said to be the first decent meal he's eaten in years. Next week — back to the Fulham Greyhound.

GIBBY HAINES of sexy best-group-in-the-world type band the **BUTTHOLE SURFERS** has found out, much to his horror, that his father, **JERRY HAYNES**, has been earning a living as "the soft spoken, mild mannered and instructive Mr Peppermint" on a Dallas TV kids show. Blow me, said **GIBBY**, who as part of his stage act arsescrews trussed-up water buffalo over a slide show about epileptic seizures, "I've been watching that show for years and I never made the connection . . ."

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► At Yamaha we've been making music for one hundred years. To celebrate this centenary we're combining with the British Music Fair to present the Yamaha/BMF Band Competition 1987.

First prize is an all-expenses paid trip to Japan to compete in Yamaha's International Music Festival 1987.

You'll be competing with bands from all over the world in the massive Budokan arena. Plus two days of free recording on the professional 24 track facilities at our Conduit Street R & D site in central London. Runners up will receive prizes from Yamaha's range of synthesizers, guitars, amplifiers, percussion, effects and home recording equipment. ◀

WIN A GIG IN JAPAN



HOW TO ENTER.

Entries are invited from any amateur band of three or more members (up to a max of 8) resident in the U.K. The band should not have a current recording contract, though management contracts are acceptable.

Entrants should send a cassette with one original piece of music no longer than five minutes. Any style of music is acceptable, but you must be able to perform live on stage at the British Music Fair in London in August.

Enclose with your cassette a photograph and brief biography of the band. Tapes will be assessed by a panel of music business judges representing UK music magazines, the UK record business and Yamaha.

Seven finalists will be selected to play live at the British Music Fair where their performances will be judged by a panel of music business celebrities.

All entries will be acknowledged provided that a return address is marked on the OUTSIDE of the package. Each will receive an individual assessment from the judges.

Tapes cannot be returned, so it is important not to send the only copy.

Copyright of all material remains with the entrants. Closing date for entries is July 1st 1987.

RULES.

Entries must be sent to the Yamaha/BMF Band Competition 1987, Philbeach Events, Earls Court Exhibition Centre, London SW5 9TA, to arrive on or before the closing date.

Late entries or any entry not conforming to the rules will not be considered.

Each entry will be examined and assessed individually and the decision of the judges is final. No further correspondence will be entered into.

ENTRY FORM. YAMAHA/BMF BAND COMPETITION.

NAME _____ BAND NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
DAYTIME TELEPHONE _____ NO. OF BAND MEMBERS _____
AGE OF BAND MEMBERS _____

NME